













THE ZOUAVE.

Front.

PICTURES

FROM

THE BATTLE FIELDS.

BY

"THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN,"

AUTHOR OF "TURKEY," ETC.

C. E. G. Murray.

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DEDICATED

TO

THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES,"

By an Unknown Admirer

OF THE

SPLENDID ABILITIES, THE CHIVALRY AND HONESTY

WITH WHICH HE HAS FOUGHT

THE GOOD FIGHT OF THE PEOPLE.

“ LES révolutions qui arrivent dans les grands états ne sont point un effet du hazard, ni un caprice des peuples. Rien ne révolte les grands d'un royaume comme un gouvernement foible et dérangé. Pour la populace ce n'est jamais par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.”—(*Mém. de Sully*, tom. i. p. 133.) “These are the words of a great man ; of a minister of state ; and a zealous asserter of monarchy. They are applied to the *system of favouritism* which was adopted by Henry the Third of France, and to the dreadful consequences it produced.”

BURKE'S *Thoughts on the Causes of the present Discontents.*

Loq. SUGGESTIVE LITTLE BARBER.—“Your 'air's gettin' very thin at the top, sir ; p'raps a little of our Milk of Ravens——”

IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (*probably an Official*).—“Thin at the top, you scoundrel ! Do you think I come here to be told of my personal defects ? I'll thin your top for you.”

LEECH'S *Sketches of Character.*

P R E F A C E.

The author explains the plan of the present work of fiction. He commences with a general apology. He abases himself, and eats dirt after a national custom of the Britons. He discreetly declares his belief in family governments, and expresses much affectionate and proper feeling for the noble families of Grey and Elliott. The author judiciously calls attention to his prudent veneration for hereditary legislation, and some other equally admirable institutions of this great and enlightened country. With wise obtrusiveness he continues to evince his highly connected admiration for modern Bedfords and Lauderdales. He contemptuously refers to the late Mr. E. Burke. The author ingenuously asks pardon for any reprehensible and vulgar matter which may have unavoidably crept into these reverential pages, and after the most approved fashion of the Crimean witnesses, indignantly casts all blame upon some person or persons unknown. The author expresses the most highly connected and handsome regret for having spoken the truth even as a Shadow. He acknowledges this glaring impropriety with contrition and trouble of mind. He speculates for a moment on the fearful chance which the most cautious writer must always run of incurring the vengeance of "the family," but finally hopes to take refuge in the utter nothingness of book writers, and to vanish in the eternal outer darkness of literary men. The author cursorily mentions Mr. Smith, also Pythagoras, but politely and very properly concludes with enthusiastic praise of the aristocracy, and the hereditary wisdom of the British nation.

"Tenui musam meditamur avena!"

ANYTHING like a connected and satisfactory history of the war up to the present time is altogether impossible. It would be even repulsive: for the language of rejoicing over Alma and Inkerman would read like cruel irony to those who have been bereaved by thousands; to the relatives of those who have been starved to death, or who have rotted amidst horrible impurities uncared

for ; who were murdered by medical mistakes or official apathy ; and who were buried alive in anger. A mere melancholy catalogue of our disasters might, indeed, be written, but it would be only harshly humbling to our national pride, and ungenerous towards the deserving.

I have rather striven, therefore, to treat only the elements of the war, so to say, and collect a few stray pages of history which may convey to the reader a clearer and more vivid idea of the state of our affairs in the East than the dry details of battles and sieges, as bloody as useless, or the terrible story of a campaign which can only sully our annals and sadden our hearts.

If this object should not appear to the cursory reader to have been always kept steadily in view, as in the case of the chapters written at Bucarest, I venture to hope that others who may accord me more attention will appreciate the strong and peculiar local colouring which I have endeavoured to throw into them, and give me credit for having at least tried to convey matter which seemed to me important, and to shed light on much that was obscure in the national character and manners of our allies, after a fashion as little wearisome as possible.

Such is the plan of the present volume ; and to those who may be disposed to carp at it, let me plead in extenuation of its many faults and deficiencies, how shameful to us all is the tale of the war, and how hard and painful a task it is to tell it.

So let me receive that indulgence which any of us are

entitled to claim who have endeavoured to perform a most unwelcome duty, and whose best efforts have not been crowned with success.

It appears, indeed, tolerably clear now, alike to the most opiniated official and to the most orthodox believer in him, that we know nothing as it ought to be known, either about the causes which led to this most unhappy war; why we are engaged in it; or how we are conducting the struggle. It is only charitable to assume this, for any other supposition would involve too hideous an imputation against all parties who have been hitherto concerned in it, holding authority.

Our right hand hath not known the doings of our left. Secrecy, mystery, and consequent error have paralysed our councils, and disgraced the ancient honour of our arms on sea and land. We appear to have forgotten that nothing great was ever done by a petty system of trumpery and trick, and we are paying the penalty thereof.

Yet we have not gone astray for want of warning. For years past the whole country has been crying out against the criminal absurdity of a system which, on one pretence or another, has contrived to get the whole of our Foreign Policy into such a hopeless muddle by confiding it to the puzzled wits of a few miserable old men, who have nothing but the ludicrous claim of their peerages to recommend them; and who, because their vagaries were too gross to bear the light, have decreed that we should all remain in darkness.

In truth, the British people at large has cared little for Foreign Policy. And the doings of our agents

abroad have usually passed unquestioned because we have seldom witnessed any immediate ill effects from them, however ill-judged or reprehensible. When we consider, however, that the present war, with all its attendant evils and wretched prospects, is absolutely and entirely the result of our having entrusted the serious interests at stake in our Foreign Policy to improper persons; when we reflect on the conduct pursued by Austria, Prussia, and the Northern Courts; when we think of the unblushing insult which has been just offered to us even by the petty Court of Hanover; and when we consider how untrustworthy is usually the official information we receive from Foreign countries; how studied and elaborate appear to be the attempts made to deceive us into irreparable mischief; we shall realise at last the stupendous national injuries which have been inflicted on us by our diplomacy, and let us hope that our diplomatists, warned by the past, may consent to serve us better for the future.

It must be acknowledged that useful reform is difficult, even in so plain and fearful a case as this. Nothing but a firm alliance of public men, and that supported by the hearty aid of the press and the people, can possibly do anything worth doing in this matter.

Hereditary legislation, with the laws of primogeniture and entail, are the real roots of an evil which has weakened all the force of the executive government, and rendered us abroad contemptible, and factious at home. These extraordinary institutions have given to certain gentlemen of particular families a power they have not been able to wield with prudence or success,

simply because no laws can make a race of demigods out of a race of men. The peers themselves have been often a monstrous encumbrance on the land. Their crippling debts have deprived labour of its market, and local improvements of a hope. They have been allowed to possess an influence which has not been conceded to acknowledged intellect, and their sons have been compelled by a silly pride of caste and custom to abstain from useful and honourable avocations, that they might fasten like a tribe of locusts on the employments of the kingdom.

The true sense and feeling of the country have never yet been fairly represented. The peers have notoriously packed the parliament. One of their number, who was certainly no statesman, was made the constant depository of forty of their proxies, because every action of his life had been opposed to reform as long as it was practicable to resist it. An ignorant lord, whose time might be divided between the theatre and the gaming-table, might yet dispose absolutely of eight or ten votes in the House of Commons, to support his narrow views and inveterate prejudices. Suppose an influence so extensive to have been acquired by the founder of a noble family, or any of his successors, no disgust and abhorrence would enable us to withdraw it from the most infamous possessor.

Our system would be well if virtue and wisdom could be transmitted with heraldic honours; it is inconceivably false and dangerous if they cannot. Agricultural hamlets of a few houses, all belonging to

some great hereditary landholder as completely as his kitchen garden, have been allowed to return as many members of parliament as the most intelligent constituencies in the kingdom; as those great commercial cities which eclipse in importance and outnumber in population several of the capitals of other countries. The liberal professions have been unrepresented. The great literary thinkers have been unrepresented. Many of the most important classes of the country have been unrepresented; and the Press—with the solitary exception of the *Times*—has been too much influenced by political parties always to speak out.

No person sees more clearly, or is more ready to acknowledge the necessity of a House of Peers properly constituted, than the writer of these lines. There have been occasions when the House of Peers has saved us from great national follies; and it is always a valuable check on the hasty adoption of mere popular measures, forced by external pressure, or the intrigues of a cabal, through the House of Commons. But an hereditary House of Peers is a most notable absurdity. It is hard to perceive one single valid reason for its existence. Many of us may have faith in the great national benefit which is conferred on a country by vast and solid fortunes; by a number of persons placed in such superiority to circumstances that the whole of their lives may be passed in the study of the great questions of government, and that they may be altogether removed from the vulgar cares of meaner men. In a wealthy country, how-

ever, there will always be a sufficiently numerous class of such men without our providing for its existence by special and unjust laws; by laws which do violence to the best dictates of our nature, and set envy, hatred, and division at the hearth of every lord in the land.

But even if we admit the law of entail to be good in certain cases (a question which need not here be argued), there is surely no reason why we should make the heir a legislator. His fortune will always give him sufficient advantages over poorer competitors, should he feel a natural disposition for political life. But it is utterly incomprehensible that a grave, sensible nation like ourselves should set him up at once, *nolens volens*, with crude mind and immature thoughts, to rule over us. The most promising youth is apt to think more of the stable than the study at twenty-one (the age which we fix for the commencement of a peer's reign); and perhaps not one lad in a hundred who takes his seat in the House of Lords at that age possesses any opinions of the duties required of him, and the immense responsibilities of his office, save those acquired from his guardian, or perhaps his grandmother; with some silly prejudices of rank, and a ridiculous idea of his personal importance. No sane man can seriously assert or maintain the contrary. No national respect for ancient tradition, no adulation of rank, however sincere, and it may surely be added, no education, however careful, can fit an unripe boy to take efficient part in the councils of a great nation. If we admit then, as we do most heartily, the immense value of a peerage composed of a class of men possess-

ing a large stake in the country, and therefore entitled to exercise a continued and steady influence over her affairs, who cannot be removed by the downfall of ephemeral governments or the mere fickleness of popular opinion, we maintain that each member of a body so important should be invested with his functions only for life, and after having shown himself capable of duly understanding and performing them; that it should be recruited entirely from the most able and prominent of our public men; that we may cease to blush for our honour of it, and listen to its councils with a more devout and implicit belief in their wisdom. As long as it is composed as it now is, we must often feel disgraced to see an abandoned youth take his place among our elders; while we deprive earnest and experienced men of that legitimate influence which should be our prudent reward of a life of toil and experience: while we exalt the dull and the worthless, or at least employ mediocrity when we might command excellence.

The hereditary legislators, however, good or bad, have hitherto dictated our laws; made and unmade our governments; and disposed of every office in the state as seemed good to them. They have been able to create a system of terrorism which has distracted every cabinet with jealousies and disunion, and which has made the wisest and most necessary appointments impossible. It has rendered the most clear-sighted minister powerless to place the right men in the right places, because they have been looked upon absolutely as private fortunes too large to be given away out of the family.

The question between the aristocracy and the wisdom of the country is still the same as that which Burke pointed out so pungently to the Duke of Bedford. The one party have been swaddled, rocked, and dandled into legislators, though it would be uncivil irony to say they have often had any merit of their own to create respect for them. The other have been obliged to show their passports at every step, because at every step they have been traversed and opposed. Even when they have proved again and again their sole title for being useful to their country, still neither rank nor toleration has been accorded them. The governing Families have sneered at the best established claims, and haughtily torn the helm of affairs from the hand of a Burke to give it to a Bedford or a Lauderdale.

The governing Families have gone farther than this. If any man has been found even among the Bedfords and Lauderdals to rest his claim for public employment or promotion on the fact of his being qualified for it, that man has at once been considered an alien and an outcast from the Family. The Greys and Elliotts (the Bedfords and Lauderdals of our time), have resolutely insisted on complete inefficiency and nothingness as the only title to their favour or family affection, and none have been thought fit priests in the temple of our government, but those who were compelled to fly to it for sanctuary.

Has any young man among them written a book or made a speech, evidencing some signs of ability, he has been at once thrust contemptuously aside, and marked

with a kind of civil proscription; so that public virtue has been panic-stricken, and no man has dared to serve his country honestly and ably. It has pleased the Bedfords and Lauderdales to brand all capacity as dangerous to the eternity of the Family government; and even those most sternly and righteously indignant against them cannot but acknowledge that they have conducted themselves wisely according to their lights. If efficiency were once made the condition of public employment and promotion, their golden inheritance would indeed pass away. Yet surely, if hope and patience, and toiling long; if the rarest fruits of hard study and thorny experience are to avail nothing for a man who is so unfortunate as to find himself in some subordinate post of the public service when it is too late to choose a more grateful and fair career, official life is a lie and a deception too sad to contemplate, and the Family government have contrived to change those wise and just provisions in human affairs which have hitherto been considered among the immutable laws of God.

It would be well reasoned, however, even for the Family to concede something at such an awful crisis as the present. For it hath already happened, as all may know who care to listen to the burning words echoing daily round them, that many are changing into those earnest and uncompromising reformers who have wrought permanent and extensive changes in the world's affairs. The judgment of heaven has seemed heavy on the Family for their heartless and selfish apathy to the agonised cry of the nation. They have

been so stubborn in wrong, their blind pride has been so sure a precursor of ultimate and shameful disaster to them, that thoughtful men have almost hoped in their speedy humiliation, that a long-suffering people might be roused at once to a state of sublime anger, and arising like a whirlwind in its wrath, sweep this pitiful crowd of triflers away before they have accomplished our irretrievable ruin.

Ill does the Family judge of the mournful but determined spirit of the times, or they would quail before the strong clear intellects of those good and great men who are now so calmly and resolutely hostile to their corrupt and ignorant misrule. The writing which dismayed Belshazzar at his banquet is on their walls, but they will not read it.

They are the rash Radicals, whose abject rapacity, whose selfish support of the base iniquity by which they are yet allowed to reap an ignoble profit, goads the people at length beyond endurance, so that there arise popular tumults and grievous civil troubles; while violence snatches scornfully with the strong hand far more than was wickedly denied to temperate remonstrance.

Those only are the true and thoughtful Conservatives, the wise friends of the commonwealth, who are now pleading to the Family so passionately for moderate reforms while it is yet time; and the gathering wrath of the nation may be stilled without their utter confusion.

It is idle for a cunning and interested family clique to strive to brand such men with the dark charge of

sedition. God forbid, they say in all sincerity of heart, that civil strife should ever be again seen in healthy-hearted England. God forbid, that the might and the right of the land should ever stand arrayed in arms, even against foolish and criminal oppression. The determined enemies of the Family may feel an ardent attachment to the throne, a deep respect for much in our constitution that is sound in principle, and most excellent in practice; but they may have yet to learn that the warmth of their loyalty to the Queen, or their reasoning admiration for the British constitution, can be fairly made a pretext to require their tacit toleration of the eternal jobbery and insolent dictatorship of these modern Bedfords and Lauderdale. The jobbers call themselves, indeed, friends of the constitution; but it will be very hard for them to show how the furtherance of their private interests has become necessary to its safety.

The men who are now advocating reforms of such notable necessity may yield to none in devoted patriotism, and a rooted aversion to violent measures. We may hearken with generous trust to their indignant protestation against the clap-trap charges which the Family have so often dared, in the face of all evidence and common sense, to hurl at them. For there is surely a wide distinction between political fanaticism and a righteous opposition to the dangerous misguidance and incompetency of Greys and Elliots. A complete esteem for many of the public men of England is perfectly compatible with a stern contempt for those whose official rank is only a mask for folly, and a charter for corruption.

And so before any among us cavil at the honest out-speaking of such reformers, let us ask ourselves if the charges against the Family are not fairly proved. If they are, would it have been wiser that such startling truths should have been hidden, so that we might have rambled on over flowery falsehoods, till the hidden abyss devoured us, and counsel would have been useless, help impossible? Surely it is by the rejection of moderate advice that the true Radicals of a country are at last unveiled; and the judicious men who have been trying so long to convince them of the evil of their ways, stand aghast at the terrible end of their wilful imprudence.

Let us away then for ever with those haughty class follies and prejudices which have so domineered over us, and made us set wisdom and energy at nought for titled nonsense. Let us make at last a civil but determined stand for our rights as a nation, and our rights as individuals. Let all be free to labour in the public service, who can show cause. If our government was carried on openly and fairly, our places would not be so advantageous or highly paid, that we need fear too great a crowd of applicants. When the condition of obtaining every post became absolutely that of special fitness, no man who was not perfectly aware of his aptitude and capacity would venture to enter the list of the aspirants.

The want of able special men has caused most of our late miseries in the East. Our curse has been our ignorance. At the outbreak of the present war we knew next to nothing about the vast empire of the Turks.

We were curiously ignorant of its strength or its weakness. Asia Minor, except the immediate neighbourhood of Smyrna and the Seven Churches, was as unknown to us as Mongolia; and Roumelia as completely a *terra incognita* as Kochan, or the territory of the Oosbeks, beyond the Hindoo Coosh.

We were absolutely unacquainted with the nature of the climate, the produce, and the resources of Turkey. We knew nothing of the state of the roads there, or the perils of the seas. We had no reliable information respecting the social state, or the local custom and government of its extensive provinces.

Hence the sufferings of our armies at Gallipoli and Varna. Hence the fearful wrecks in the Black Sea, which might have been predicted with positive certainty by any observant inhabitant of the coasts which witnessed the destruction of the *Prince*, and the loss of the winter clothing of our troops; which might have been foretold to us or averted by any Greek pilot, had we dared to employ him after the results of our culpable and self-willed folly had made him such a determined enemy. Hence the mishaps which have been felt so heavily by our devoted legions before Sebastopol. Had we deigned to use the information, accessible as it was, which we required, we might have been saved from this deep national humiliation and disgrace—from the needless shedding of our best blood—from the wanton sacrifice of our youth and veterans by unforeseen disease, and from the idle waste of such mountains of treasure. It is said that our last two wars only cost

one thousand millions—but who shall say what may be the price of this one?

This state of things, however, deplorable as it is, may be easily explained. It was scarcely possible to travel with safety or advantage in Turkey, unless clothed with high official rank, and then the dearly-bought experience of the traveller was left to moulder amid the dusty records of the Foreign Office, after having merely become part of the opposition capital of the minister who resigned office last week, and the Under Secretary who was superannuated yesterday. The few adventurous spirits who, like Sir Lawrence Jones, were rash enough to underrate the difficulties in the way of enterprise in this direction, fell victims to their necessarily imperfect knowledge of the state of these countries, and perished by the felon shot of some Zebeck or Albanian bandit.

Even our consuls, who should have possessed among their archives, and the living stores of their own experience, all the information which we so imperatively required, failed us most notably. They failed us, because they had not been chosen for their attainments and knowledge of Eastern affairs, or from men who had given proofs in other careers of the intellect and observation necessary to fit them for their posts; but from among the wild sons of noblemen's stewards, or tradesmen, who had mismanaged their affairs, and had thus succeeded in interesting powerful and compassionate patrons in their behalf. Our consular service, and our diplomatic service, in the East and elsewhere, proved alike useless in the day of our need. It was a useless

pageant, or a deliberate imposition, and the result might have been foreseen. It is melancholy at such a time as this to cast a glimpse at the Foreign Office List, and observe the names of the gentlemen who are occupying the most important of our appointments abroad (especially those who are conducting our negotiations in the war countries), and choking up, as it were, every road by which a peaceful and honourable end of the Turco-Russian dispute might have been attained. Of the shocking intemperance of Sir Hector Stubble, at Dahomey—of his indecent lecturing the helpless Sultan—his gala-day visits to the hospitals—his costive ill-temper and curious unfitness for his post—enough has been said. In the important neighbouring state of Timbuctoo is our vivacious, elderly acquaintance, Lord Fiddle-de-dee—and that frolicsome nobleman has been allowed chiefly to mismanage the incomprehensible negotiations which are always failing there so deplorably.

When the press ventured to suggest that his lordship was not precisely the proper person to be employed on a business of such moment, the governing Family were up in arms. The press, they said, were not fairly treating a public evil—honestly exposing a great national danger, that we might remedy it in time—but waspishly carping at a private wrong. It was also an enemy to the polite science of music in his lordship's person, and vulgarly illiberal, and unjust generally. "Whence," they cried, "this morbid hatred of Fiddle-de-dee?" but, as said that pleasant parson, Sidney Smith, their question appeared to be stolen from Pil-

pay's fables : " A fox," says Pilpay, " caught by the leg in a trap, near the farm-yard, uttered the most piercing cries of distress : forthwith all the birds of the yard gathered round him, and seemed to delight in his misfortune ; hens chuckled, geese hissed, ducks quacked, and chanticleer, with shrill cock-a-doodles, rent the air. ' Whence,' cried the fox, limping forward, with infinite gravity, ' whence this morbid hatred of the fox ? What have I done ?—whom have I injured ? I am overwhelmed with astonishment at these symptoms of aversion ? ' ' Oh, you old villain,' the poultry exclaimed, ' where are our ducklings ?—where are our goslings ? Did I not see you running away yesterday with my mother in your mouth ? Did you not eat up my relations last week ? You ought to die the worst of deaths, to be pecked into a thousand pieces.' " The public opinion about Lord Fiddle-de-dee coincided so completely with that of the farm-yard with respect to the fox, that the governing Family would have given him up at once had they been wise. It was idle to seek excuses for the misdemeanours of his lordship, and mere rashness to defend him, since it can only shorten the term still left them for the enjoyment of their inheritance, if they trample too heavily on human patience.

The press did not quarrel with their ill-chosen representative on account of his indiscreet rage for music. It may fairly be assumed that a busy people would have preferred to consign him to complete oblivion. It remained, however, for the apathy of the Family government at last to suffer him to incur anything

so grave as reproof and anger; and to become the creator of the great Timbuctoo difficulty, which is now confusing our national councils. When the Family government so far rallied from its homage of this great diplomatist, as to comprehend some of the dreadful mischief he was creating, we were compelled, even in this time of our trouble, to send away one of the greatest of our statesmen to the rescue. But the evil had already grown too gigantic to be hastily struck down—so that he was sent in vain.

In the name of our hearths and altars, let us put the axe to this upas-tree at once, and strike at the root of the evil we must all deplore.

Let us away with those disgraceful idols of flunkeyism, the shameful absurdities of hereditary legislation. It is the very key-stone of the rotten edifice, beneath whose cold shadow no good thing can ripen. It is utterly revolting to calm reason and common sense; it is peculiarly opposed to the existence of that ability among the governing classes which we have the right of self-preservation to require. It is fatal to the permanent safety of our best institutions. Until it is changed, the most ignorant lord who has waxed fat on the spoil of generations of his kindred and their creditors, will always find means of coercing the government, and making its offices a mere appanage for his relations and minions. He will never have more inducement than he now has to acquire the proper qualifications for office, if he is always unaccountably to be allowed to seize on it without; to neglect its burthen and to reap

its profit. Oh, whither shall we drift, indeed, if hereditary incapacity is allowed for ever to guide our councils, and tinselled dotage to lead our hosts in such a fearful time as this?

Surely, that which we ask is not too much : it is but honesty in the distribution of the offices of state. This is a matter on which our common weal depends. It is not an injudicious concession to democracy that we advocate, it is the salvation of the liberties of mankind.

I have done. If something of that patriotism to which I may venture to lay claim, since I write namelessly and ask none of the vanities of renown, should have given too great warmth to my language, the large heart of that great generous people, in whose cause I have dared to speak, trampling down, as I did so, whatever of the prejudices of early education might cling to me, and hearkening nothing to the suggestions of private friendship, and even family affection, will not censure me with that bitter misconstruction of my motives, which would be the only punishment beneath which my firmness would indeed fail. I know, however, and shall be prepared to bear unflinchingly all that burrlike, petty calumny and odium which invariably follows those who have presumed to show the smallest opposition to the overgrown interests of the governing Families. Were I aught but a shadow, I might speculate in moments of amused leisure as to what would be likely to be the nature of my punishment, and I might occupy a portion of my time advantageously in preparing courageously to suffer

under such grievous disabilities as that Family have influence enough to inflict on all who incur their vengeance.

In the days of the Star Chamber, the Greys would have been able to put a contumacious writer in the stocks, or to enjoy the pleasure of cutting off his ears. Now they are denied this useful advantage; but their ingenuity and resources are so wonderful, they are so well received in good society, that they can judiciously harry even a Layard well nigh out of his wits with calumny and pungent official jokes, such as only they would dare invent or circulate. It was, indeed, doubtless, with a prophetic view to the opinions of the Greys respecting heretical Britons, dubious of the value of their tenets, that Pythagoras told his disciples, who were probably sensible men, that "they might as well eat their own grandmothers (here clearly indicating the Family) as meddle with beans." I shall, however, await the effects of their anger, calmly assured that he who appeals from a silly outcry to the large sympathies of the people never appealed in vain; while he is strengthened and supported by the knowledge, that if a manly resistance to evil has injured many, obsequiousness and servility to power, violent and intemperate subserviency to the ignorance of authority, and obstreperous toadyism of rank, may, indeed, have advanced the fortunes of others, but never secured them the esteem of one good man.

We cannot have at once the self-satisfaction of honesty with the wages and rewards of shame; and he who sets up in life as a patriot must expect the losses, attacks,

and humiliations to which he will certainly be exposed. But human life, as Mr. Smith very justly observed, "has been distressingly abridged by the flood;" it is idle, therefore, to waste it by the repetition of such truisms as this.

In now taking leave of my readers, I venture to hope for some of the kindness due to an old though unknown friend, even when his judgment seems to us at fault. I have put my opinions forth with much hesitation and sincere deference for the better wisdom and larger views of others. I have merely said what I thought, and related what I have seen or heard. I am aware that I have not taken a fashionable view of the war; but I have not spoken *ex cathedra*. I do not presume to expect that any extraordinary weight or authority will be attached to my writing which it does not appear to claim in itself. No writer, however obscure, has treated such subjects as those I have reluctantly touched upon, without having to regret that he had unavoidably made many enemies in those he would have been proud to believe his friends; and estranged some of whom he thought with great tenderness and esteem.

He who wars with Greys and giants, also, must expect some knocks. These I await tranquilly, and shall find consolation enough for whatever contempt may be thrown by them upon this book, by the consciousness of having toiled earnestly and thoughtfully in my trumpery sphere of action, to remedy what appeared to me a fearful public evil, the growing disaster of their rule.

Let it not be supposed I am advocating the delusion

which is called "Peace at any price;" I am simply pleading, that a fair chance should be allowed us of negotiating for a wise peace: for I firmly believe it to be still easy of attainment. It appears plain to all men, however, that our present diplomatists have entirely occasioned the present war; and, therefore, it surely seems hardly prudent to leave our peace conferences to the same rash or feeble men who have already wrought us disaster.

I have now only to ask, with unfeigned humility, for the liberal clemency of those who may confound my arguments and despise my counsel.



PICTURES

FROM

THE BATTLE FIELDS.

CHAPTER I.

The overture. The British public of 1853. Sir Hector Stubble in London.

Dawnings of disbelief in him among the aristocracy admitted to his presence. Spread of the heresy. Montenegro. The vladika. Omer Pasha. Impatience of Mr. Bull at the proceedings of these personages. Solemnly professes his orthodox faith in Stubble. Count Leiningen. Austrian demands. Prince Menschikoff. Fuad Effendi. Rifaat Pasha. The secret mission. Colonel Rose. Alarm of the Turks. The fleet. Admiral Dundas. Evacuation of Montenegro. Predictions of the far-sighted. The state of Europe. The subject nationalities. The first steps of Russia. The Holy Places. Strange conduct of the Turks. Wrath of the Czar. The autograph letter.

At the commencement of 1853, the British public was chiefly concerned about emigration schemes of doubtful prudence, Mrs. Sidney Herbert and the needle-women ; also, about the gold discoveries on the other side of the world. Small annuitants went about in much alarm, asking each other nervously if a sovereign was really likely to be worth a crown a few years hence ; and the small annuitants being unable to answer each other, remained aghast and trembling. The latest intelligence from California and other auriferous regions quite eclipsed the interest of dreadful murders, and even of salt cases in the House of Lords.

At this time we were intensely excited on the subject of Cochin China fowls ; a monstrous wine-tub at Dieppe attracted much attention ; so did the fall of a cliff at Dover.

If we thought about foreign affairs at all, it was chiefly to exchange the most refreshing international compliments. The papers talked of Lord Fiddlededee a little loudly, perhaps, for providing gratuitous lodgings in Austrian public buildings to so many British travellers, but otherwise the concert of praise was perfectly harmonious ; so much so, indeed, that his Excellency Baron Brunnow, the Russian ambassador at this court, acquired much popularity, by giving a dinner in the palace of the Russian embassy to Mr. Cubitt's workmen. This was, of course, very handsome of him, and by no means a conciliatory piece of policy on the part of his imperial master, who had a notable dislike for throwing dust in the eyes of his neighbours, as we all know.

The only thing of much general importance which we were doing abroad, was connected with the international copyright question in America. It was fortunate for literary men that we were doing this just then, for events were coming on likely to put out their lights for one while.

Then it was the fashion for all persons, but those who knew anything of the matter, to express fears as to the intentions of the French emperor towards us. They uttered wild moanings over the fallen liberties of France, coupled with a lively dread of invasion whenever the fancy for military glory should prove too strong for our neighbours. We had, of course, long done with the idea of originating such nonsense ourselves. We laughed good-humouredly about Lord Raglan's title, but never dreamed he was going to lead us into battle. We chatted about running a railway bridge over the Damietta branch of the Nile, but who would have thought of making a railway in the Crimea, and doing it wrongly into the bargain ? Who would have seriously thought about the Duke of Newcastle as a brand new minister of war ?—though, to be frank, we might think that Lord Aberdeen was hardly a safe minister of peace !

There was, indeed, an uneasy feeling in the minds of persons who were well acquainted with the threatening state of foreign countries, and the deadly struggle which was still going on secretly between the despotisms and democracy ; but the most oracular did not as yet predict in what direction the storm was likely to burst at last. Not

surely upon Turkey, we reasoned, for was not our wise man of the East giving a series of dinner parties in Grosvenor-square, and laughing General Rose and his despatches to scorn, and writing those delightful newspaper articles which gave us all so much pleasure? To be sure he was, and very pleasant entertainments they were, I dare say; and they tended, as we have seen, vastly to the propagation of truth, and so forth, among the aristocracy, who, of course, were alone intended to eat the first-mentioned delicacies, or read the last.

The questions before parliament were almost entirely of a fiscal nature. Lord Palmerston's wonderful aptitude for every department of public business, and his paramount influence, his active reforms in all; his vast English mind and genial nature; his wise and winning courtesies. Mr. Gladstone's failures in the exchequer; the income-tax; and the French emperor's marriage.

The affair of Montenegro first began to create trifling differences of opinion among some of the guests at Sir Hector Stubble's dinner parties, who now showed a ribald and heretic disposition which astonished his butler very much, and induced him to think the unorthodox guests above mentioned as altogether unworthy of the high honour which had been unhappily vouchsafed to them. The Montenegrins were a half barbarous people who dwelt in great ignorance on the frontiers of Turkey. They professed to have faith in the Greek Church, and they were governed by an uncouth sort of potentate who had always shown a keen appetite for Russian and Austrian pensions. He called himself a Vladika, and was fond of appearing before his subjects with a short whip in his hand, while his favourite mode of taking exercise was using it over their loyal and submissive backs.

We pooh-poohed Montenegro, and the vladika, and his subjects, and his whip altogether at first. Our wives and daughters, always anxious "for some new thing," found it on this occasion in Mr. Jovan Ristich's book about Servian literature. They learned diligently, and understood little, a great deal of knotty information about Vuk and Dosithej. In a word, our interest was excited respecting the frontier lands of Turkey, and we soon comprehended less about them

than ever. That noble national pride, however, which comes to our aid on every occasion, and which is ready for any possible emergency and much more, showed us clearly that anything we did not know could not certainly be worth knowing. "The row in Montenegro is a mere squabble among savages; so, come, let us go to dinner," said Mr. Bull, with that well-bred impatience which characterises him on such occasions, and his Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Hector Stubble patted him condescendingly on the back as he said so, and ate of the loaves and fishes in all the luxury of amused and amusing leisure.

Nevertheless, the Turks appeared unaccountably excitable on the subject, and the good humour of the Emperor of Russia and his agents in many places increased daily.

Omer Pasha now made his bow to an admiring world in the character of a public personage. He and some other pashas marched against our new acquaintances the Montenegrins with 50,000 Turks. He outnumbered the enemy in this way, but he did not vanquish it, which was probably why he soon began to acquire a military reputation almost as great as that which was afterwards to be given, together with the title of field-marshal, to Lord Raglan.

Omer Pasha wished to make short work of the Montenegrins, for the Turks knew very well that they could never do anything without being snubbed and overlooked; so they reasonably dreaded the interference of the Christian powers as much on this occasion as upon others. The Montenegrins, however, hastily despatched emissaries to Vienna and St. Petersburg, imploring the protection of the Kaiser and the Czar.

The mission of Count Leiningen followed, but fortunately Sir Hector had not yet terminated his series of dinner parties to select members of the aristocracy of England. He had not either yet returned to Constantinople, so that the storm passed by and we had no war with *Austria*.

It was at the beginning of March that the news from the East first grew serious. Prince Menschikoff had arrived at Constantinople on the 28th of February; on the 2nd of March he had an audience with the Sultan, in contempt of all diplomatic courtesies; and on the 3rd, Fuad Effendi, the

Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, resigned office, from a sense of the insults which had been offered him. Rifaat Pasha succeeded. The Russian ambassador was heard to express his disapprobation of the moderate demand and friendly departure of Count Leiningen. He declined to state the object of his own mission, and then General Rose, on demand of the grand vizier, who was growing greatly alarmed, took the prudent precaution of writing an explanatory note to Admiral Dundas, and requested him to bring his fleet into the *Ægean*. Had this communication received the attention to which it was entitled, events might have taken a different turn ; but the gallant Whig admiral had a keener Whig appetite for place than judgment to fulfil its duties ; and indeed, afterwards quarrelled with Mr. Layard, and made a great noise in the newspapers for this very reason. Meantime the Turks had taken very good care to evacuate Montenegro. Omer Pasha had retired to Albania, the other pashas elsewhere, and the war was at an end, the Turks obtaining, as we have said, only a questionable success.

Notwithstanding the peaceful ideas of the brisk British admiral, however, the political horizon did not grow clearer. Far-sighted folk had long seen that a war was imminent. There had been an insurrection at Milan—an attempt on the life of the Emperor of Austria. M. Kossuth had issued a manifesto to the Hungarians in Italy. France was the centre of many intrigues at home and abroad. The democrats in Prussia were restless. England had strengthened her coasts in consequence of the solemn advice of her last great military chief. All Europe was indeed armed to the teeth, and ready for a spring. The subject nationalities talked of the downfall of tyrants. The retrograde party spoke of a crusade against England and the constitutions. War seemed inevitable for all, and for some a necessity.

Russia was the first to move forward. Her long-cherished schemes against Turkey were at last ripe. If the war in Montenegro was really at an end, still she could talk indignantly about it ; and, if any other excuse should be wanting, there was, at Jerusalem, a squabble among some obscure priests about the repairs of a church, which would not want

repairing for five years ; also about a worthless robbery of relics, which had been committed by some of them. This would make a capital case, and could be dignified with the name of the question of the Holy Places. This would do admirably, for the Turks, who understood nothing whatever of the matter, had made the same concessions to both parties, so that the priests were frantic with rage and jealousy. The Porte tried to pacify them by appointing commissions and granting firmans without end, but the dispute raged the more fiercely, owing to the delight and astonishment of the priests that anybody should pay the smallest attention to them. Directly they found that their antics were attracting the general observation, they raved as if for a wager.

The Czar pretended to grow angry, and wrote a short note to the Sultan, requesting him to resign the home government of Turkey into the hands of the Russian ambassador. The Sultan would, indeed, have assented to this, or anything else for a quiet life, but there were people in Turkey who would not let him. Besides, the Russian ambassador courteously said that he would await the arrival of Lord Stratford before proceeding with his negotiation. It appears to me that he was waiting upon events ; and they—they—they were seducing us all every day deeper and deeper into a terrible scrape. So Russia began to muster her forces and prepare her commissariat, seemingly for no good.

CHAPTER II.

The drama opens. A stray page of history.

THERE is a great council sitting on the banks of the Bosphorus. The long hours of a bright summer day have rolled silently on, and the night is already far advanced ; but it shows no signs of breaking up. The gilded caiques of the great dignitaries of the empire still remain moored along the quay, and the more modest boats of the lesser pashas still

continue to glide noiselessly through them and discharge their occupants, who pace, with measured step and thoughtful looks, through the palace portals. Now and then there is a slight stir among the boatmen and servants, who are waiting so wearily outside. It is when the plain swift boats shoot rapidly up, which bear those important and excitable Levantines, who have contrived to obtain the extremely convenient berths of dragomen to the foreign embassies. It would be amusing at any other time to notice the lofty humour of these fellows; how scornfully they elbow the most dignified Turks, and how they take advantage even of this awful moment to insult them sorely. What low-bred ignorance, what untimely pretensions they show! But the fate of a great empire is at stake, and we, at least, will not smile while the momentous game is being played out.

A rustling of robes and a louder hum of voices is at last making itself heard through the open windows, and comes gratefully to the ears of the listeners beneath. The council is breaking up. The *caidjis* begin to unmoor their boats, and the tired servants stretch their weary limbs. Ricketts, the newspaper correspondent, so snubbed by the embassies, is waiting for the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs to tell him the result of the council. The embassies will be making a mystery for months of the news, which Mr. Ricketts will send off by to-morrow's post to all Europe. The waiting crowd, however, must have patience a little longer; for just at this moment a *caiique* rows up with the speed of an arrow. A small fussy man springs on shore and runs through the palace gate. As he disappears there is a murmur that he is the first interpreter of the British embassy.

On trots the little man, through gardens and galleries; through conservatories fragrant with the perfume of rare flowers, and fresh with the coolness of fountains which sparkle in the shade like living things; on, past mutes, bearing trays of coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, and water ices; and past others swaying lighted pipes, with costly mouth-pieces of richly-jewelled amber; and others, bearing napkins of scarlet velvet, embroidered with gold, upon their left shoulders. These mutes are the only persons who are allowed by the grim guards to pass into the council cham-

ber ; but even they will find means to show the wicked nonsense of closed doors and secrecy in affairs, for they will betray the little man in mockery of it.

He enters the room where the council is just breaking up, and his mere presence makes every one constrained and uneasy. But the little man is conscious of the extent of a power and authority which should never have been confided to him. He loves importance, and he knows that he speaks in the honoured name of mighty England. He delivers his message in a harsh insulting tone in consequence.

Two hours afterwards a mute betrayed that message by signs to the Russians, and its purport the world may now learn during long and bloody wars. Its immediate effect was best known by the instant departure of Prince Menschikoff. He left in a whirlwind of execrations, and the suite of the Russian ambassador insulted the British embassy in the streets of Pera.

Secret diplomacy, mines and countermines, ambassadorial dignity, private piques, jealousy, mistakes, ignorance, and want of counsel had all been at work, and here was the end of them ! A little openness and common sense, a little courtesy and good will, would have made all well, and might still remedy the mischief, though the plot is now thickening, and rage is in the heart of the Russian.

As for the Turks, they have been so bought and sold, and intimidated, that they have lost all heart. The council-chamber is a melancholy scene of disunion and petty intrigue. Every man fancies he knows the price at which his neighbour has been bought,—some calculate if it would be worth while to sell themselves for the same. There is no concord or political honesty, little hope, and much confusion among them. Many ask each other in whispers, if Russian rule would really be much worse than the eternal brow-beating and humiliating insolence of some half dozen ill-bred Levantines,—all they know of the foreign missions. Under Russian rule they would at least be members of a mighty empire, and enjoy respect and security ; now they have neither. Their fortunes and characters are completely at the mercy of vulgar and hostile strangers.

Oh, for a little common sense ! oh, for one-half hour's

pleasant talk with the Sultan in his caique on the Bosphorus this summer evening, far away from ambassadors, rivalries, jealousies, and intrigues; far away from the influence of private vengeance, or Russian gold; and the ships which are now waiting to pass the Dardanelles might remain at anchor while their captains quarrelled about salutes and precedence with cocked-hatted consuls, for years to come. One word, and the danger would vanish; one word, and the puzzled brows of honest men would clear again; one word, and the Bosphorus would echo to the grateful cheer of united millions,—a little word full of love and kindness, meaning justice and gentleness, and all great things. Yet there is no one to whisper it into the ear of the Sultan, though his life is eaten up with care because he does not speak it.

That word is "*progress*." His empire is one vast arena of discord and intrigue. It is by this that Russia has profited,—and will profit. The Greek hates the Wallach, the Wallach despises the Greek; both are equally hated by the Armenian; all hate the Turks, and are ready instruments in the hands of their enemies. Any man who wants power or importance must lie and intrigue to obtain it; must forswear himself, forget his honour and conscience, bribe the base, flatter the proud, and truckle to the ignorant. If the Sultan would only declare equality of civil and political rights among all his subjects alike, this state of things would pass away, and sixteen millions of doubtful or discontented adherents would rally loyally round him at once. The hostile intrigues of the Greeks would cease, and the apathetic despair of the Wallach. The Armenian, finding political influence no longer necessary to secure his money-bags, would rise into the peaceful trader, indifferent to the smile of pasha or the sneer of eunuch. Russian wiles would be hopeless then. The inhabitants of the principalities would resist their threatened invasion as one man. Public credit would revive. There would be tried wisdom in the council, and the valour of freemen in the field. The arms would become irresistible, which are now folded so listlessly, and the whole atmosphere of Turkish affairs would clear as at the wave of a fairy wand in a story-book.

But there are a variety of reasons why this enchanted

word should not be pronounced just now. It would be practically renouncing the conquest of Mohammed the Second, by which, after four hundred and one years, some three or four millions of ignorant men still arrogate to themselves, all power, influence, and dominion in the land ! It would be also contrary to the designs of Russia, and against the insidious advice of her allies. It would be the best and only quiet end of the dispute possible, and that would hardly agree with the secret wishes of anybody who has the management of the matter. No, no ! Russia must be humbled ; one must win a coronet, another fame, and another money, before all is over. Selim Pasha has a house which he wishes to sell beyond its value ; his Excellency Shuffle and his Excellency Trifle both want some more diamonds, and the order of the blacksmith's apron (first class) ; while his Excellency Fripon does not wish his pay as a Russian spy to cease just yet. The dragomen also find the "crisis" particularly profitable.

Such are the men to whom the interests of the world happen to be confided just now, and not one is ashamed to take advantage of the most fearful danger which science and civilization have passed through for centuries. Each follows out his own petty plan, and works underground, for his own contemptible objects, in the same way, till earnest hope and faith sicken as they watch them. While grave and good men cast an awestruck glance into the fearful abyss which has opened so suddenly beneath our very feet, these triflers are talking nonsense on the brink of it. No one knows what they are doing ; they will take no counsel or advice, and go on to the end, "Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."

What is the meaning of this mystery and hocus-pocus at such a crisis in the fate of the civilized world, when the keenest intellects of wise men, working on the surest data, should be toiling to avert the danger ? What are these startling dissensions in our cabinet, these secret despatches and fearful rumours, which not more than half-a-dozen men in the kingdom can verify or dispute ? It is after all but a faint kind of wisdom, the offspring of a weak and silly

policy. The ablest men that ever were have all had a remarkable openness and frankness of dealing.

Away with this masquerading. Let Englishmen know fairly and openly what England is doing, that they may sanction or disavow it. Let us see if good sense and good humour cannot yet do something, and let us try, at least once more, to avoid a peril that will put back the dial of time, centuries, and plunge the world in darkness, in spite of the glorious light which was dawning on us—the light which progress and civilization have brought us through thirty-nine blessed years of peace and good order. Those who talk lightly of war do not know what it is, and if in honour it may still be spared us, let us at least spare no simple and reasonable effort to avert it: let the nonsense of mere diplomacy be thrown aside for once, and plain words be plainly spoken by the frank lips of new and earnest men, before we throw away the scabbard. There is a moment yet. If it be lost, we shall, I fear, see one of the longest and most terrible wars which history has recorded.

It will be a war, not between Russia and Turkey, with her allies merely diplomatizing. It will be a war between the despotic governments and the free. Austria and Prussia will certainly side, in the end, with the Czar. The Emperor of Austria is a mere lad, who feels for the great autocrat all the warmth of personal and admiring friendship. The King of Prussia is his near relative. All are anxious for military fame and hostile to England, as the last and only stronghold of free institutions in Europe. It is true that no sane civilian, in the dominions of either of these sovereigns, thinks with him; but it is equally true that they have both devoted armies and subjects cowed by the events of 1848. Of France we can never be sure, for France cannot be sure of herself, and she may become as dangerous an ally as an enemy. She is fixed in Italy. How should we like to see her legions permanently quartered in Egypt? Let us remember, before we engage in this fearful strife, that England has nothing to gain by it, and all to lose; that she has no hope but that inspired by a good cause; and if, which God

forbid, the fate of battles go against her, the world falls under an iron and barbarous despotism, from which it will not rise again for ages.

And thus, since all mankind are interested in the maintenance of peace, shall we go to war through the mistakes of a few, to please the vengeance of this man, and the pride of that? An awful responsibility hangs over us. Let us weigh it well.

CHAPTER III.

Mutterings of the many. Rising of the Rayahs.

THE cause of the Greeks in the abstract is perhaps a just cause : it is traditionally that of the oppressor against the oppressed. Let us acknowledge this freely, and then we have said all that can be said upon their side by those who wish them best. There is no doubt, that some years ago the position of the Rayah was little better than that of the American slave. There were many who could and who did wrong him cruelly, and he could get no redress. About twelve years ago, however, the gentle-hearted prince who now sits upon the throne of Turkey abolished this state of things. The *tanzimat*, though a failure in many respects, has quite put an end to those cruel evils which had such a large share in bringing about the Greek revolution in 1821.

It must be granted that the Greeks have still some things to complain of ; but, as times go, their griefs are not many when compared with the griefs of the rest of the world in other places. This is no reason why they should last for ever ; but it is a reason why they should be borne with some patience at present, and why at all times they should rather form matter for calm and reasonable discussion than for fighting, which is merely the violent and vulgar argument of ignorant men, who are acquainted with no other.

I apprehend that too little liberty is by no means one of

the evil things of which the Christians in Turkey can truly complain. The fact is, there is too much. Liberty in Turkey almost amounts to licence, and the police does not check even vulgar and dangerous brawls with a hand quite stern and ready enough. Turkey of late years has run into the very extreme of liberalism. Thirty years ago she was following her political refugees to Vienna and Venice, to bring them to torturing and disgraceful deaths at Belgrade or Constantinople ; now she has become the secure home of hundreds of grateful foreigners, who have fled *their* country to escape destruction.

Turkey, it is true, has not a free press. We are not entitled as yet to expect this last healthy institution of wise and honest governments ; but I have no hesitation in saying that the press at Constantinople is upon the whole freer than that of Athens. There are books published in Turkey, sold openly, and taught in Rayah schools, which would infallibly doom their possessors to shocking deaths or hopeless imprisonment in Austria or in Italy. Incendiary pamphlets and papers are sent to Constantinople and the Turkish provinces in ship-loads, from Athens and the states of Greece. They are sent, also, I am sorry to say, with the malicious and deliberate design of creating political disturbances, yet the Turkish government takes no unwise notice of such things. There is not a coffee-house throughout the empire where these Greek Rayahs assemble, in which Turks are not openly cursed with such determined and bitter enmity that it makes one quite uncomfortable to listen ; yet, all the time I have been in Turkey, I have never heard of such a thing as a single prosecution or imprisonment from this cause. As far as liberty and general prosperity are concerned, I will assert distinctly that the Greeks in Turkey are very much better off than those under the remarkably incomprehensible government of King Otho.

I still, however, maintain the opinion that this revolution will be dangerous, because, though the Greeks have all this liberty, they have not equal political rights with the descendants of those men who took away their* possessions by the strong hand four hundred and one years ago. No advantages whatever can compensate to reasoning men for the

deprivation of these rights. No rule, however gentle, can satisfy educated men who have no part in making the laws under which they live. It is the freedom of the dog and the horse, it is not the freedom of gifted and intelligent human beings. The exclusion of Christians from all political power and place in Turkey was, for instance, always a very grave error ; but it is an evil which now has acquired a fearful significance. If equal rights be not granted the Greeks, they will and can take them. The struggle will not be confined to a horde of good-for-nothing idlers and a few villages on the frontier, but it will go gaining ground and strength constantly, till a whole people will again some day be seen in arms battling for the plainest and most evident of the rights of man. England, at least, will find it hard to fight with the Turks against Christian men in such a cause as this. Let us speak it out frankly too, she would be most completely and entirely in the wrong were she to do so.

The difficulty of Greek rebellion or disaffection at the present time is by far the most serious, then, which has grown out of the Turco-Russian question ; and there is every reason to believe that it will be sustained with great obstinacy, however it may seem subdued. Its chiefs will be, as we see already, the sons of those who took a foremost part in the first struggle for Greek independence ; of men unrivalled in skill and courage, who submitted to be roasted by slow fires, and to see their wives and children skinned in sport, rather than give up the cause for which they were in arms ; of men who, all things considered, were the first sailors and soldiers of the age ; who humbled the armies of Turkey upon the land, and the fleets of Egypt upon the sea, and whose undaunted constancy in defeat and misfortune at last won for them the general respect and sympathy of mankind.

Having looked this difficulty bravely in the face, let me add earnestly and sincerely, that I believe it may be now easily stopped. It may be stopped by timely and gracious concession ; it may be stopped by wise and gentle negotiation. The time now *is* while this may be ; yet a little while, and it shall have passed. The rising cannot be repressed by the strong hand. The time is now plainly arrived when the

three millions of Turks who inhabit Turkey must accord equal rights to the sixteen millions of Christians who live there also. This is nothing more than is merely just and proper. It is something which must inevitably happen. Why, then, would it be so hard a task to do what must be done, in time, and gracefully?

It seems, however, that plain reasonable men in diplomacy are impossible, while Fiddlededee and Tweedledum are allowed to keep us continually in hot water. We hear of great generals and able rulers enough, but a respectable negotiator is a wonder. With the single exceptions of Russia and Austria, the nations appear like so many young whist-players, who are a great deal too fond of keeping the trump cards in their own hands. Affairs which at home occupy the whole attention of the keenest intellects are confided abroad to fiddlers and buffoons, who are quite incapable of understanding the momentous questions sometimes at stake in our foreign policy; whose heads are full of Noodleisms and Doodleisms; who never said a plain thing in their lives, or did a wise one,—men who may have been all very well once upon a time, as the representatives of governments which could stoop to pay court to the leman of an empress, or to flatter the follies of a prince, but who are most dangerous in times of serious trouble. Now the part of England in this business is that of timely mediation, and of temperate counsels; let us hope she will choose her representative for once wisely.

Let us say one word more in affectionate earnest towards the Greeks. We are no friends to revolutions. If we examine closely into the causes and results of any rebellion, we shall cease to feel any extraordinary reverence for the actors in it. Both they, and the motives which influenced them, have been very seldom above reproof; and although many fine things may be said on the other side, the world is fast coming round to this opinion. When a conquest is once effected, a wise man should rather try to improve the existing government than to overturn it. No one can assert that it would have been an advantage to the English to revolt against the Normans at any time after the firm establishment of their government; or that the United

States of America gained more by a long and bloody war than they would certainly have obtained if allowed to send deputies to the British parliament. I will go farther, and say that if Italy or Hungary should recover their freedom, it is doubtful if the sum of happiness in those countries would be thereby increased. The history of Italy and Hungary was never so free from stain as since they passed under the rule of Austria, mistaken both in principle and practice as I believe that rule to be ; and Poland certainly lost nothing when she was made acquainted with a government strong enough to repress her own fierce and pitiable dissensions. The honest patriots therefore of those countries would be much better employed, working for wise reforms in Vienna and St. Petersburg, than in acting the sad lie of attempting to sanction disorder and bloodshed under the august name of liberty. Even so, the kingdom of modern Greece has been a great political failure ; it is better to give it up than to add to it.

I believe, then, that men with sound and strong convictions of right things always end by bringing others over to their opinions, and may thus effect any necessary change in the machinery of government gradually but surely ; for God holds the hearts of kings in his own keeping ; He has not made them different to those of other men, and assuredly He will open them to reasons gently urged. His curse, therefore, seems to light on the violent men who doubt his justice, and who dishonour the cause of right by the sword.

Their argument is based upon a principle which is in itself wrong, that of committing a certain evil for an uncertain good ; it admits of no reply, and may be maintained without convincing. It is the brutish argument of passionate savages, and unworthy the calm right intellects of our time.

No government can long deny a plain right wisely urged ; but a strong government will not deign to listen to rights advocated with a bludgeon. Those who identify the right with the bludgeon injure it sometimes for centuries. Prudent men do not work in this way, good men will not, and timid men fear to do so.

In conclusion, I would say, that it is my firm opinion, *no*

mat'er how far a rule extends, so that it is wisely wield'd. But if we go back into the past to dispute the conquests of former ages, and will decide a silly question of races with the armed hand, the world must remain always in an uproar, and agitation will be a more thriving trade than honesty. Let us the rather look upon mankind as all of the great family of God, so that the past may lose its sting, and the future may grow gay with hope. Petty dissensions fomented for personal objects by unwise rulers have sent us to sleep about our true interests. Let us awake, and exchange the dreams of schoolboys for the living truths of the world.

CHAPTER IV.

A talk about Turkey.

I WONDER how the world will wag if we should ever be able to see the effects of plain common sense as applied to politics. I know I have no right to speculate on such a subject, and that my so doing is altogether ridiculous. Common sense is the despair of Downing-street. Huffey never heard of it all the time he has been in the line; and Noodle, who is a pleasant wit, would like to know how it is spelt. I am ready, therefore, to admit that politics are among the occult sciences, and proper to be carried on only in the confidential despatches of Sir Hector Stubble. I will grant that the world's weal is an affair which concerns nobody but Sir Hector and Captain Bolt, the Queen's messenger; still I *am* puzzled.

I have been thinking again about the Greek revolution in Turkey, and the wild work that is going on in Epirus. I have been thinking also that three-and-thirty years ago things were very much in the state we now find them. Russia had intrigued successfully on the Danube. There was a bother in Persia. The Greek priests were unfurling the banner of revolt at Patras, and that wonderful court of St. Petersburg was biding its time.

England might have played a noble part in all this, and the hopes of all honest men were turned anxiously towards her. In fact, she was the only power which had a wise solution of the question in her hands. France behaved very well, much better indeed than we did ; but political events still recent in that country had not been of a character to make persons consider that they could look upon her government with such implicit trust as it would have commanded under more favourable circumstances. Russia and her tricks were known. Austria was the avowed ally of Turkey, and her conduct was a disgrace to the age. The other powers were of small account in the question, and England alone remained.

But we had at that time in the East two of the most thoroughly improper people who could have been chosen for such a crisis. The one was Sir Thomas Maitland, otherwise called King Tom, lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands ; and the other, who came on the scene later, was his Excellency Sir Hector Stubble, his majesty's ambassador at Constantinople. Both were as hard, stern, violent men as ever fanned the sparks of a national discontent into an unextinguishable flame. Both were persons of honour and repute. It was that which made them dangerous. Had they not been so they would at once have fallen under public censure. The case on both sides would have been examined, and perhaps something done. But England had a high respect for both these officers, and they carried the public opinion of the nation with them. Both were men utterly incapable of doing anything which they believed to be wrong ; but both were most miserably mistaken. They shut themselves up in solitary grandeur from the public voice ; they would not learn from plain things around them, and they went wrong, so that a child might see they were astray. Their heads were full of the divine rights of kings and all sorts of obsolete nonsense, and exploded traditions of statecraft. They could not even understand the feelings which were agitating the masses ; and they would have had no large and wise sympathy, or toleration for them, if they could.

We had therefore the singular spectacle of seeing King

Tom close the ports of the Ionian Islands to the wretched fugitives from the Peloponnesus, while Sir Hector's negotiations ended, as such negotiations always must end, in the appearance of the combined fleets at Navarino, an event in which Russia took so obliging a part. Nor did these gentlemen stop here. They were wrong-headed and unconciliating beyond belief; Sir Thomas Maitland addressed one of the most bumptious letters ever written to some Greeks who were sent to implore his mediation. Yet, though he was so ready to insult he would not argue with them, and they returned without their errand. As for Sir Hector and his predecessor (a sort of Fiddlededee), it is impossible to think of their conduct without a stern reproof. During almost the whole war English gentlemen were engaged on both sides. We sent money and fighting men to the Greeks; and we gave information of their proceedings to the enemy. And this lies at the door of Sir Hector Stubble, and the sort of Lord Fiddlededee who preceded him; so now, after a generation has passed away let us summon them before the bar of posterity for judgment, and that others may be warned.

The solution of the question, however, was easy. It depended on one single act of the Porte, and that act ought to have been won or forced from it, if not long before, why then. A charter abolishing the disabilities of the Christians in Turkey would have pacified the Peloponnesus in a week. Had the Turks refused to grant it they should have been made, but had the negotiations been conducted properly they could not, and they would not have refused.

The fact that such a document should have been still required was a disgrace to all Christendom. They might have been quieted by the simplest means, and they had the plainest right and justice on their side. But the people who should have aided them talked wisely of the treaties of 1815, and some other equally indigestible nonsense about the balance of power, which had nothing at all to do with the business; for any person might have perceived that an independent Greek nation would have been precisely the absurdity it turned out. It was not necessary to split Turkey into factions. It was merely proper to insist that

the 16,000,000 of Christians in that country should be placed upon a decent equality with the 3,000,000 who professed another faith. This was England's part, and she refused it.

Now as to the treaties of 1815, I heartily hope we shall hear no more of them as obstructions to reason and progress. The only sensible person connected with them was Talleyrand, and he was not honest. Castlereagh, Clancarty, Fiddlededee—where is a great name but that of Wellington? And he was not an able statesman, according to our ideas, for he was a determined enemy of progress. Enough.

What shall be done now? Are we to have more roastings, and ship burnings, enlivened by the sale of young ladies by auction in the bazaars of Smyrna and Constantinople? Or shall we take the straight path at last, and do that which is right and proper, which is decent and merciful?

We cannot hope for the success of any arms against the Greeks. They are a people labouring under a cruel wrong,—a wrong which is eating at the heart of Turkey, which brings treason to her councils and dissensions in her camp, and which does away absolutely with all public spirit and good citizenship, which makes her a by-word among the nations.

Let us have but a Christian charter, so that reason, justice, and mercy be appeased. The day that it is granted our fleets may go home, and peace, wealth, and good order, with progress and the graces, will go trooping through united Turkey. This is no mere figure of speech: it is no unreasoning tirade. It shows only what a little common sense might do as applied to politics, and ends my wonder. The enemy which Turkey has really to fear is neither in Russia nor in Persia, nor among the wild hordes of Montenegro; but he stands gaunt, grim, and terrible, but pleading still, by every Christian hearth in the land.

CHAPTER V.

The military pic-nic at Chobham. The state of our army and navy. Idle boasts. The camp becomes a place of fashionable resort. Colonel Lord Fitzgrey. General the Honourable Sir Ajax Fitzelliot. Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel Moneybags, and Lady Prudence Moneybags. Their entertainments to the aristocracy. Lord Methusaleh Fitz-russell distinguishes himself. His wealthy and titled staff. His heroic sufferings. Royal visitors to the camp. The same august personages visit Mr. Keeley. All ends happily in consequence of the respect paid to the opinions of the late Duke of Wellington. Rapid increase of the Stubble fever. Vain glory. Bewilderment of the Emperor of Russia. Singular conduct of the allies in the Black Sea. Passage of the Pruth. Friendly feelings between Russia and England. The candlestick of M. de Howard. The bullet of M. de Nelson.

It was about the middle of June, I think, that there first arose in our minds an unwonted feeling of interest on military matters. We began to tell each other inquiringly that our army and navy were never in so high a state of discipline and efficiency. We nervously declared our opinion that England, single-handed, was a match for all the world. Our faith in emigration was by no means shaken in consequence of the decrease of population in Ireland, and the prospect which was held out to us of being obliged speedily to send for agricultural labourers from abroad. We sang the songs of Dibdin and Campbell at our public gatherings and festivals. We trusted implicitly in the statements respecting our national prowess contained in those songs. We never applauded the toasts of our toast-masters so much as when they contained some allusion to Britannia ruling the waves and everything else. Mr. Sharp, at the Cider Cellars, and Mr. Somebody-else, at the Jovial Apollos, eminently approved of these sentiments, and gave utterance to them in the most popular form. The performances at Astley's were, if possible, of a more pugnacious nature than usual. There Shaw, the Life Guardsman, slew a host of Britain's puny enemies, with his own hand, before our very eyes. Grave

men were much reassured by the recollection of this circumstance, and stated that they remembered the semi-official account of it which appeared at the time. They agreed that, after all, there was much reliance to be placed on popular sayings, and they really thought (though they would not, for the world, incur the charge of stupid overweening national vanity)—yes, they really thought that one Englishman was equal to three foreigners, of what country soever. Besides, were we not the most enlightened nation in the world? To be sure, the Austrians and Russians were said to possess a few military secrets which had not yet reached us; but there were the Shrapnel shell, and the Lancaster inventions; and then, by Jove, you know, there might be something in Warner's long-range. In short, if any nation or nations should ever be found really bold enough to stand up against us, it was our general opinion that the middle of next week, or probably the week after, would be the precise period of time to which the nation or nations in question would speedily find themselves hurled. It was, perhaps, quite as well that we should give a lesson to the world just now, merely to show them what we could do if we should ever be really offended. In short, we would have a week's holiday, and a camp at Chobham. Then, perhaps, the world's eyes would be opened a little. It would give the press something to talk about also during the hot weather, besides the Great Exhibition in Dublin, which was reminding folks of the sensations experienced by those who were obliged to eat partridges every day, and was getting, indeed, rather a bore.

So, a camp we had; and a very singular exhibition it was. A number of well-dressed troops were marched about on a plain which had been most judiciously selected for their use. Like all war countries, it was perfectly free from any ruts or inequalities, so that the line of the crack cavalry regiments could be kept with great precision, and the stocks of the infantry were not so liable to throw them down, as they would have been on more difficult ground.

No accident of importance having happened to anybody during the preliminary arrangements, the camp soon became a place of fashionable resort. It was as good as a play. Parade went mad there, and the cousinocracy showed itself

worthy of the occasion. Colonel Lord Fitzgrey entertained a distinguished party to breakfast at Stuffem's Railway Hotel. General the Honourable Sir Ajax Fitzelliot did the same ; and so did Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel Moneybags and Lady Prudence Moneybags.

Lord Methusaleh Fitzrussell distinguished himself, also, by adding a feature of much brilliancy to the spectacle ; this gouty and distinguished officer being the first to suggest that the staff should appear in their fullest and newest uniforms at every review.

So the whole thing went off most brilliantly. The Life Guards made one of the most dashing and gallant charges on record against an imaginary enemy. Nothing could have been more grand and picturesque. The infantry retired over the bridge from Colonel Challoner's grounds to the Queen's Ride in admirable order. The attack on Flutter's Hill produced an effect positively inspiring. The pontoons at Virginia Water were charming.

Lord Methusaleh Fitzrussell, attended by a wealthy or titled staff of his own immediate connections, including the sons of his family banker and solicitor, rode slowly along the line, in a manner suited to his age, dignity, and infirmities. Nothing could have been more admirable than the conduct of his lordship on this trying occasion. The intrepid heroism with which he kept his seat on horseback, in spite of severe rheumatic pains, brought on by the frequent showers which had caused even the boldest old *ladies* to take shelter ; the cheerful manner in which he raised his double eye-glass, to inspect each fine regiment as it filed past him. Indeed, the scene was quite affecting, and his lordship's medical man (present with a lancet, in case another attack of apoplexy had seized my lord suddenly), received the warmest and most deserved compliments for his care and skill, from a select circle of the aristocracy.

The number and fashion of the visitors to the camp increased daily. The young nobility and gentry from Eton arrived, under the command of Dr. Hawtrey, carrying his rod of office, that even the rising generation might witness the dazzling effect produced by the pomp of glorious war, without any of its inconvenience.

Lastly her Majesty the Queen, Field Marshal his Royal Highness Prince Albert, their Majesties the King and Queen of Hanover, his Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte honoured the entertainment with their august presence, and subsequently appeared at the theatre, where Mr. Keeley very pleasantly burlesqued the whole affair.

So all ended happily ; every man who knew anything of the subject congratulating us that the reviews had not taken place in Hyde-park ; for the Duke of Wellington had frankly told us that the result of our system was such, that we had no officer in high command, who, if he had once got an army into those precincts, would know how to get it out again.

We had not, however, begun as yet to pay much attention to contemptible sneers of this sort. We were like a set of adventurous youths who had been learning to swim with corks, and being highly satisfied with our performances, under these circumstances, we were rashly resolved to venture in the deepest seas on the first opportunity.

We were so drunk with vanity and military enthusiasm, that we would hear nothing more about any negotiations, save those of Sir Hector, whose intemperance most nearly resembled our national intoxication.

When it turned out that Prince Menschikoff was yielding step by step ; when we learned that his demands in May were altogether different to those he had advanced in April ; when the cloud and mystery of diplomacy was just penetrable, so far as to enable us to ascertain that his claim from the Porte had finally dwindled from a formal treaty down to a mere diplomatic note, so confused and contradictory in its terms, that it meant nothing, save that Nicholas saw he had committed an imprudence, and desired to save appearances,—I say, when we at last found out this, we felt a positive sense of joy that Sir Hector had acted with the haste and violence he had done. We laughed all idea of mutual concessions to scorn. The great British embarrasser at Constantinople should be allowed to wreak his ill-temper on friends and foes, while we would stand applauding at a respectful distance.

The Emperor of Russia evidently could not make out in the least what we were about. We only *said* that he was mad, but he must have *believed* that we were so. We suffered Turkey to be drained of her resources, and the revenues of the Danubian principalities to be seized by Russia. We prevented the Turkish fleet manœuvring in the Black Sea, in order to attain something like efficiency if the struggle should really come. We permitted the invasion of Moldavia, though the Pruth was nearly impassable ; and Omer Pasha, if allowed, might have defended it with even more success than he afterwards defended the Danube. Lastly, as if to ease the autocrat's mind entirely, we agreed to place our interests in the hands of his old friend Lord Fiddledee, and to dance perpetually in a mazy whirl to his agreeable music at Vienna.

For the rest, Russia was one of the few foreign countries that had no grudge against us ; and where the name of England was, at this time, generally popular, Britons were established and flourishing in every part of that vast empire. British engineers had helped to build the fortifications of Cronstadt and Sebastopol. They had assisted in the planning of railroads and the working of mines. Our trade with Russia was enormous, and mutually profitable. It thrived especially at Odessa ; and it would have taken a more vigorous imagination even than that of Nicholas, to suppose we should make a mere vapouring and objectless attack against a place which was endeared to us by every tie binding on the merchant and the antiquarian—a place, the very name of which was heard with enthusiasm in Mark-lane and Manchester, and which respectfully preserved in its Museum a battered old japan candlestick, because it was said to have belonged to the philanthropic Howard. In the work-boxes of the Crimean ladies were locks of hair which were fondly believed to have once covered the head of Wellington ; and did not a great prince at St. Petersburg display to his admiring guests, whenever an opportunity offered for so doing, the identical bullet that shot Monsieur de Nelson ?

In fact, these reflections in the end so thoroughly convinced Nicholas of the real amiability of our intentions,

that his equanimity was scarcely disturbed by what he thought a little mere braggadocio of Sir Hector's friends in the House of Commons, and his colleagues of the press. Besides, he was tolerably sure of the friendship of the Foreign Office, in any eventuality; for, since even great Palmerston had been dismissed for a few words which it was supposed might not be quite agreeable to the Emperor of Austria, it was clear that he (the Emperor of all the Russias) had nothing to fear in that quarter.

CHAPTER VI.

Review of Lord Stratford's war policy in Turkey. Opinions of my ribald cousin. Horror and surprise of the writer at being made the depositary of these statements. Declares his orthodox faith in Lord Stratford and the aristocracy. Will live and die believing in Viscounts.

ALL is over, the die is cast, and nothing can exceed the sense of refreshment and satisfaction I experience in contemplating the honourable and handsome conduct of a delicate-minded public towards that great and mighty prince, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. A peaceable and intelligent public has allowed itself to be got into a scrape with charming docility and good humour; and Britons would naturally consider it the extreme of shabbiness to reproach the dignified bottle-holder, who has undertaken in the most stately manner to act as second on the present interesting occasion, and to stir it up. I wish to do the fullest justice to the downright pluck and noble qualities which that public has displayed, as well as to the condescension of the distinguished nobleman who has been graciously pleased to elicit them.

My incorrigible cousin Tom, however, who is a low fellow, with radical opinions, and who does not entertain at all a proper respect for the peerage, will not be brought to view matters in the same agreeable light as that in which they

appear to me—and a spirited public. In order, however, that the opinions of this vulgar person may be the better held up to universal execration and contempt, I will proceed to state them as briefly as possible. I will beg an imaginative public, however, to understand, that, while I am doing so, my nose is turned up as much as my lips are drawn down, and as for my eyes, I am frequently obliged to close them in the utter extreme of disgust and amazement !

The dull dog, then (Ugh !), affirms that it would seem to be growing every day more painfully evident, that the policy of Lord Stratford has been one fearful and deplorable mistake, from first to last. He says that the revolt of the rayah population of Turkey might have been as easily foreseen as averted ; but that, since it has been allowed unwisely to burst forth, it will some day spread from Janina to the Danube, and from the frontiers of Persia to the Nile. We may, indeed, smother the flame for a time, but it will break out again, and in the end devour us. Greece has, of course, caught fire, and he (the miscreant above mentioned) is very much mistaken if the Ionian Islands will not, sooner or later, be in a flame also. He will have it, that the revolution of the Rayahs, and the aid given them by the independent Greeks, forms by far the most serious of the many vexed questions to which Lord Stratford's intemperance has given rise. (I wonder that the earth does not open and swallow him up !)

It would seem (I give the miscreant's own words) that we mean to put the Greeks down by the strong hand ; but there is a very serious doubt if we shall be able to do so. We may (I should think so, indeed !) blockade Athens if we please ; we may occupy Corinth, Patras, Nauplia, Mes-salonghi, but that will not stop the tide of events which is now rolling hoarsely onwards. (What events ?) Though we may do these things (I believe he is mad), we have no right to do them ; and we shall be drawing the bright sword of England to maintain a cruel and a crying wrong. The Rayahs are determined to be free—the independent Greeks will aid them ; and both parties will be supplied by the gold and counsels of Russia, for whatever the latter may be worth.

All this might have been avoided twelve months ago (I let the fool go on !) by a more plain and intelligible policy. Had Lord Stratford been a conciliatory and judicious person, his task would have been easy ; but he was otherwise, and he has therefore failed. (Stupendous !) No one can be justified in advancing such a statement as this, unless he supports it by argument : he (the arrogant blockhead) will therefore point out a course which he (the dignified statesman) might have pursued with a happier result, and to which had he (the dignified statesman) deigned to listen, he would have known was in accordance with the wishes and ideas of most of the practical men mixed up in Eastern affairs.

Such men contend that the wrongs of the Rayahs were the strongest arm of Russia—and, therefore, immediately affairs grew serious ; the emancipation of the sixteen millions of Christians in Turkey was no longer a simple act of justice they had always been entitled to demand, but it was also an act of good policy, which it was prudent to carry out instantly. They should not only have been enfranchised, but employed in posts of trust and honour, to show that their liberty was a fact and not a mockery. (A likely thing, indeed ! What would have become of the rights of conquest, goose ?) The Principalities should then have been placed in a formidable state of defence, as it was always from this quarter that the first attack was expected. As it was, the Russians were permitted to take up a very strong military position unopposed ; to seize a considerable portion of the revenues of the Sultan ; to quarter their armies at his expense, and to carry the horrors of war into his dominions : thus, from the very outset, inflicting an injury on the Turks for which reparation was next to impossible. The time which should have been employed in preventing this was wasted incomprehensibly, and Lord Stratford appears to have looked to England, from the very first, as the only support of his obstinate impolicy. (I must entreat a sympathetic public to understand that I have collapsed !)

Before engaging in the war, the finances of Turkey should have been placed on a sounder footing. A few clear-headed arithmeticians from Lombard Street and Paris would have

been more valuable in the East than the Grenadier Guards. They should have been appointed to form a committee for the revision of the whole system of Turkish taxation, and then employed in seeing to the honest collection of the revenue. They might thus have easily made themselves worth their (avoirdupois) weight of solid gold. (I am gasping for breath!) The question of the Holy Sepulchre, which owed its origin entirely to diplomatic intemperance, should have been promptly arranged.

Under such a policy, the offensive arms of Russia would have been rendered harmless; and Turkey was quite strong enough to fight her own battles. Under ordinary circumstances, indeed, a nation with nineteen million inhabitants could hardly carry on a successful war with a nation numbering sixty millions; but experience has amply shown us, that numbers do not always decide the fate of an invaded country. Turkey had the good feeling of Europe with her: she fought upon her own ground; she had Circassia and the numerous tribes hostile to the government of the Czar, who waited but her signal to rise. She had Hungary, Italy, and Bohemia for a hostile Austria; France and the Rhenish Provinces to check Prussia; Poland for all.

After the complete enfranchisement of the Christians, she would also have had the inestimable advantage of a just cause, with a fiery and grateful population to support it. Men would have stood up for her who are unequalled in courage and resources; from among whom have already been born sea captains like Miaoulis and Kanaris, and such generals as Karaïskaki and Colocotroni: for the Greeks do not love the Russians; they only consent to receive their aid, being weary of hope in any other direction.

Having seen that Turkey was prepared to fight, our part might have been confined to watching events; for the butchery at Sinope would of course have been impossible. As a nation, we had no occasion to mix ourselves up in the dispute. We have been dragged into this part of the business solely by a petulant elderly gentleman (ribald ruffian! if ever there was one. How can an ambassador be petulant or elderly?), and because he would not be told how to act, and did not know. (The world's at an end!) We might

have allowed as many fighting adventurers to go to Turkey as pleased—just as they went to Spain or to South America. Our press, also, would have been an effective weapon : the thunder of the *Times*, and the general indignation of all good people, would have been potent beyond belief. There was no need for us to go further. If Turkey wanted allies, there were Egypt and the Barbary states bound to assist her ; while, at the bidding of a friendly France, Abd-el-Kader in Algiers might have mustered a crowd of gallant horsemen, whose absence from that province might have at last permitted model French farmers to grow their cabbages in peace.

But Lord Stratford has been allowed (I let the idiot ramble on) to press forward the war without preparing Turkey by one single act of wisdom or prudence. He has had no better counsel to offer her than a new loan, foreign troops, and even London policemen. Not a single necessary reform has been made, no one branch of Turkish administration has been rendered more effective. Her adviser has allowed her to flounder through a sea of financial difficulties : even the question of the Holy Sepulchre remains unsettled. The Rayahs have been goaded to revolt ; the adventurers who flocked to Turkey have been refused service ; bankruptcy and famine came trooping from afar : yet the project for a national bank at Constantinople was allowed to die still-born ; and no measure has been suggested for the employment of agricultural machines, or the varied resources of modern science, to supply the hands called away to the army from the necessary tilling of the land ; while the export of corn has been permitted till its present prohibition is a mere mockery to starving millions. (Ugh ! you goose !) Now, if, before the occupation of the Principalities became a fact, Turkey had been notoriously as well prepared as she seemed indifferent, and was defenceless, there is little doubt but that Russia would have withdrawn at once till a more convenient season. Thus far she had merely engaged in a diplomatic intrigue. But so wise a man as the Czar could hardly suppose that, after allowing Turkey herself to be so completely passive that there was hardly a review of troops, and her ships lay lazily at anchor in the Bosphorus,

we were prepared to break a forty years' peace to go to war ourselves about her.

The fact is, however, that after the departure of Prince Menschikoff made it evident that the game was growing serious, Great Britain should have at once removed Lord Westmoreland from Vienna, and Lord Stratford from Constantinople.

Respecting the first, it is only necessary to say that we required a particularly able man at the court of Austria ; and we need but take note of the conduct of that power, throughout the dispute, to show the results of having left a trifier. Lord Westmoreland has either completely failed in convincing Austria of her true interests, or, what is much more likely, he has been deliberately deceived. If we contrast the effects of the short visit of Lord Palmerston to Paris, and the loyal conduct of France, with the consequences of the permanent mission of our most musical minister at Vienna, the difference will seem remarkable. Such men as Lord Westmoreland have indeed been employed before in serious business, but always with a like evil. Thus, on the approach of danger, the minister of Caliph Mustapha was occupied in finding two canary-birds who could sing precisely the same note.* With Lord Westmoreland at Vienna, and so able a man as M. de Bruck at Constantinople, Austria has been of course able to use Great Britain to fight her battles ; and we are now beginning to dance to Lord Westmoreland's fiddling with a readiness and agility which is the very perfection of British simplicity and good breeding.

As to the reappointment of Lord Stratford, it is not difficult (says this hopeful youth) to estimate its imprudence. He was as well known for his intractable ill-humour as Lord Westmoreland for incapacity. His reputation as a dangerous and unsuccessful negotiator was not new, for the battle of Navarino might have warned us of the inevitable end of confiding a peace policy to his keeping. But a few months before, also, his intemperance in business had caused a general protest against his appointment as secretary for

* Gibbon.

foreign affairs, even under what was pleasantly called the "dizzy" government of Lord Derby. It is not easy to understand how Lord Stratford could have been a proper person as British ambassador in Turkey at any time. After forty years' residence in the East, he has effected nothing—unless we give him partly the reputation of the Tanzimat, which has turned out so cruel a deception. The famous tariff was negotiated by Sir Henry Bulwer; and the entire credit of the Hungarian-refugee question was plainly due to the chivalry and determination of Lord Palmerston. Forty years at Constantinople are said not even to have taught Lord Stratford the language of the country, or gained him a friend there. He is merely a man who, having been placed in a high position all his life (but who did not obtain it by his ability), has committed no disgraceful or dishonourable act. There all praise must end; for I have yet to learn that, during the better half of a long lifetime, he has given a single proof of high and marked capacity.

If we reflect what a really able man might have effected at Constantinople in forty years, and backed by the immense influence of Great Britain in the East, while we read Lord Stratford's own account of his labours in his unlucky farewell speech of 1852, we may reasonably wonder at the reputation he has acquired. If, as his friends say, he has "lavished wise advice upon Turkey," he seems to have lavished it in so ill-natured a manner as to insure its rejection; for we see no effects of it. It is certain that everything connected with Turkey is in a most deplorable muddle: and as far as the opinion of people residing in that country may be worth anything, a traveller may gather that the name of Stratford Canning in the East is merely synonymous with violence of behaviour, extravagant pretensions, and pompous eccentricity. His ideas on most subjects are declared to be as hopelessly wrong as Lord Westmoreland's, and almost as valueless, if they were right.

If England required, therefore, an ambassador who could display his own importance and consume a great deal of consequence, Lord Stratford was just the man for her; but if she demanded a person at once temperate and liberal in his ideas, a man thoroughly acquainted with her best

interests and earnestly anxious to further them, patient, well informed on passing events, an enlightened statesman, and a conciliatory negotiator, circumstances have furnished sufficient evidence that he was not.

His singular quarrel with Colonel Rose, a man of rare tact and amiability of manner, was at least ungenerous, and would seem to show that advice was unwelcome to him even from the officer who was especially appointed to counsel him. A paragraph in the *Times* which preceded his arrival would go to prove that not even an *attaché* or a tradesman is beneath his extraordinary appetite for quarrelling; and it is the popular belief at Constantinople that his staff live under a rule so stern as to have no choice between the discipline of children and the exile of criminals. This is probably why the amiable brother of one of the most amiable men in England (I am speaking of Lord Carlisle) positively declined to serve under so harsh a task-master, and left his post of secretary to the embassy vacant twelve months. It is also why Lord Stratford finds it necessary to employ persons on public business of whom the Foreign Office knows nothing, and who insult the sacred mysteries of diplomacy by publishing his private despatches in the public papers. It is on record that he had quarrelled with all his subordinates so violently and so often, that he was obliged to solicit permission to nominate and displace whom he pleased, as the only condition on which his reappointment could be possible. Thus he marches alone to his own ends, and we see how sad they are. He has even quarrelled with the admirals who were sent to support him; with the French embassy, with Lord Raglan, and with the Duke of Cambridge. (An observant public will perceive that I have let the lost wretch, my cousin Tom, talk on in his own person, that he may the better incur utter abhorrence; besides, reason is lost on a contemptible fellow of that kind.)

I am not (pursues the arrogant idiot) by any means attacking Lord Stratford in his private capacity. Those who know him assert that he is laborious, and by no means without a certain antiquated intelligence. I merely say that at Constantinople he has scarcely effected one good thing in forty years, and that he has suffered many evil ones

which a more prudent person would have prevented. He is believed also to be conscientiously mistaken ; but mistaken he is, and miserably so. There were places enough where such a man might have been harmless, or even useful ; as the president of an unreformed college, as master of the ceremonies at a small German court, as the confidential friend of an old lady of property, or the irreproachable guardian of a young one. But a safe and wise diplomatist he is not ; and let things turn how they may, a most awful responsibility must rest upon him ;—the responsibility of having rashly disturbed a peace which has been one of the most hopeful and valuable to mankind at large that the world has ever known ; and of having thrust the civilized world into a war from which it has all to lose and nothing to gain, and which might have been averted by common prudence and good temper.

Lord Stratford, and Lord Stratford only, is responsible for this. M. de Bruck and M. de Wildenbruck, the representatives of Austria and Prussia, have all along taken a pacific part, while M. de la Cour, a French diplomatist of high reputation, was displaced solely because his opinions clashed with those of the British ambassador. M. de la Cour recommended peace and patience ; it is scarcely surprising that a gallant and enterprising French general should desire war ;—but not even with General Baraguay D'Hilliers has the representative of Great Britain been found to act in concert.

We had nothing to fear by leaving Russia alone ; the onward march of civilization and enlightenment would have soon rendered an absolute government impossible even there ; and from a progressive and commercial state we had only to expect friendship and good will : but it is a very serious business to go to war with a nation hardly a generation removed from barbarism, and the tide of human progress will roll back fifty years in every campaign.

For the rest, it was but fair to judge the Emperor of Russia from the past. In 1848 he had a better chance than now, and he would hardly have freely chosen a time when all the world was at peace to commit an act which would probably result in a coalition against him. Experience has shown that he loved the triumphs of diplomacy better than

those of the sword ; in the famous despatch of Count Nesselrode, in 1828, in the mouth-of-the-Danube question, and throughout his prudent conduct in Hungary. He was indeed trying to win an important diplomatic triumph, but he might have been easily frustrated by an able man, or even the fruits of his triumph might have been rendered worthless by a subsequent good administration of affairs in Turkey.

To reappoint Lord Stratford, however, at such a crisis, was to make a peaceful settlement of the question impossible. The Emperor of Russia had refused to receive his lordship as British ambassador at St. Petersburg, and the diplomatist was known to have a most bitter feeling of private enmity towards the autocrat ; our conduct was, therefore, simply sending to a haughty and exacting monarch his personal enemy to pacify him after a defeat : it was bringing a silly dispute to a crisis at a most unhappy time ; it was allowing two self-willed elderly gentlemen to get firmly by the ears, and the result is precisely what might have been anticipated. We had no reason to expect that a prince, however cool and able he might be, who had had his own way for thirty years, till he must have almost forgotten that he was mortal, and who was at the head of the vast resources of a mighty empire, should retire in a personal dispute with an English gentleman ; though he might have given up an impossible game in diplomacy as gracefully as a lost game at chess.

It is for these reasons (concludes my infamous cousin), that I solemnly record my protest against this unholy war and its most intemperate author, and I declare my firm and honest conviction that his conduct has been an awful mistake, from the violence which first occasioned the angry departure of Prince Menschikoff to the wilful and criminal blindness which has brought about the revolt in Epirus and a probable war with Greece.

(I have done ! Indeed, the utter extreme of my horror and amazement at the unparalleled atrocity of my cousin Tom would prevent me going on if I had a mind to do so. I trust, however, that I have held up the sentiments of that

cousin Tom to general execration, and that a warlike and heroic public will give me full credit for my difference of opinion with the peaceable and shabby fellow above mentioned.)

CHAPTER VII.

Gallipoli. The deserted homes of England. Her Majesty takes leave of the Guards. Opinions of the British public with regard to Sinope. Conflicting statements. Surprise of the Turks to see us. Their politeness mingled with doubt. His highness the Sultan. Sardanapalus. The commissariat officers make their bow to the British public. Their ideas of campaigns chiefly derived from Chobham. Results of the diplomatic and spirited conduct pursued towards the Greeks. Advantages derived from dining at Véry's. Distressing position of the commissariat officers soothed by the solid politeness of the army contractors. The words Bono Johnny pass into general use. The British army embraces teatotalism.

AND there were sad hearts in the lordly homes of England when it was known that the Queen had taken leave of the Guards, and there were scalding tears shed by wailing and deserted women, as they sobbed a last farewell to those near and dear to them, when the transports stood out to sea, and Britain sent her armies to the East.

There was not a very clear idea of what we were going to fight about. We had indeed a feeling of hot indignation with respect to Sinope, but the Emperor of Russia had scrupulously avoided any individual or national cause of offence towards us. The conduct of Baron Brunnov, in London, had been as careful and conciliatory as that of M. Kisseleff, at Paris. There had been throughout an evident desire on the part of the Czar to preserve our friendship. To be sure, Sinope had been a bad business, but then the Russians had their own account of it, and that was very different to ours. As regarded our own peculiar griefs, the bombardment of Odessa was at least a fair set-off for the loss of the *Tiger*. In fact, the whole affair was a complete puzzle ; but we sailed or steamed to Gallipoli nevertheless, and the Turks were more surprised than pleased to see us.

It is useless to talk about the enthusiasm of the Turks with respect to this war. From Abd-ul-Medjid to the water-carriers of Galata, and the Kurdish horseman whom Fatma Hanum brought to Constantinople as the price of her husband's pardon, nobody cared a button about anything but his individual pipes, coffee, and prosperity. If the Sultan could only have peaceably got rid of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, anybody might have been monarch of Constantinople who pleased, providing also that they did not interfere with his dinner hour, and his few harmless pursuits. He was as indifferent about power as Richard Cromwell, or the cardinal of York. There was, perhaps, scarcely an individual in Turkey who did not look at the arrival of the allies at Gallipoli in the light of a burthen and an insult. It appeared to them problematical if the Russians really even coveted any portion of their territory, saving those perplexing Principalities, which seemed always a bone of discord, without being the smallest use or profit to them. Here, however, were these dogs of Franks from the West, who had actually taken possession of their coasts and harbours, and were about to occupy their capital under the absurd pretence of being their friends, just as if anybody was ever the friend of anybody without being assured of some present and immediate gain in consequence. So reasoned the higher Turks ; and they reasoned rightly, according to their previous lights and experience. It must be remembered that there is no general public feeling in Turkey, because the people are altogether illiterate, and have no knowledge of public affairs whatever.

Not the smallest arrangement had been made to receive the allies at Gallipoli, and those fine, active, able, commissariat officers were quite astonished to find that campaigning in the East was altogether a different thing to their charming experience at Chobham. Now also appeared refreshing evidence of the diplomatic and spirited conduct which had been pursued towards the Greeks. That pestilent people persisted in annoying the allies in all sorts of sly out-of-the-way manners, and throwing all manner of petty obstacles in their way.

Then it naturally occasioned the utmost surprise to our

intelligent British soldiery, that not a single man could be found who was able to converse fluently in a language so necessary to a liberal education as the English. There were one or two persons, indeed, who appeared to have picked up a few words of an uncouth French, but these words were of such uncertain meaning, and were spoken in such a guttural and alarming voice, that the oldest diner at Véry's could not make anything of them. But then, to be sure, all the waiters at Véry's spoke English.

What was an excellent commissariat staff to do under circumstances so remarkable? Why, rush of course wildly into contracts one day, and then, misled by Greek truths which were obligingly volunteered for their guidance, cancel those contracts on the day following in the most natural way in the world. They drove some of the Smyrna merchants almost wild with these singular vagaries; and the agents of respectable men who were sent to wait on them for orders were quite confounded. The beauty of the whole thing was, too, that a steady export of provisions from Turkey had been allowed to go on all the winter, which was strangely supposed by many to account in some measure for the present scarcity.

The Pashas would have done anything for a quiet life, and a chance of the official peculations which they love; but owing to their unaccountable ignorance of English which has been already pointed out, nobody could clearly understand anybody, so that there was more than the usual amount of energetic language than is even commonly spoken by strangers on their arrival in a foreign country—but nothing came of it.

The English and French officers, however, fraternized very agreeably. The commissariat officers commenced those acquaintances with the merchants which were afterwards to ripen into such affectionate and profitable friendships. The manners and customs of the Turks were productive of much innocent hilarity. The words "*Bono Johnny*" first passed into general use, and were considered of a pleasant wit: so that, after a while, campaigning in Turkey was not thought such a bad thing after all, especially till the cholera came. The cholera came because, while our commissariat

officers were thriving and getting on so delightfully, the sturdy British soldier fed but poorly, and slept worse. He also lost his porter,—not that there would have been the smallest difficulty in obtaining it, but there was a report that some of the generals professed teatotalism, and considered the present as a valuable opportunity for propagating their principles, and furthering the cause of teatotalism all over the world, even where there was no tea.

When the cholera broke out, nobody knew what to do with it, or how to treat it ; nobody understood the climate or diseases peculiar to the East. Nobody understood, till long afterwards, that a situation had been chosen noted for its insalubrity ; and Gallipoli became a sad scene of complaint and panic : while the Emperor of Russia learned, with much satisfaction, that we had come to grief, as might have been expected. This was the first of our disasters—a bad beginning ; yet what was to come afterwards showed that we might have turned it into a precious warning if we had only hearkened.

CHAPTER VIII.

The locusts, an episode, introducing the unexpected guests who arrived to devour the winter provisions of the British army.

AN Eastern summer is full of wonders, but perhaps our wandering armies saw no natural phenomenon more awful and appalling than those vast flights of locusts which came in with the cholera and warm weather, and where they found a garden—left a wilderness.

I am riding along a pleasant hill-side towards the end of May. There is a sharp pattering noise, like that of April rain in Scotland, falling on the hard ground. I look attentively towards the earth, knowing that it cannot be a shower this clear balmy morning, and I see a countless multitude of little black insects no bigger than a pin's head. They are hopping and springing about in myriads under my horse's

feet, along the rocky road, which is quite black with them, and far away among the heather, which is turned black also. I ride miles and miles, yet the ground is still darkened with those little insects, and the same sharp pattering noise continues. They are the young of the locusts who left their eggs in the ground last year : they have just come to life. Three days ago there was not one to be seen.

A little later, and I am passing through a Greek village. The alarm has spread everywhere, and the local authorities have bestirred themselves to resist their enemies while still weak. Large fires are burning on the banks of a swift river, and immense cauldrons full of boiling water are steaming over them. The whole country side has been out locust-hunting : they have just returned with the result of their day's exertion. Twenty-three thousand pounds' weight of these little insects, each, as I have said, no bigger than a pin's head, have been brought in already in one day. They have been caught in a surface of less than five square miles. There has been no difficulty in catching them,—children of six years old can do it as well as grown men. A sack and a broom are all that is necessary ; place the open sack on the ground, and you may sweep it full of locusts as fast as you can move your arms. The village community pay about a farthing a pound for locusts. Some of the hunters have earned two or three shillings a day. As the sacks are brought in, they are thrust into the cauldrons of boiling water and boiled each for some twenty minutes ; they are then emptied into the rapid little river swollen by the melting of mountain snows.

My Albanian Hamed watches these proceedings from his embroidered scarlet saddle with much and melancholy gravity. " Ah ! " he says, " if there was but one dervish or good man among those rogues, he could pray them away in an hour. There are no locusts in my village because we have a dervish—a saintly man there."

It appears that no dervish comes ; and the plague goes on spreading daily from village to village, from town to town. This is the fourth year since they first appeared at Mitylene, whence I am writing. It is said that they seldom remain at one place longer, but that in the fourth generation the race

dies out, unless it is recruited from elsewhere. I am not aware whether this is a mere popular superstition, or a fact based on experience. They show, however, certainly, no symptom of weakness or diminution of numbers. In ten days they have increased very much in size, they are now as long as cockchafers, only fatter. They seem to be of several distinct species. Their bodies are about an inch and a half long, but some are much larger round than others. They have six legs. The hind legs of the largest kind are nearly three inches long, or twice the length of the body. They have immense strength, and can spring four or five yards at a time. The legs are terminated by sharp long claws, and have lesser claws going about half way up at the sides of them. Their hold, therefore, is singularly tenacious. Their heads and shoulders are covered with a kind of horny armour, very tough. Some are of a bright green colour all over : some have brown backs and yellow bellies, with red legs, and are speckled not unlike a partridge. Some are nearly black all over and have long wings. The largest species have immensely long feelers projecting out near the eyes. I noticed some of these feelers twice the length of the rest of the body. The bite of the largest kind is strong enough to bend a pin. This locust has immense sharp tusks furnished with saws inside. His mouth opens on all four sides and closes like a vice. His eyes are horny and he cannot shut them. The largest kind have two short yellow wings, and a long pointed fleshy tail ; the smallest have four long black wings, and no tail. The head is always large in comparison to the body, and not unlike that of a lobster. In moving its scales it makes a noise like the creaking of new leather.

The locusts are on the wing, they have risen from the ground into the air ; they darken the sky in their steady flight for hours, and they make a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind. Far as the eye can see over the land and water broods the same ominous cloud. The imagination refuses to grasp their number : it must be told by millions of millions. Count the flakes of a snow-storm, the sands by the sea-shore, the leaves of summer trees, and the blades of grass on dewy meadows. For days and days the locust storm

and the hot south wind continued. At night they descended on the gardens and corn-fields. They struggled for pre-eminence on the points of palings, and the top-most overlooked the rest with extraordinary gravity. They crawled and hopped loathesomely on fruit and flower. They got into eggs and fish, which became uneatable in consequence. There was no help against them because of their multitude. They ate holes in my bedding, they got into my pockets, and into my hair and beard. The Greek women were obliged to tie their trowsers on above their gowns, as a protection against them. You trod upon them, they blew against you, they flew against you, they dined off the same plate, and hopped on a piece of food you were putting into your mouth. Their stench was horrible, and this lasted for weeks.

I was tempted to impale one of them as a specimen, and left it sticking on a pin in the wall. Hamed slyly removed it, believing the proceeding to be a charm, or magical device to counteract the designs of heaven.

"It is God's will!" he said, sententiously, when I found him out and reproached him.

So they ate up the corn lands and the vineyards whithersoever they fell. I counted nine on one blade of wheat. When they left it, it was as bare as a quill; and so they devoured the soldier's bread.

"They have still left your apples untouched," I said to a gardener.

"Helas!" replied the man, sobbing; "they have eaten up all beside, and what is the use of your eyebrows if you have lost your eyes?"

Three days after they had eaten his apples also.

I noticed, however, that in the years the locusts appear there is no blight, or smaller insects about; perhaps, therefore, they are mercifully sent to destroy the smaller and more dangerous insects when they have multiplied exceedingly under the prolific suns of the East.

But they are a dreadful visitation. They ate holes in my clothes as I walked about; they got among Hamed's arms; they choked up the barrels of his pistols, and fed upon his sash of silk and gold; they ate away the tassel of his cap

and the leathern sheath of his sword. My French *debardeur* dressing-gown, one month from Alfred's, might have been taken for a recent purchase at rag fair. They ate the sole of my slipper while I was asleep on a sofa ; they ate my shirts in the wardrobe, and they ate my stockings. Hamed's "good man" never arriving, he catches many, and puts them out of the window with much tenderness. The Pasha, my host, with a touching faith in the goodness of God, goes about with a long stick to save them from drowning, when they are driven by the winds into his reservoir of gold fish.

I cannot help thinking the Pasha is right, but I cannot be so good as he is. For the locusts eat the back hair off the women's heads while washing at the fountain, and the moustachios of the gardeners while they sleep in the noon-day shadow. They strip trees till they look as if struck by lightning or burnt by fire. I see the plants green and gay in the moonlight, in the morning their freshness and beauty have departed.

Families sit wailing in their fields over the ruin of their little all. There is a story that the locusts have eaten a child while its mother was away at work ; there is a tradition that they once ate a drunken man who fell down in the kennel. Neither event is improbable. I saw a locust draw blood from the lips of an infant in its mother's arms.

They will not die. They seem to have neither sight nor hearing ; vile things with nothing but mouths. If you catch one he will spring from your hold, and, leaving his legs behind him, go on as well as ever. The *cadi* had a little garden ; he had it watched day and night, for it was his pride, and full of far-away flowers. He kept fires surrounding it constantly, to prevent the locusts crawling in. When they had learned to fly, he fired guns to turn aside their course ; when they came in spite of this, he turned a garden engine upon them ; then he buried them, but every green thing and every blossom was stripped from his garden for all that.

They will not die ; they can swim for hours. Hot water, cold water ; acids, spirits, smoke are useless. I plunged one in salt and water ; he remained four minutes, and sprang away apparently uninjured. I re-caught him, and smoked

him for five minutes ; two minutes afterwards he had revived and was hopping away. I re-caught the same locust, and buried him as deeply in the ground as I could dig with a pocket-knife ; I marked the place, and the next morning I looked for my friend, but he was gone. Nothing will kill them, but smashing them to a jam with a blow, or *boiling* them. There is no protection against them. They despise and eat through the thickest cloths or sacking, or matting, and glass coverings for a large extent of ground would be of course too expensive. The only way in which one of my neighbours was enabled to save part of his harvest, was by gathering his fruits, and cutting down his corn immediately the locusts came, and then burying his property in holes dug in the ground, and covered over with a heavy stone at the aperture, as I had seen the peasantry do in some parts of Western Africa. This saved him a little ; no barn or room would have done so.

Yet another three weeks, towards the end of July, and the cloud which has hovered over the land so long is clearing away ; and there arises a great wind, so that the locusts are swept off in countless armies to the sea, and drowned. It is impossible to bathe for days, or to walk by the sea-shore, because of the stench of them. But they are gone, and their bodies float over the sea like a crust, extending to the opposite coast of Asia Minor.

I found out, while busy with this subject, that the locusts were supposed to have come from Asia Minor to Mitylene ; that when they first appeared on the northern coast of the island, they were few in number, a greater portion of the flight which settled here having been probably drowned on their passage. It was not till the third year that they became so many and mischievous as to cause alarm. Their devastations were principally confined to the vines and olives, afterwards they grew more general.

Last year, the inhabitants, dreading their return, endeavoured to take timely precautions for their destruction. There was some difficulty about this, however. It was necessary to apply to the Turkish local authorities ; the local authorities were obliged to refer the matter to the grand Sheik-ul-Islam, who published a *fetfah* or decree on the

subject; but the fetfah was not obtained without a great deal of importunity, as it was believed by many learned doctors that the demand was altogether contrary to Moslem law. However, as the ravages of the locusts continued to increase to an extent which seemed to menace the revenue derived from the island, a fetfah was at last issued. In virtue of this, permission was given to destroy the locusts, by all means save those of fire and water. It was necessary to evade this provision, however, since fire and water were universally acknowledged as the only effectual means of destruction to be found.

The matter was now made the subject of a fixed legal regulation, by which every family was required to destroy from (about) twelve to twenty-five pounds weight of locusts, according to their number, for the common benefit. Some of the villages where labour was scarce paid this tribute in money. Twopence a pound was first given for locusts, but the price afterwards sank to a farthing. The efforts of some places were, however, defeated by the indifference or superstition of others, so that labour, time, and money were all lost. More than 700,000 lbs. weight were destroyed without any visible effect on their numbers. Their weight at this time was about 270 to the ounce.

The Turks resolutely refused to assist in these proceedings. They looked upon the visitation as the will of God, with which it would be impious to interfere. The captain of a Turkish man-of-war seeing a locust drowning in the sea, bade his favourite coffee-boy plunge into the water to save it.

Some of the uneducated Greeks also had their own peculiar way of going to work. They insisted that the locusts had arrived in punishment for the sins of the community, and consequently that human efforts against them would be in vain. It appeared to them that public prayers and processions were much more reasonable. They also applied to a certain St. Tryphon on the subject, for St. Tryphon is the recognised patron and protector of fields and plants. They likewise sent a deputation to *Mount Athos*, requesting St. Tryphon to come and pass a few days at Mitylene, but without effect.

It has been noticed that the locusts appear invariably about the middle of May, and die or depart in August. They are most mischievous during the month of June ; they have an objection to damp or marshy grounds. The females bury themselves in the earth when dying, probably to conceal their eggs. The males die above ground, where the ants and smaller insects speedily devour them. Neither rain nor cold, however severe, appears to destroy or injure the eggs, which lie in the ground like seed during the winter, and burst forth into life in the first warmth of summer. Each female is understood to have about fifty young, which in some measure accounts for their astounding increase. They require about twenty days to attain their full growth, sometimes longer, if the weather is unfavourable.

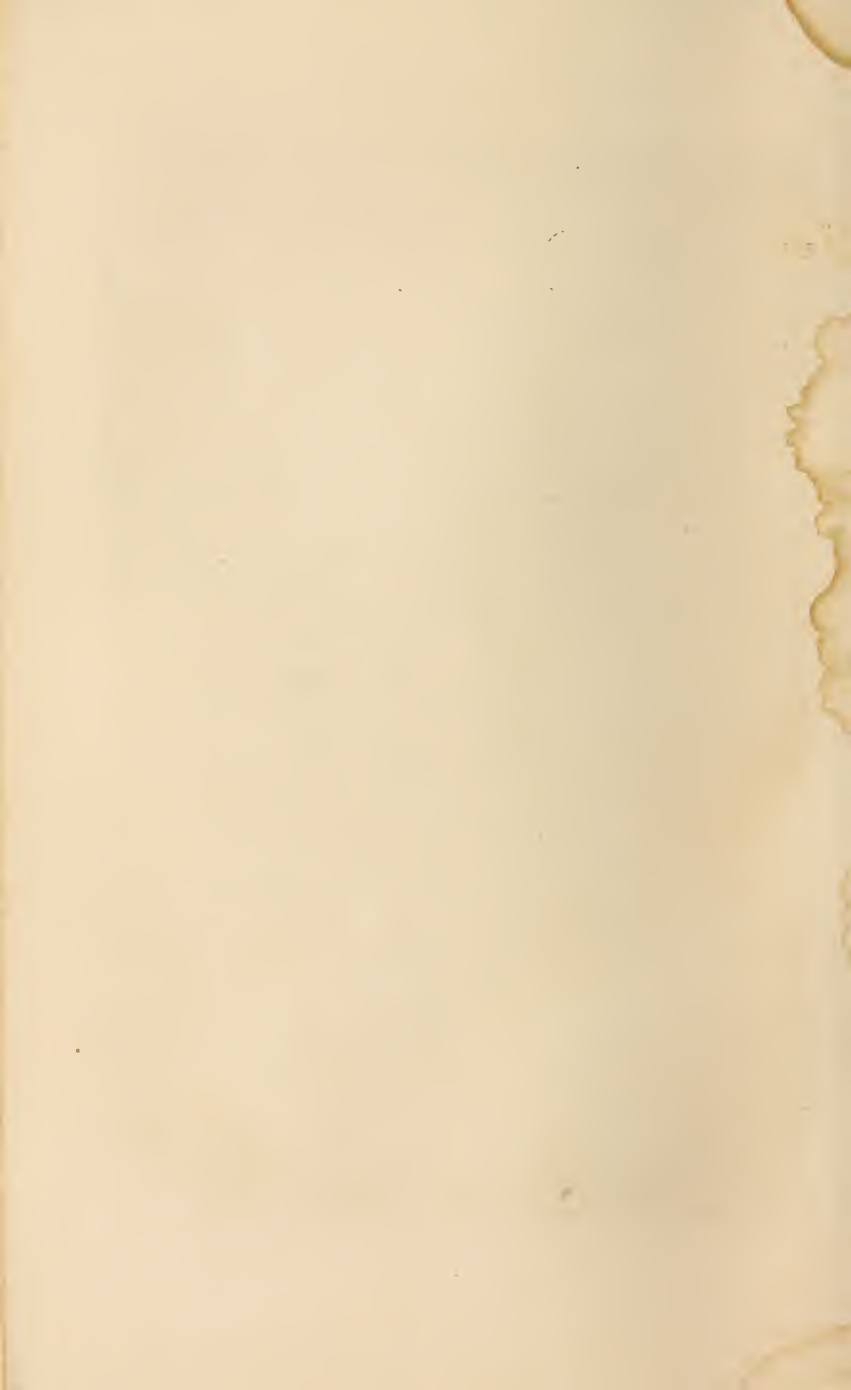
CHAPTER IX.

Constantinople. Pera. Eastern contrasts. The theatre. A Turkish gentleman. Pleasant practical joke of a young British officer in a foreign country. Admiration of the same by Levantines. Speculating ladies. English sailors and French soldiers fraternising. Their cordiality. Their musical entertainment interrupted by an Italian waiter. Prompt confusion of the latter. The merchant diplomatist and the diplomatist of Navarino and Sinope. Well-earned popularity of the Duke of Cambridge. Officers in the service of the King of Candy. The Pera belles. A short pipe. Our golden and buttony friends of the commissariat again. An autumnal *prima donna*. "Aristocratic birds." Improper elderly French banker. The Adonis of Galata. His pugnacious propensities. Paucity of policemen. Humanity mongers. An important butler. A ruination shop. The streets of Pera by night. Palace of silence.

THERE is a clumping of clogs about the uneven streets, and two or three sedan chairs of very great ladies move dripping along. Invalided officers, full of bad wine and good spirits, roll along, arm in arm, laughing and discoursing wildly, being firmly persuaded, of course, that not one of those young Perotes, who are watching them so eagerly as models of manners, can understand a word they utter.



STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



Well, confidence is a good thing, and so is freedom of speech, especially when it is not all on one side.

Sometimes a deep growl of impatience may be heard from some strapped-down and buckled-up elderly beau, whose eyes are not so good as they were twenty years ago, and who has either stuck in the deep bog of mud which fills the middle of the street, or fairly tumbled over, umbrella and all, in an unsuspected hole. Young ladies who have come out on matrimonial speculations from Clapham or Hackney, are anxious about their back hair and garnet brooches amidst all this provoking rain and unmannered hustling. They have, however, an opportunity of displaying some remarkably neat twinkling ankles, which contrast agreeably with the splay feet and awkward waddle of the Greeks, so that they may be consoled. MM. Demetraki and Stavro Somethingopolis, two half-civilised natives, who have been half-educated somewhere in Europe, especially with respect to billiards and *écarté*, are raving out atrocious French in frantic accents to attract attention, and laughing at nothing whenever their tongues tire, till the street rings again with discordant echoes. They are dressed within an inch of their lives in the last style of some Smyrna or Athenian Moses and Sons. They are the very embodiment of insolent bad taste. But way for a pasha, probably one of the ministers who has been on an embassy to Europe, and preserved his taste for evening entertainments. He comes plashing through the mire at a stately tramp, and mounted on a haughty Arabian horse, which tosses its small, beautiful head disdainfully from side to side. He carries an ample umbrella, and his toilette is so elaborately clean and sparkling, that he quite glitters under it. He is evidently a man of high rank. Cavasses, all blazing with gold, precede him, and pipe-bearers hem him round, while some officer of his overgrown household throws the strong light of a many-candled lantern to illuminate his way. He is, in short, the very pink of Oriental swellism—a Turkish gentleman of the most polished kind. He little knows, as he puffs out his chest, and goes parading along, what is about to happen to him when he passes that group of wild young officers, fresh from dinner. See one of them, a rollicking young giant,

some seven feet high, looks for a moment at the pasha's immense lantern—then there is a dare-devil twinkling in his eye, which assuredly bodes mischief, and the next moment the pasha's lantern is pierced through, twirling round aloft on the top of a walking-stick. Hooray ! shouts our lengthy acquaintance ; there is a storm of astonished laughter from a crowd of admiring witnesses—especially, of course, from MM. Demetraki and Stavro Somethingopolis, who are quite wild with delight at the freak ; yet I should like to see that young officer obliged to sell out, and go home, as a dangerous international mischief-maker ; for see, the stately Turk has turned rein, and is riding home with a beard positively bristling with anger.

In a word, it is about seven o'clock in the evening, of a pouring day, and the polite or unpolite world of Pera are going, as best they can, to the opera. I cannot say that the opera of Pera absolutely claims a visit from the enlightened traveller. There is an unhealthy smell of dead rats about it—a prevailing dampness and dinginess—a curious fog, a loudness, a dirtiness—which induces me, generally, to prefer an arm-chair and a dictionary, a cup of tea and a fire ; but I am going to-night, because my books are all packed up, and my servant has gone out for a holiday to carry small scandals to his acquaintances. I have also been eating a most detestable farewell dinner at a roguish pastry-cook's ; and my companions have borne me off, whether or not.

The howling and steaming of the unwashed crowd at the theatre doors is altogether so powerful, that we adjourn to the theatre coffee-house, and discuss a glass of punch and a cigar till it has subsided. Some British sailors and French soldiers are fraternizing. They are singing Wapping songs and French *chansonnettes*, at the same time. They are happy, but noisy—very noisy ; and not only drunk, but how drunk ! A waiter mildly suggests to one of them, in Italian, that the temple of harmony is next door, and that they are disturbing the potations of the rest of the company. He pertinaciously persists in repeating this. Never did a waiter so nearly get knocked down for an imprudence, or was so unconscious of his danger. He smiled while a discussion was going on, under his nose, as to the propriety of

his being promptly "spificated," or *écrasé*; and the debaters were men of few words! At last, however, he retires, still smiling, though rather askew and with a sense of failure; for there is no mistaking the flashing eyes of the Frenchman, or the clenched fist of the tar, which terminates the expostulations. It is some time before a naval officer and I, who have taken great interest in the proceedings, can so far tranquillise the sailor and soldier, who were singing, as to prevail on them to resume their strains, instead of inflicting summary chastisement on the white-waistcoated official, who has indiscreetly meddled with them. I confess to a keen enjoyment of their songs. There is a fine raciness about those of the British tar, which it is positively invigorating to hear. I shall not have half so much fun in the theatre, where Mademoiselle Squallini, an autumnal *prima donna* from Islington, is tearing one of prolific Verdi's operas into shreds, and screaming in a manner which is inconceivably ear-piercing. However, I dare say she will not hurt us much after the first five minutes; and they say she supports a mother, who is an invalid, and a brother, who is a cripple—so that we may pay our money cheerfully, and go in prepared for anything.

We have got a box, but we must, nevertheless, pay about two shillings entrance-money at the door. It is a part of the system which pervades all things Turkish. No affair can be settled at once, not even that of taking a box at the opera without a backsheesh here, and a visit there. We pay our money, however, after the handful of coin, from all quarters of the world, which forms the currency of the East, has been duly deciphered and undervalued, and we pass on. But as we decline to hire opera-glasses at twenty piastres for the evening, the box-keeper, on his part, declines to pay any further attention to us, and leaves us to find our way as best we can, merely putting a rusty key into our hands, and telling us a number. In consequence of this, we very naturally get into the wrong box, in every sense of the word. An extremely loud young Armenian, that is loud even for an Armenian, is seated here with a lady, who devotes her intelligent leisure to the sale of walking-sticks and cigars. She is a French lady, and we have seen her in a shop of the

Frank street, somewhere. The Armenian suspects us of sinister intentions against his domestic peace. He believes us to be Perotes, and consequently, that our ill-timed visit is a Perote witticism, or stupid intentional insult, and he charges down upon us like a very bantam cock of valour.

"Vat, sares, here you vant ! Vat, sares, you here vant !" he screams, in a thin, cracked voice, but in much indignation.

"No bono, Johnny," replies a witty Briton of our party, good-humouredly ; and we retreat, leaving the Armenian youth much astonished, but pacified, at having been obviously taken for an Englishman, owing to his perfection in the language.

Let us look through the fog when we get seated at last, and see who is here. Opposite sits Baron Bruck, the kind-hearted and able Austrian merchant diplomatist, with genius and well-earned success stamped on every lofty and noble feature. There he is, gossiping and laughing in the midst of his family and a merry staff, having probably toiled enough through the day to enjoy his snatch of leisure heartily even here. There is a pleasant appearance of amusing themselves, a festival air about this unpretending little party of scholars and men of business, which it does one good to see. There, too, is his neighbour in the next box—a stern, scowling, sulky, pompous old man, all bile and verjuice and mystification. There are no smiling, happy faces round him, for the brightest spark grows dim near a wet blanket ; and his very toadies and led-captains sit cowering fearfully, and talking in whispers faint and few behind. He is also a great diplomatist—the diplomatist of Navarino and Sinope.

There, too, in another part of the theatre, and as far off as possible, of course, sits His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with his fine, frank, open face, and joyous, fearless eyes. Never was a prince who wore his rank so gracefully—never was, perhaps, any general more popular with his troops and officers, or more universally beloved by all who come in contact with him—(no wonder he prefers bad quarters at a Pera hotel to the excruciating hospitality of Sir Hector Stubble !) Even envy itself forgets to snarl at the soldier duke, and the most rabid reform grows dumb about

one of the best princes who ever stood near a throne. The rest of the audience is not very notable. There are a great many officers, lately in the service of the King of Candy, and, of course, the warm personal friends of that monarch, and who have, of course, broken out in astounding military jackets and caps ; but they are most of them fine dashing fellows for all that. These gentlemen are, of course, chiefly occupied with the Pera *belles*, on whom, however, they are not, perhaps, making the lively impression that they too fondly believe. For the Pera *belle* is a strange, odd, angular, unsexed sort of a lady, full of Greek sarcasm and politics, who discourses chiefly about the wrongs of the "oppressed Christians." They will lead the officers, lately in the service of the King of Candy, a singular, perhaps, a weary dance, but there it will end, much to the bewilderment of those magnificently-moustachioed gentlemen.

The audience in the gallery is indecorous, to say the least of it. The sailors and soldiers from the coffee-house next door have come in, and are giving a private vocal entertainment of their own. The noises heard in the theatres of Portsmouth and Toulon are echoing briskly here, and I have twice heard the opening stanzas of "Will Watch, the bold Smuggler." Suppose we retire to the back of the boxes, and sit down cross-legged, a merry company of smokers. Most of us have a short clay in our pockets, according to the fashion of modern times, and we shall only be doing as folks are doing in the other boxes, whence the frequent crack and smell of lucifer matches comes so refreshingly. Then we shall go behind the scenes, not because there is precisely any pleasure in so doing, but because it is also the fashion—and a very violent fashion—in Pera. Highly-connected young gentlemen, mostly from the neighbourhood of Sloane Street or Putney, and belonging to her Majesty's commissariat, are displaying their intimate acquaintance with the elegant dissipations of London and Paris, and the dainty airs acquired during a previous life (of course), brimfull of the intoxicating sweets of aristocratic pleasure. There, then, are those "deuced gentlemanly birds," as I hear them calling themselves, in full bloom and full feather, gloved and varnished in the most violent manner. It is hard to know which they treat

with the loftiest contempt, the Queen's English, the French grammar, or things in general. They have been spending some of their mysterious newly-acquired money in presents to the autumnal *prima donna*. They have been, also, throwing her showers of bouquets, and are now come to reap their reward, in the delectable smiles and conversation of that amiable and spirited lady. They do reap it; and get on with her amazingly. The autumnal *prima donna* considers them the pink of fashion, and looks upon their homage as the most decided proof of her having made a triumphant hit among the fine world of Pera. It would appear, also, from their conversation, that the letter H is almost entirely banished from the places in our language where we have been accustomed to find it; and a careful study of the pronunciation of these young bucks and bloods, as well as of the lady, instructs us to look for it henceforth elsewhere. An improper elderly French banker, who has been admitted to the intimacy of many generations of autumnal Pera *prima donnas*, and who has been the only fast young man in Pera, any time these forty years, finds himself quite cut out on his own ground—routed, indeed, ignominiously; and he looks at the buttony waistcoats and amazing studs of his rivals with sour and envious glances. As for the ex-officers of the King of Candy, who are, of course, in great force, their caps and jackets are hardly noticed, and their conversation, with respect to the mysterious wealth of the young gents before mentioned, is more pungent and forcible than complimentary.

“That young puppy,” says General Slasher (Imperial Ottoman service) to Colonel Crasher, in the same army—“that young puppy, all studs and buttons, there, is the son of one of my uncle's bagmen. You know Sir John Stuffs and Co., of Manchester; he set up for himself, and failed. Old Stuffs, who has three votes in the House of Commons—I wish I had—got one of the young cubs into the commissariat, and now I find him here swelling it, at the rate of a couple of thousand a year; riding thorough-breds, giving dinners, and coming out strong with theatre women. Put this and that together, and I think you'll agree with me, Crasher, my boy, that the commissariat wants looking after.”

Let us leave the caustic Slasher and the sneering Crasher.

The commissariat gents themselves will tell you, that there is no longer the tenth part of an abuse in their service—and they ought to know best ; and as to the ex-officers of the King of Candy, now in the Imperial Ottoman service, they despise their base insinuations, and can obviously afford to do so.

There is a row at the doors going out. Mr. William Sykes, the Adonis of Galata, is threatening to punch the head of a meek gentleman, in jean boots, whom he has never seen before ; and then bellowing out that he has made a mistake, but that he will, nevertheless, punch the head of some person or persons unknown, who have, in some way, incurred his displeasure—a disagreeable thing enough where there is no police.

Here is a crowd of humanity mongers, talking with their usual authoritative pomp, even here ; but startlingly ready to listen to invitations to dinner, nevertheless. Here are adventurers, with doubtful commissions from the Foreign Office, who have learned already the bullying of Oriental diplomacy, and are prepared to ride rough-shod over everything and everybody. There stands a man, wildly asking people to champagne and truffles, to get contracts for the army—and a very good business, too. Near him is a Russian spy, adroitly pumping some man in office—perhaps, the butler of the British Embassy, also a great man. Let us make a night of it. Let us go to the roguish pastry-cook, who has established a sort of English club, which we shall find full of middies, having just received a tip from home, and our golden young friends from the theatre, who belong, naturally, to all places of Pera revelry. Everybody will be talking together, and there will be an immense consumption of cold game pies—price, four shillings each—and bottled beer, at a shilling. There will be also some bets about the taking of Sebastopol. But we need not stop long. We can go plashing, with our lanterns, through the sloppy streets, back to the palace of silence, when we will. The staff of the rheumatic watchman will smite the wet dark pavement with a clanking sound, and he will shout his night-cry through a cold, hoarsely ; but we must not be too hard on him. He is the same functionary who wandered through the streets of London not a generation ago.

CHAPTER X.

Scutari. The hospitals. The caique. State of the streets. The climate. Advantages of secrecy in diplomacy. Results of the Frank invasion of the East. Tophana. His effulgent wonder. The Therapian ambassador. Samples of soldiery. Russian prisoners. Kindness of our soldiers to them. Improper conduct of the Turks. Prisoners' clothes. General surprise at their not speaking English. Fighting it out. Hospital sketches. Remarkable wounds. Average number of deaths. Manner of burial. Jocular old Scotch sergeant. Russian officers. Their various conduct under suffering. Their indifference. Their appetite. The French hospital. Its marked superiority. The Sisters of Charity. Military doctors. Their conduct to the sick. Gaiety of the convalescent. Instalments of glory. Death of Marshal St. Arnaud.

It is a grey, dull September day, with a bleak bitter wind howling about the streets (the same dreary uncomfortable wind which blows a fair half of the year at Constantinople), but I put on my great coat and goloshes, the ground being a regular slough of despond, and sally out, arm in arm with a Turkish colonel, to see the British sick and wounded, with a few Russian prisoners, who have just arrived at Scutari.

Constantinople is hardly changed since I left it a year ago. It still gives refreshing evidence of its constancy to ancient usage. It clings to its hoary institutions with an ardour delightful to contemplate. It has the same dirt as when I left, the same dogs, the same holes in the break-toe pavement, the same donkeys wedged in between long poles or iron rails, and striking terror into walker and horseman as they stagger along with their monstrous burthens. There may still be seen, by the observant traveller, the same bullock-cars and springless gilded inconveniences which pass for carriages, and there may still be felt the same joyless mizzle, so like that I remember in Edinburgh, that I can almost fancy it is *another* Scotch adventurer come out to make his fortune during the present crisis, and grown sulky at finding himself disappointed. In a word, the torrent of civilization has passed over the land without one fertilizing or genial effect. The genius of nonsense and secret diplo-

macy broods over the place, and one hears nothing but Greek truths, and sees nothing but intrigues and botheration from one end of the city to the other. Everybody is mystified, and drearily does his best to mystify his neighbour. It must be allowed that everybody, also, succeeds pretty unsatisfactorily. I declare that it is a wonder even to me, bald-headed, elderly gent. as I am ; I say it is a wonder even to me, how the thousands upon thousands of warm-blooded, frank-hearted, gallant Englishmen and Frenchmen could have sojourned in this place, without having had a pleasanter effect upon it ; and it strikes me very forcibly that the genius of nonsense and secret diplomacy above mentioned must have a rank strength, indeed, to have forced beautiful Stamboul to remain the howling wilderness it is. We walk silently down to the filthy suburb of Tophana whilst I am musing thus, and then my companion hails for his caique. It is a fine boat, a boat with three pairs of oars, which is a mark that it belongs to a public officer of the first class. It costs my friend some fifteen pounds a month to maintain, and it was not bought for a song ; but it is like everything and everybody else in Turkey—never at hand when wanted. The boatmen are Greeks, and finding that there was a pretty brisk call for caiques this morning, they let themselves and the colonel's boat out to a party of Britons, who have gone to pay a visit to his effulgent wonder, the Therapeian ambassador.

Let us take another boat and boatmen, for which we shall have to pay rather inconveniently, but they will row us through the shrieking wind, and over the ruffled waves, amid the stunning roar of salutes, and the hubbub of steamers as noisy, to the end of our journey. There are samples of British soldiers, with all sorts of uniforms and beards, lounging about at the landing-places ; and toiling along in the distance, comes boatful after boatful of the wounded. It is a sad sight enough to see them in every variety of constrained and unaccustomed attitude, to try and cheat their pain of something of its triumph. I notice, with some national pride, how carefully our soldiers lift the wounded prisoners out of the boats, how softly and kindly they speak to them, and try to soothe them in their rough

homely way ; no father ever carried his child with more manly tenderness than those two red-haired Irishmen are showing towards the poor Russian lad who is climbing up the hill between them. I am sorry to say, however, the Turks do not show the same chivalry of feeling as when Saladin sent his Hakim to Cœur de Lion. On the contrary, they appear very ill-disposed towards their prisoners, and I am informed that a Turkish soldier behaved, yesterday, with such brutality to a wounded Russian, that it became necessary to chastise him on the spot. I have only time to notice that the Russian prisoners are miserably clad, and that their uniforms are wretchedly thin and scanty. Those who are not wounded also look haggard and dirty, as if they had been faring hard. We present our cards to the commanding officer, a mild, pleasant, personage, and are admitted after some demur. The officer remarks that the Russians have had a great many visitors to-day, even more than he could wish, by which I am led to believe that some Turks have been misconducting themselves again, though I hope that this is not the case. It is a melancholy reflection that the squabbles and wrong-headedness of two irritable old persons should have brought on such a prodigious amount of human suffering as that I am now witnessing. We pass into the wards where the sick are laid out. There is little or no accommodation for them, and their rough beds are placed in rows in the cold stone passages. Nearly all are lying on their backs, and most are evidently in fearful pain. Of the few who are not, one is whittling a stick, some are reading books, or scraps of newspapers, and one whose eyeballs are nearly starting out of his head, is devouring, rather than perusing, a letter from home. I have brought it him. Poor boy ! I know that home, and how one poor simple mother's heart will ache, and one girl's cheek grow pale, when it is known there that he is among the maimed.

Some of the wounds are frightful. Most of the Russians have been shot in the back, or low down in the legs. Our troops have all been wounded in front. One man, shot quite through the chest, is likely to recover ; another, who has had a ball for two days in his brain, is also doing well since its extraction ! One man who was shot in the leg

had such a hard sharp bone, that it split the ball which struck it into two halves, as if the lead had been severed with a knife, and he escaped without a fracture. A rifle ball has completely scooped out the eyes of one man, doing him no other injury, so that he will recover. We have a great many officers wounded, nine in one regiment only. If we add to this, that there is a good deal of cholera and fever, general scarcity of accommodation and medical aid, we shall give too true an account of the British hospital at Scutari. I do not presume to say—I dare not even fancy to myself—at whose door may lie the amazing charge of negligence in this respect. I merely state a most melancholy and self-evident fact. The average deaths are fifteen daily. It is a ghastly sight to see the old Scotch sergeant joking over the dead, with a fearful pleasantry, as they are being sewed up in sacks for burial.

Let us go and see the Russian officers who have been taken prisoners. They are in a room apart, and three only, out of some ten or twelve, are wounded. One of the latter is a mere boy of about sixteen. He has been shot in the knee, and will probably have to undergo amputation, but it is touching to witness his courage and good humour. It seems to me as he lies there so young and fair, and feminine-faced, like the courage of a wife with her husband near her, in some time of pain and trial. Poor child! He tells me, in German, that he has many relations, so many, he can scarcely count them; and he opens his large eyes with such a winning archness as he speaks, that one can see at a glance he is some mother's darling. I watch the surgeon as he dresses the lad's hideous wound. Even he, accustomed to see acts of heroism every hour, nobler than those wrought on the battle-field, even he is moved by the boy's brave prattle. "Tell him, above all things," says the doctor, "not to move the bandages." I am sorry to say some of the Russian soldiers have done so, apparently under the impression that we meant evil by them. Unhappily, too, we have nobody who can speak Russian at this moment.

The next patient was a fierce, obstinate youth, who swore lustily, and bounced down, after submitting to be bandaged,

with very edifying pride and impatience ; but the third, a fine handsome man, with the cold blue eye, which I think distinguishes most of the Russians, lay on his back and glared horribly into vacancy. He never stirred while his wound was being dressed, nor seemed to notice us, and when we left him, glared still in the same fixed and fearful way as before.

At the request of one of the British officers, I now inquired of the others if there was anything which they desired, and stated that if so their wants would be attended to with all possible courtesy and hospitality. They were all subalterns, however, and apparently felt their position very little ; after a short conversation amongst themselves, therefore, they announced that they would like some breakfast, which was their most pressing want for the moment, and some was no doubt brought to them, though I did not wait to see it. Indeed, the day was already waning fast, and we had an engagement to be at the French hospital at two o'clock ; so, getting back as quickly as we could, we found ourselves just in time to accompany one of the principal surgeons over the wards. The difference between a military nation and one that is not, made itself immediately apparent. We found things here in a very far better condition than at Scutari : there was more cleanliness, comfort, and attention ; the beds were nicer, cleaner, and better arranged. The ventilation was excellent, and, as far as we could see or learn, there was no want of anything. The chief custody of some of the more dangerously wounded was confided to the Sisters of Charity, of which an order (St. Vincent de Paul) is founded here. The courage, energy, and patience of these excellent women are said to be beyond all praise. I saw several fine healthy young persons, with that clear bright complexion which I think often goes with a good conscience, and which I have often observed seems a sort of prerogative of the French *religieuse*. It seemed to me that there must be a heart-rending story of pain and trial attached to some of them, so young and fair, so fitted to make a Paradise of home, and yet doomed to be homeless and unloved, for ever passing life in duties so stern and solemn. I fancied, too, that some of the poor fellows, grown used to those kind voices

and gentle hands, would leave the hospital with a strange cold pang a few weeks hence. I know that I should, but for the talisman of another love, the only charm I can well believe would bear man harmless through such a trial.

The French hospital presented a far different sight to the English one at Scutari. Ours was dull, silent, and wretched. Grim and terrible would be almost still better words. Here I saw all was life and gaiety. The presence of those neat, active, kindly women had done much. The innate joyousness of the French character had done more. There were my old acquaintances, the French soldiers, playing at dominoes or *écarté*, by their bed-sides, and twisting paper cigarettes, or disputing together just as I have seen them anywhere else from Paris to Constantinople or Bona. I liked also to listen to the agreeable manner in which the doctor spoke to them. "Mon garçon," or "Mon brave," quite lit up when he came near with his humane and brotherly interest in them. I could not help noticing it. My acquaintance smiled—"It is not only as you observe," he said, "a national peculiarity with us to address persons in humble life with tenderness, but in the army we are especially instructed to do so." The Sisters of Charity, however, spoke to the wounded in a manner which was still more happy and French. Their voices must have sounded to many a poor fellow with a lively imagination, like a foretaste of the glory and consideration he would meet with in his own village. Every word seemed to express such a true admiration for valour, such a gentle and special interest in the *excellent enfant* addressed, such a sweet readiness to listen to the slightest whisper from his parched lips, and such unwearied activity in ministering to the smallest of his wants. God bless those women, what a mission of mercy they are fulfilling now!

Hark to the deep roar of the guns as they come booming over the sulky waters and through the heavy air. My companion pauses. "It is for the death of Marshal St. Arnaud," he says; "his strange career is ended." And indeed it was so. The commander-in-chief of the French troops had died on his passage from the tents which are still menacing Sebastopol. It was said that he died of cholera, but that in reality had only shortened, by a few days, a life

already hastening to its close. The fiat of the physician had gone before, and the French chief knew death to be so near, that in the battle which took place, not many hours before his death, he dared all manner of danger, seeking for a soldier's grave in the field, and it was denied him.

CHAPTER XI.

The Black Sea. The commissariat again. Army contractors. Refractory peasants bound for the goal of glory. The brave blue jackets. Miss Nightingale. Lady Stratford. Rambling Scutari. Leander's tower. The Bosphorus steamers. Rabble rout of a sea-port. An officer's widow. Unloading the transports. The Austrian Lloyd. The *Stamboul*. The British officer is hunted to the last by energetic *laquais de place*. Eastern delays. The villages of the Bosphorus. The palace of Sardanapalus. Diplomatic Therapia. Cockney Buyukdere. Reflections. Metaphysics taught by Pistacchio nuts. Hints for the outward-bound. The true use of the nose. Breakfast. Travellers' books. Appearance of the coast. Dishonest conduct of an Austrian Lloyd's officer. Amateur inspectors of the road.

Now swiftly over the sulky December waters, past many a battered hulk which shows sad signs of the wild hurricanes in the Black Sea; past transport-ships by the score, and smug oily commissariat officers a little the worse for yesterday's dinner and evening entertainment, but keeping good hope of an appetite again by-and-by at the hospitable board of a contractor; past barges with a score of extremely dirty fellows in fezzes and baggy breeches, toiling at a multitude of oars, and slowly labouring along towards some ship bound for Sebastopol, there to give up their dismal and disheartened cargo of astounded and refractory peasants from the far away interior, and who are bound, chiefly against their wills, for the goal of glory.

Away past men-of-war with jovial officers chatting to admiring visitors over the ship's side, and making but light of the dangers they bore so nobly yesterday, and will court again to-morrow.

One's very heart warms towards the blue jackets, and

one cannot help contrasting their frank, open, fearless looks with the anxious, sly, shuffling demeanour of those feasting commissariat gentry who pulled on in stealthy talk with the wily merchant just now.

And salutes are firing from ship and battlement, and gentle ladies of high degree flit swiftly by us in their gilded boats to visit the sick at Scutari. I vow and declare there goes Miss Nightingale, and yonder in the grand official caique floats kind Lady Stratford and her daughters fair.

They are braving wind and weather, as they have been doing ever so long on the same good errand—to carry to the sad couch of the wounded in a distant land the meet tribute of woman's sympathy and admiration.

Let us look our last at a scene which has surely grown on my mind like affection for a friend. There stands rambling Scutari dismal enough, though the neighbourhood around is beautiful. Yonder is Leander's tower, with its sweet legend of captive beauty and conquering love. There is the rickety old wooden bridge, my favourite walk so long; there go fussing and puffing away the busy little steamers for Therapia, and the villages of the Bosphorus.

I see through my glass that the shore is as usual, crowded with a rabble rout of Greeks, Jews, Armenians, sailors, soldiers, tinkers, tailors, suttlers, gaily-dressed young ladies of forward demeanour, and all the dirty crowd of a seaport.

There some tearful widow, who has left her world behind her on the hard-fought field or beneath the stormy sea, is being assisted into a boat by some kind friend, whose stout arm is, may be, trembling almost as much as the weak pale hand which is laid upon it. She is going on board the English steamer, and is about to return to her mockery of a home, now lonely ever more, in the fatherland. She will keep holy the memory of the brave man whose living love was hers, and who died, may be, with her name the last words upon his lips after the forward shout of battle.

There are horses embarking and disembarking, and fat bales of costly merchandize, toiling along near the smart boats of sea-captains, and the flashing caiques of pashas or ministers. Here raves a Frenchman, there roars a German,

or yells a Greek, and the shrill boatswains whistle o'er the deep.

I have ever been of opinion, as gentle Goldsmith says, that a steamer is, upon the whole, as dirty and inconvenient a place of abode as need be ; but of all the steamers with which it was ever my misfortune to become acquainted, I have not the smallest hesitation in asserting that the Austrian Lloyd boat, the *Stamboul*, plying between Varna and Constantinople, is by very many chalks the dirtiest and most inconvenient.

I scrambled, and tumbled, and slipped, through a variety of people and things, however, and got footing on it at last. The decks were cleared of *laquais de place*, who had been forgotten, and who had come to claim some preposterous little account which had been forgotten too, according to the custom of their tribe. The last Greek huckster had given his last wily counsel to his supercargo, and the last Jew had wrangled with the last, boatman, who, Greek as he was, wearied soon in the contest. We are off !

Oh, no ! We should have been off anywhere but in Turkey ; as it is, however, we beat about for several hours in the cheerfulest and most obliging manner, to wait for some impossible person, who finally appears to change his mind and decline making the voyage with us.

It is the dusk of the evening, therefore, when we at last flit rattling down the Bosphorus, and already our keel leaves a bright track of phosphoric light over the darkening sea, like the steps of a water fairy.

Away past the sweet villages on the shore, where I have whiled away so many an enchanted summer afternoon, their ghosts seem to haunt me reproachfully. Away past tower and fort, and sleepy hollow ; by the low rambling picturesque wooden houses of the great pashas, with their barred and guarded harems, and by quiet cemeteries with their turbaned dead ; by the palace which Sardanapalus is building, and by the ancient tomb of the famous Lesbian Admiral Barbarossa, the conqueror of Algiers ; past diplomatic Therapia and Cockney Buyukdere, and so out into the Black Sea, as the moon rises mournfully and mistily.

There is something about that moon which I cannot bear to-night, lest a full heart should run over ; for I have been two years, or thereaway, in the East, and two years are quite an era in the life of the mind and the affections.

I remember well with what fine hopes, cheerful and earnest, I then saw the seven-hilled city rise from the golden waters, as we bore in after a stormy voyage one bright spring morning. I reflect with a sigh that is well nigh stifling, how those hopes have turned to ashes one by one. But who among us can look back on such a multitude of days quite calmly ? And the fact is, I am by no means certain that disappointment is not the salt of life ! What a weary world it would be, oh, dear ! if everything always went on happening just as we had foreseen, and we made our own fate every time we had a fit of indigestion ! I mention this period because, I take it, a man is wiser then than at other times, and more inclined to "make his fate." When he is quite at his ease he does not think much about it, and that is far the best way. A German philosopher used to say that a boar's head and Pistacchio nuts taught metaphysics better than all the wrangling in the schools. Perhaps, however, on the whole, it is quite as well not to inconvenience oneself by the acquisition of knowledge on such terms.

The captain of our steamer is a gaunt melancholy Don Juan sort of man, and I see that he has been alarmed by the late accidents on these coasts. So have we, and it is therefore with some inward satisfaction, though we would scorn to express it, that we see he is making all taut and trim in case of a sudden storm in the night. Some light skirmishing clouds to the northward look rather like mischief ; but suppose we go down stairs and have our supper. We shall find, to be sure, nothing, but a rather powerful species of cheese ; however, that is better than nothing, and a short pipe with some brandy and water afterwards, will quite warm our noses, which are cold, and I am sorry to think have been so for some time. And here I wish to improve the occasion, by hinting to the docile traveller, that one of the most dangerous things he can allow to occur to himself in Turkey is in any way to get chilled. I would also suggest that the nose, especially if long, is an excellent natural thermometer

always at hand, when you like to touch it. Now if the temperature of the nose is colder than that of the finger, under ordinary circumstances, if it tingles or otherwise misconducts itself in any way whatsoever, the possessor of that nose, if a judicious man and willing to be guided by the councils of experience, will immediately warm it, either by active exercise, or on the most reckless anti-teetotal principle. I am, however, rather inclined to advise the latter method, supposing the said possessor of the said nose to have already tired himself on the slippery deck of a Varna steamer, and being otherwise disposed for rest as we were. We passed Burgas in the night, and were dashing away merrily enough over waters hardly disturbed by a ripple when I awoke in the morning. I was first up of our party, as I ought to have been, for I had slept in far more agreeable quarters. They had retired, uncomplaining, to the dismal little holes in the wall, which the steward had ruthlessly pointed out to them. I on the contrary had taken that functionary aside, and held sweet converse with him, till he was thereby induced to make me up a very jolly little bed on one of the sofas in the cabin, where I had more leg and elbow room, though I am bound to confess that the odour of the powerful cheese we had for supper was audible during a part of the night, say till I got used to it, or went to sleep.

We had a pretty good breakfast, the ship's cook being a deacon of his craft. There was ham, fish, beefsteaks, caviar, maccaroni, and the sort of things it requires a traveller's appetite to put under his waistcoat at ten o'clock in the morning. I wonder what one would say at such a diet at the end of a London season, and in Pall Mall, or St. James's-street.

The steamer library was also remarkably good, and very well chosen. There were just the kind of books that give spice and zest to a journey in a half-civilized country. Cooper, Scott, Washington Irving (the kindest, gentlest, most amusing of all the rovers that have ever roved or written). There were also *Leake's Travels in Greece*, and the transactions of some German antiquarian society, for those fond of solid things when sea-sick.

I do not know that anything occurred during our voyage

worth notice, except that we met some immense flocks of migratory wild ducks, bearing with quivering flight and outstretched bills, away for the marshes of Bulgaria and the Principalities.

We had a discussion with one of the officers about our fare, however, and I note it, because the same thing has occurred to me before on these Lloyd's boats, and cries loudly for notice. We had been unable from want of time to take our passage at Constantinople, and consequently had to pay on board; the officer, an ill-conditioned fellow, if ever there was one, determined to turn this circumstance to account, and mulcted us of precisely two shillings in every Turkish pound above the exchange at Varna or Constantinople!

This wants sadly looking into, and therefore it is well to be explicit, and repeat, that the boat to which I refer, was the *Stamboul*, which left Constantinople on the 8th December, 1854; and the officer, whose misconduct was very gross, was not one of the stewards, who are apt enough to do such things, but one of the superior officers appointed by the company, and wearing their uniform.

It has been objected to these kind of details, that they show something like a settled intention to complain. Well, be it so. A traveller who only complains of things really wrong, cannot complain too much. The fact is, far too few people will take the trouble to complain, and therefore folks should be the more obliged to those who will; and the more amateur inspectors of roads and other things we have perambulating the world, the better.

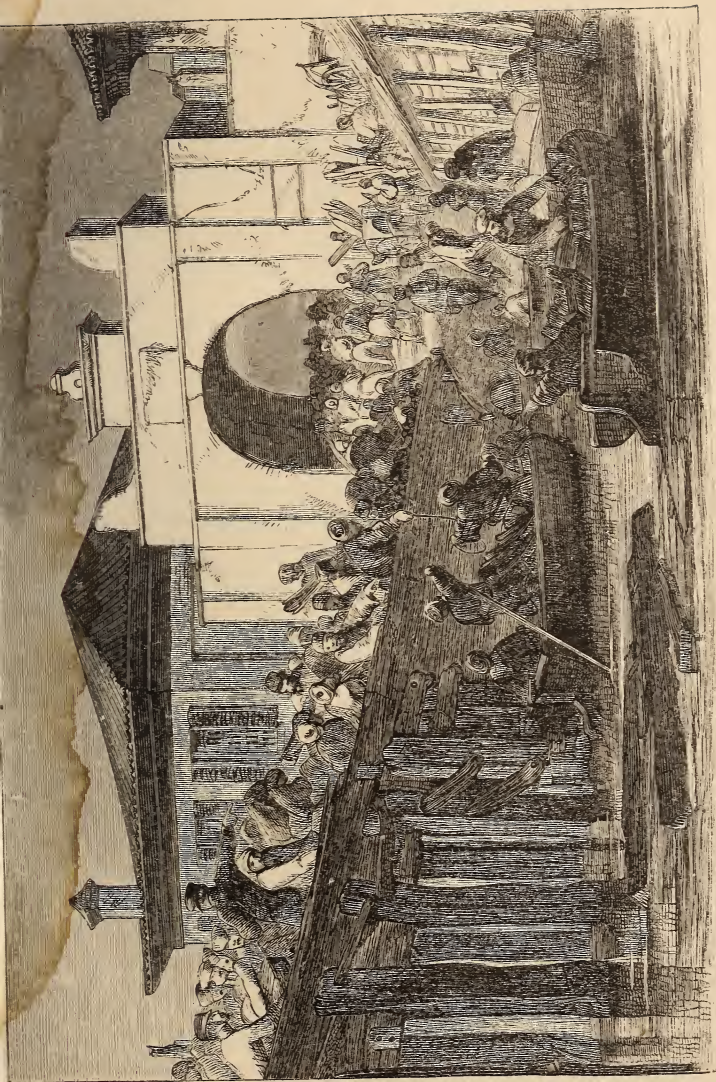
CHAPTER XII.

Varna. Its dirt is Turkish, not peculiar. Our historical friend William the Conqueror appears unexpectedly. Military preparation. Body guard of the King of Candy, and warm personal friends of that monarch. The commissariat are not cavaliers. General O'Flannigan and his staff. Their rows with consuls. Their pluck and spirit. Their opinions on things in general. French officers. Chances of promotion. French privates. Their prosiness. Politeness. British soldiers. An Irish gentleman. The doctors. Greek fire. More agreeable evidence of the results of our spirited conduct. Army chaplains. Italian hucksters. Military messes are broken up. The interpreter of the British consulate. His house. Away.

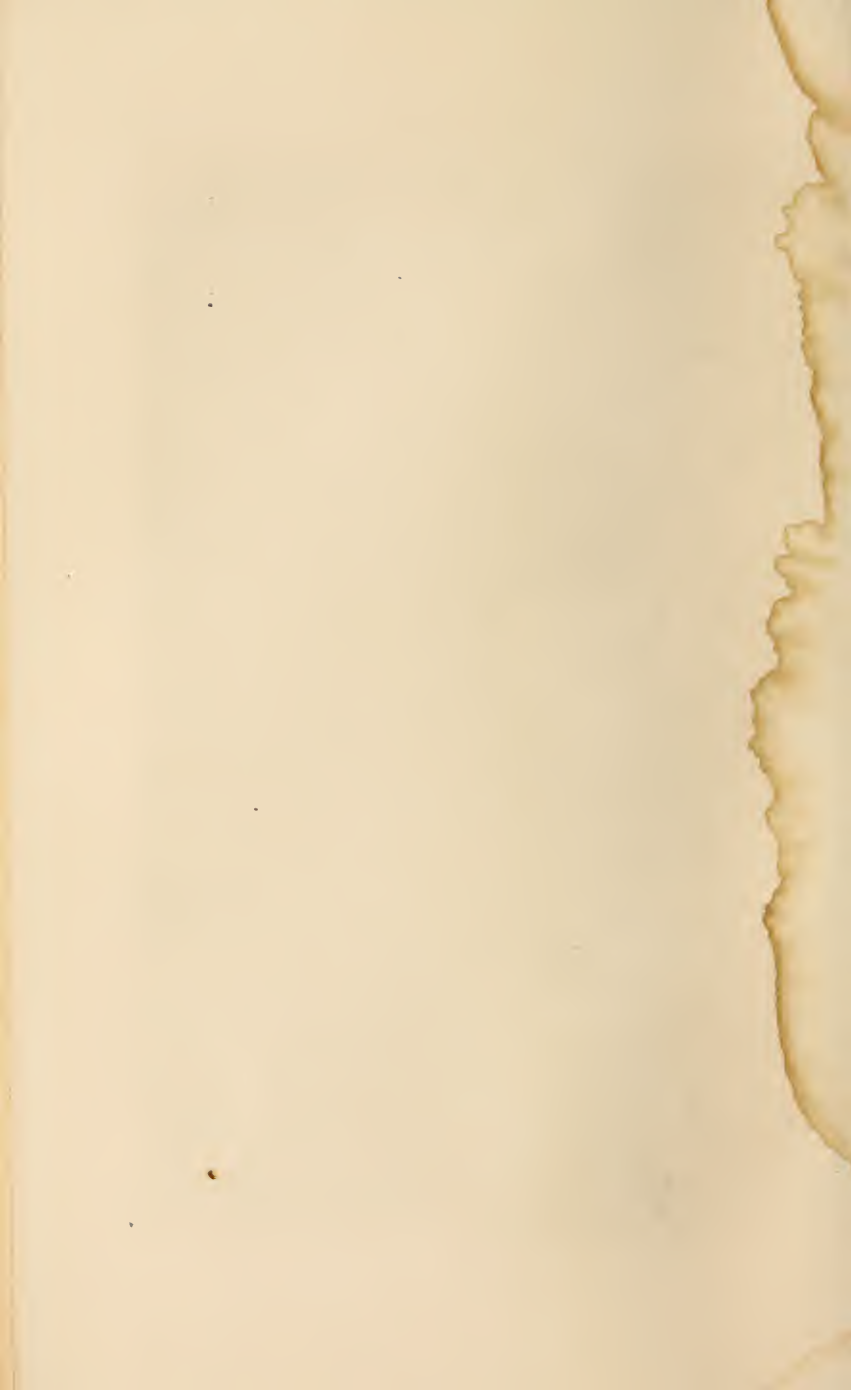
It is said that Varna has about it a dirtiness peculiarly its own, but I incline to the opinion that it is merely Turkish, and that there is nothing at all remarkable about it. We landed not without some difficulty and danger, and then immediately took possession of the country by tumbling down very much in the same manner as that which our historical friend William the Conqueror turned to such famous account ; that is to say, we slipped up in the mud, and extremely foul, black, slimy mud it was.

The note of military preparation was pealing everywhere. Gents belonging to the commissariat, and unused to riding, were holding on to the pummels of their saddles, and jogging about uncomfortably in many directions, or carried on those eternal sly conversations with cunning men, in corners and out-of-the-way places. Officers in astounding uniforms, supposed to be those of the body guard of his majesty the King of Candy, in whose service they had been, and obtained all sorts of rank, honours, and decorations, were twirling their moustaches, and conversing together in groups. I never saw so many colonels and generals at once in all my born days. You could not request the dingiest individual to make way for you on the narrow foot-paths, without having your breath taken away by a nudge from your friend's elbow, and a hurried whisper of "General O'Flannigan ! take care !"

It is one of the few pleasant features of the war, that it



VARNÄ.



has used up a great number of these worthies, and given them some chance of doing reputably in life ; a chance which otherwise, and in our unsatisfactory state of society, they could hardly have had.

Most of them, indeed, look like men who do not *tub* of a morning, and there is an odd sort of greasiness about them, in spite of their surprising caps and jackets ; but one feels pretty sure that they would do uncommonly good service in the field.

I soon learnt, too, something of friendship, if not admiration, for those brave, dashing, hair-brained free lances, who had filled distant lands with marvellous tales of their reckless gallantry, and who were prepared to endure cold, famine, and privation of many kinds, with the fag-end of a comic song always on their lips, or a mere bit of rhodomontade, which hurts nobody.

It was refreshing to see many a rollicking Irishman, or canny lad from beyond the Tweed, who had probably obtained an introduction into public life by means of the cutty stool, and who had long been the reproach and scandal of his elders. It was refreshing, I say, to see them shining away here as pashas, and knights, and generals. They were quite in their element. They could do the bullying—which, I am afraid, is necessary in Turkey—quite naturally ; and their very faults (mostly allied with kindness of heart and natures really genial, and gentle as those of children,) looked like positive virtues, when contrasted with the black, unredeemed corruption around them.

There they were—eating and carousing together, like gipsies or moss-troopers ; drinking brandy and water to keep off cholera, out of their embroidered caps, and cutting up tough fowls with their doughty swords. There they were—lending money to each other, out of purses slender enough probably, squabbling with consuls about unpaid tailors' bills for the wonderful uniforms ; laughing together, quarrelling together, making it up with tears and ejaculations, that "Jack was the best fellow who ever put on a boot, but, hang him, he is always coming the general over one so !"

There they were—believing in each other, and believing

in themselves ; talking about their uncles or cousins, who lived in parks, which were always the finest in that part of the United Kingdom in which they were situated—those “doosid” highly-connected fellows !

There they were—talking tenderly of their sisters, who were all “trumps” of girls, and who had often helped, perhaps, out of a governess’s salary, to pay for the wonderful uniforms, when they were paid for, which was not often. There they were—talking of their wives, who had mostly behaved badly, and puncturing their breasts or arms with the tattooed letters of names of splendid women they had left behind at Capuan Bucarest ; nor were there wanting some who marked themselves with bolder devices, like “Erin-go-bragh !” or “Forward.”

Many a fine fellow, as he lies stiff and stark beneath the inclement skies of the Crimea, shall be found, by some dauntless friend, among the thickest of the fallen, wherever glory was to be won, or the wildest valour dared to spur, and he shall be known by those brave words upon his breast, and buried with his comrades’ tears, which will not be the last shed over him.

Yes ! there will be mourners enough for them among bright-eyed women and true men ; among fathers, of whom they were still the pride ; and among mothers, who will not be comforted, when they hear that their bold sons have fallen—the sons, with the open brows and hazel eyes, with the hot tempers and the hearts of gold ! Sons, who, in spite of their natural recklessness and improvidence, made little hoards—stolen often from the necessities of life—to send some token of their unaltered and enduring love to far away homes, and relatives who had looked coldly enough on them ; who had written letters, telling of their brightening fortunes—letters, which had made the old folks stare and hold up their heads again—which had given rise to paragraphs in country papers ; who had, as we have said, written letters full of high hopes and honest simple-hearted projects for the future—and who never wrote again.

Then there were sparkling little French officers, making jokes about their chances of promotion, trying to laugh themselves out of their kindly natures (as Frenchmen often

will), and failing notably. There were pleasant prosy French soldiers, too (no one on earth is so prosy as a French private), telling extraordinary stories, perfectly unintelligible, of course, to British Grenadiers or stalwart Highlanders, who listened to them, nevertheless, with polite and tipsy gravity. But wherever you saw an Irish soldier, there was sure to be a woman near, and Pat was bemaingin' hisself like a gintleman in a furrin counthrey to her !

There were doctors, hurrying about to and from the crowded hospital, and orderlies galloping hither and thither over the blackened ruins of the Greek fire—for Greek it really does seem to have been. There were army chaplains, with curious receipts for making curry, who stopped obliging linguists in the streets, and wanted to know the Greek for Cayenne pepper. There were French and Italian hucksters, driving roaring trades, and *impromptu* hotels, doing many travellers ; for the military messes have all been broken up, and even the ex-officers of the King of Candy (usually such sticklers for military etiquette, and capital authorities on culinary matters, as, indeed, on all others) are obliged to dine by twos and threes. The truth is, there is nothing to eat in the East !

We adjourned with one of these little parties to the house of the Consular interpreter, who had set up an *impromptu* hotel.

He was a grandiloquent man, as all Greeks in office are. He immediately took us, mentally and bodily, into a sort of custody. He implored us, as we trusted in his honour and abilities, to free ourselves from the smallest thought or trouble about anything, from marbles to manslaughter, if either should be disquieting our minds. If we had requested him to favour us with a million sterling, or the Kohinoor diamond, or a venison pasty, it would have been all the same, and all an equally easy matter to him. We found him, of course, a fearful scamp, and his house seemed merely a windy, wooden trap for bugs and bad smells ; the latter coming quite unexpectedly and in stifling gusts, while the former absolutely turned us out of bed. They descended in such countless hosts directly the light was put out, that we could not keep the field against them. The food we got

here was, of course, bad. The Greeks have no idea of eating and drinking, except on festival days, and the bill was so preposterous, that it called forth rather an energetic remonstrance from our purse-bearer. "Sare," whined the Greek, in defence of his charges, and with all the misplaced pride of his race, "Sare, I am not a common man!"

"No, faith!" replied the purse-bearer, wincing; "you seem to me a most uncommon rogue."

We were glad to get away—touzled, bug-bitten, hungry, sleepless, dirty, and comfortless as we were, and to plash through the mud and mire back to the sea-shore, where our boat was waiting us.

CHAPTER XIII.

The transport. The climate. Peculiar characteristics of storms in the Euxine. Fogs. Cold. The cholera unveiled and declared an impostor. Local costume necessary to health. Away with melancholy. The doomed officer. His devoted courage. The Isle of Serpents. Weariness of the voyage. Transports at sea. Cabin talk by night. A snow-storm.

THE anchor is weighed, and we are standing out to sea. The prospect around is not very cheering; the sky is of a dull, heavy, lead-colour, as if charged with snow and tempests. To the extreme northward a dense mass of cumbrous, fantastically-shaped clouds seem to menace the waters with their wrath; and the main has that look I have so often observed on the eve of a storm.

The short waves, which are a peculiar characteristic of the Euxine, chop fitfully against each other, and their angry spray shoots upward with a hissing sound. A thick mist rises along the coast, and soon hides it from our view. Then it spreads along the sea, and seems to settle in a thin, penetrating rain, which comes in sudden, fretful gusts, and then subsides to return again presently as unexpectedly. It is bitterly cold—that clammy, deadly cold of these climates, against which no clothes seem able to protect

you. It is a cold which is not felt in the chest, or hands, or feet, as our cold in Europe is; but, somehow or other, it is sure to strike first at the stomach. You were well just now, and trying, with all the philosophy at your command, to be jolly under difficulties. Suddenly, you are seized with agonising pains, just below the chest. In vain you try to make light of it. You are obliged to lean for support against the first thing or person at hand. Your extremities have become chilled and useless. You sit down and double yourself up, hoping something from warmth and quiet; at last you lie down and writhe in the intensity of your agony. If you are driven to take brandy (*hot* brandy and water is best), you feel a peculiar sickness for some minutes, and then the pain slowly subsides; but it leaves you stupid and depressed for hours afterwards, and trembling and nervous. The only way to give yourself a chance of escape is by winding some twenty yards of silken or woollen sash tightly round your loins and abdomen. It is the custom of the country, the dress of the peasant and the prince; you will soon understand that it has not been adopted without a reason. This was the commencement of that sickness which carried off such numbers of our troops. The doctors called it cholera, but it was only cold.

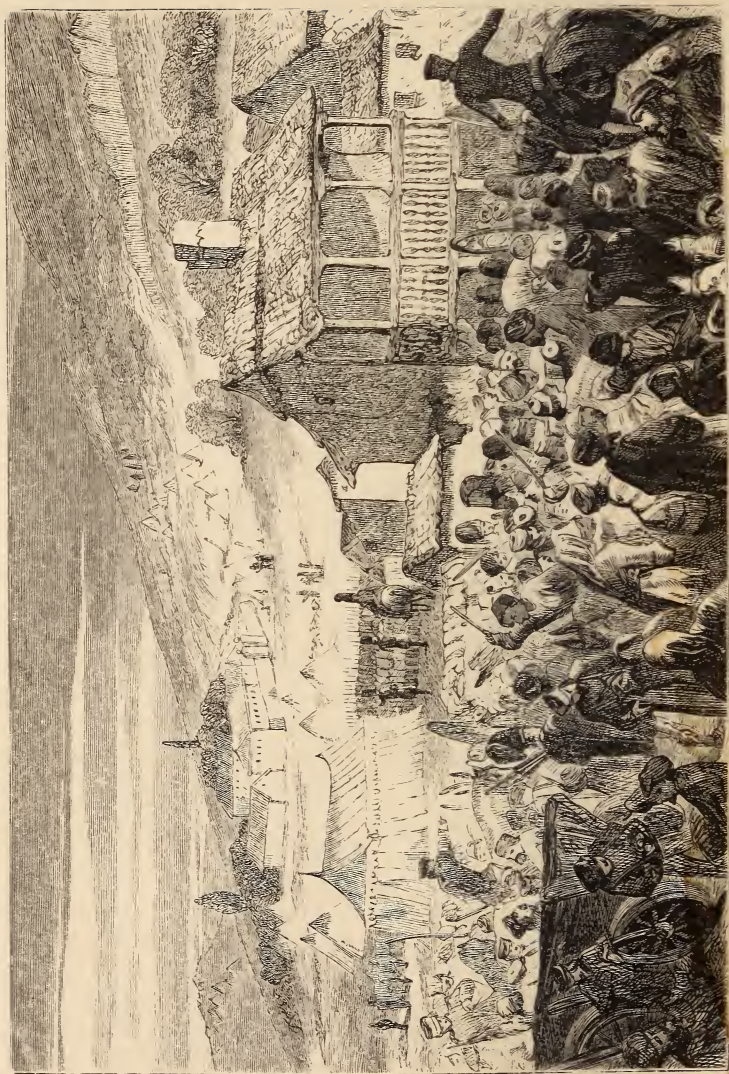
Nothing can be much more dreary and dispiriting than our voyage. There is a good deal of brandy drinking, and a brisk consumption of cigarettes and pipes; but it does not mend our spirits much. We know all about the wreck of the *Prince*, and the gallant merchant fleet which carried the winter clothing for the army. Sad accounts have reached us of the fate of dear friends and relatives, exposed to melancholy privations. One or two among us may be anxious for their own fate, when at last they join the army which has hitherto so vainly beleaguered Sebastopol. See yonder pallid lieutenant; he was sent invalided to the hospital at Scutari. He recovered; care and good living soon brought him round. Then he begged the doctors so hard to let him rejoin his regiment that they consented. But already he feels the numbing hand of the malady which laid him low before, and he will return soon, or die. There

is a fixed and steady light in his eye, such as I can fancy may have been witnessed, though unread, by those who stood round Arthur Conolly when he died at far Bokhara. It is the light which has been seen often in the eyes of true brave men, who were prepared to fulfil their duty simply and unflinchingly, whether death stood in the way or not. Indeed, he seems to have laid this truth to heart, that he who does not know how to die, if needs be, should hardly be a soldier. He tells me this as we talk together over the ship's side; and, when he turns his clear, steadfast look towards me, I know that he is merely expressing that which is part of his creed.

We leave the Isle of Serpents and the mouths of the Danube on the larboard. Now and then we descry a war steamer paddling up through the haze, with despatches, and there is an exchange of signals between us; but the ships look shadowy and unsubstantial as phantoms, so that a moment after they have been signalled the straining eye searches idly for them. Still we are glad to make out a friendly sail, or see the smoke of a funnel now and then. It relieves the weariness of the voyage, and makes the slippery deck and cumbered hold more cheerful.

We do not make much way, for we are heavily laden. We are carrying all sorts of fresh provisions and stores; yet we know that our burthen will disappear like a drop of water in the sand, among so many; and this is another reason why we are glad to see the vessels steering towards the same point that we are. At last, however, as we draw near land, the heavy snow-storm which had been brooding so long in the air descended with an effect that was quite blinding, and we saw nothing whatever. Then we went below, and tried to amuse ourselves as well as we could. It was too dark to read with comfort, except at night, when the candles were lit, and then we were most of us drowsy. So we played at cards, and told each other stories quite familiarly, though we might not have been acquainted before. It was curious to mark how tolerant we were of each other's little weaknesses; and how closely we seemed to be drawn together by the mere tie of national brotherhood. I never witnessed anything like it before.





BALAKLAVA.

In about forty hours from the time we left Varna, we anchored at Balaklava. We could hear, now and then, the stray boom of cannon to windward ; and we could see the flag of England flying from the heights. We had scarcely cast anchor before we were boarded by a tumultuous and motley crowd of officers off duty, looking pale and haggard enough. Doctors, with anxious faces and hurried looks, brawny boatmen, and lean, slovenly servants, on foraging expeditions. You could hardly recognise them as the trim, smart grooms who had left Constantinople so short a time ago. I must own also to some surprise at being accosted by Towler, who, perceiving, I suppose, by my speculative and abstracted looks, that I was not a military man, obligingly offered to procure us quarters for a consideration. Come, thought we, after all, things cannot be quite so bad as we have heard say, if a young chap, of no account like this, is able to get us food and shelter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Balaklava. Books. Useless when wanted. Our stumbling-block in the Crimea. A classical education. New advantages of our spirited diplomacy. The wind is unpolite. A small but voracious worm. The astonishment of British captains on being first introduced to it. Balaklava. Ruins. Dreariness. Opinions of a true British sailor about the Turks. Their striking development. A novel species of hornpipe. A small man smothered in clothes. His remonstrances. Parliamentary explanations of the British tar. Crimean comforts.

WE are a book-writing people. If we want to know anything upon almost any conceivable subject, the mass of printed information which presents itself to our inquiries is enough to take one's breath away, and wear out three pairs of spectacles. What is the use of writing about that which has been already treated so voluminously? What can possibly be said, either new or interesting, which has not been said a hundred times over already? But wait awhile. Just go into the lofty pile of paper before you. The binding

will often not be the only part which reminds you of a—— but what need for a bad joke? What I mean to say is, strike into our books on the most popular subject, and collect the particular facts you wish to know in an emergency from them if you can. Therefore, our stumbling-block in the Crimea has been our entire want of all useful information. We were obliged to do everything in the dark, to feel our way forward at every step. Thus we knew that the casual visit of a Frenchman, about sixty years ago, had first given political importance to the Crimea. We knew that the name of this Frenchman had been of course forgotten. We should like to hear the name of the Frenchman who suggested the building of old Westminster Bridge, or any other work, on which our national pride reposes. I warrant it would be as hard to come at as that of the founder of Sebastopol.

Then we knew there was a bay which Strabo called the *Ctenus*, and a Tartar village by the name of *Aktiar* (ancient). We knew that the appellation of Sebastopol was altogether an invention of the respectable but lively Catherine. Indeed, there was no end to the things we knew, which were not of the smallest importance to anybody of ancient Cherson. We knew all that Dubois de Montpéreux and Kohl had to say upon the subject, and that I am sure was confusing enough to read, especially when slightly sea-sick. With regard to Balaklava particularly, we knew all about the colony of Symbolum (the Cembalo of the Genoese), also about Ulysses and the Læstrigonians. We were well up in various matters relating to Diana, her fondness for roast strangers, the elegance of her temple, and the mysterious functions of her friend *Theos*; while we need, of course, scarcely allude to Orestes and Pylades, who have been, so to say, old familiar friends of ours these five-and-twenty years. We could have recognised their lodging even by the description of a Zouave, who offered himself as a sort of amateur *laquais de place*. The imperious Iphigenia was also a lady with whom we were well acquainted by repute, and we were fully instructed about subterranean Inkermann and the Arians. Our education, indeed, like that of most of our clear-headed practical countrymen, had been altogether in

this direction, so of course we could not be expected to know anything about the wild wind gusts which come on so unexpectedly here, and one of which absolutely blew our ship's boat bottom upwards, and drifted it away like a straw before we were aware of it ; so completely were we taken by surprise, in consequence of an event which an officer's Greek servant told me subsequently was quite an every-day occurrence at this season of the year, and a very well-known peculiarity of the climate. The captains of the little Greek boats which ply about these seas in peace time are always very well prepared on these occasions. Some of these men would have been invaluable as pilots, but it seems the naval authorities are now afraid to employ them ; another fine illustration of the far-sighted and able policy of Sir Hector Stubble and Co. towards the Greeks at the outbreak of the war. A little prudent concession would have placed them completely on our side ; now, however, I have no doubt that the naval authorities have good reason for their suspicions, and that many a Greek pilot would risk his life to punish us. Indeed, the melancholy story of the *Tiger* is proof enough of it. If ever an officer entrusted with unbounded power had a terrible account to render before God or man, it is surely our great diplomatist at Constantinople. I criminate few besides, for they were altogether over-ruled and misled by him. They were coerced by his ignorant arrogance, and intimidated by his violence, rashness, and power.

These thoughts positively haunt me as our boat (recaught and brought back after a good deal of delay,) is being hustled forward by a pair of short fat oars towards the shore, and moderately bumped and jockeyed by the more lively craft going in that direction. We land at last, amid slosh and snow, and slippery loose stones. The sky over our heads is quite inky black, and the clouds on the verge of the horizon look white. The ships in the pretty harbour (for pretty it is, in spite even of the scowl of winter,) are indistinct and shadowy from the thick fall of snow which lies upon every spar, amid the folds of their drooping pennants, on their paddle-boxes, and their light yards up aloft ; on the rim of the captain's hat, as he paces the deck thoughtfully, and wondering

perhaps if the little worm which eats holes in the bottoms of vessels when at anchor in these seas, is already silently feasting upon his ; or perhaps he is too well educated to know anything about so unclassical a subject as this voracious little worm—a terrible reality nevertheless.

The doctors have spurred hurriedly away, so have the officers and the foraging servants, though their horses look gaunt and shaggy enough ; in colour they are quite rusty, as if their coats were made of iron wire, which had been for some time exposed to the rain.

There is an old, old look about Balaklava, a tumble-down air, which especially belongs to things and places that were once in possession of those strange trading Italians of the middle ages. The town, a miserable place enough, lies at the foot of a range of hills on the east, and the sea shut in by the mountains, makes the harbour look almost like a lake ; the ruins of an old Genoese fortress frown grimly down upon it, and seem as shadowy and indistinct as the ships in their covering of snow. On the hills towards Baidar lie the tents of the Highlanders and Turks together, with a contingent of marines and some sailors.

We are soon made aware of the near neighbourhood of Turks and sailors, for it is from that class of mankind that come the first human voices we hear, with any distinctness, after having at last accomplished the difficult enterprise of landing.

Sailor (with great contempt and at the top of his voice) : “Blow them Turks ! I say, you Bono Johnny, drat you. Ahoy ! ahoy ! you beggar.”

Turkish soldier (with much courtesy) : “Bono Johnny ! oo, oo, oo, Bono Johnny !” he waves his pipe blandly as he speaks, and assumes an air of puzzled jocularity, as if he was aware that there was some pleasantry going forward, without being clearly able to divine the nature of it.

Sailor (now roaring with tremendous energy) : “Ahoy ! I say, give us a light, can’t you ? Do you think nobody wants to smoke but yourself, you son of a sea-cook ?”

Turk (swaying his head from side to side, smilingly) : “Bono Johnny ! Bono Johnny ! oo, oo, oo.”

Sailor (speechless with indignation for a moment, as if this

was really too much for him): "Come, I say, old stick-in-the-mud, none of that, you know, or I'm jiggered if I don't spoil your old mug for you. D'ye hear, give us a light! Why don't you come, you beggar? I speak plain enough, and loud enough too, don't I?"

The Turk, perceiving at last that there is *another* row with an infidel, though unable to understand why, drops his arms by his side, and looks blushing and wondering at the excited seaman. He twiddles his thumbs, he shuffles with his feet, he looks the picture of listless incapacity, like most of his countrymen when in difficulties.

The sailor meantime marches up to him, and attempts to light his pipe. Now the Turk is a petty officer; he has formerly been the aga of a village, and he looks upon this proceeding as a direct insult, an action at variance with all his previous ideas of courtesy and good breeding. It is, indeed, an action similar to that which eating out of the plate of a stranger, or drinking out of his glass unasked, would be in England.

The Turk withdraws his pipe, therefore, and his looks display how deeply he thinks his dignity is wounded.

And so the sailor takes him by the ear—by the left ear, for I paid particular attention to the circumstance. He then stands upon one leg, and begins to execute a species of hornpipe, tugging that ear to time. And the British tar lolls his ample tongue out of his British mouth, after the manner of his class, when much offended. It is a singular, though not to me a very agreeable sight, to see the Turk tucking in his twopenny, and following the stout tar in these agile movements. Were he to do otherwise, he must make up his mind, I fear, to part with his left ear altogether, for the sailor holds it with a grasp like a vice, and gives satisfactory evidence how far human flesh can stretch, and how far human patience.

"Hulloh, Jack, what are you about with that poor fellow?" says a small man, smothered in clothes, who now approaches the pair. "Here, I'll give you a light and some baccy too, if you leave go that chap."

"Lord love you, guv'ner! These beggars ain't fit for nothing else but monkey's allowance, they ain't. Why, I'm blessed,

guv'ner, if I was'nt a hollooin' to un for an hour like, to give us a light, and he would'nt, not he. So I thought, you know, guv'ner, I'd just teach him a little manners. No harm in that, is there, sir?"

"But the poor fellow couldn't understand you, could he?"

"'Stand, sir? Why, heart alive, I roared at un till I was pretty nigh deaf. There's no doing nothin' with them lubbers wi'out pitchin' in to um. Howsomedever, they'll larn by an bye, now this here is British ground; won't they, sir?"

"Ay, ay, Jack."

And the truth is, the sailor was as racy a tar as ever chewed a quid; and the Turk was perhaps as good a Mussulman as any going. But the fact is, the best folks don't always agree, especially when they try to force their ideas on each other.

"What, no mustard with your beef, sir?" cried Mathews' stranger at the coffee-house, "confound you, sir! you shall have mustard!"

How often have I seen that stranger applying his principles to other things than steaks and spices!

On the whole, Balaklava appeared to be the thing, and it was generally expected of us to express the utmost satisfaction at being there. Every one we met spoke of it in the holiday language used by country cousins, who came up to London from the wilds of Lincolnshire before the invention of railroads. In fact, there seemed an impression that all things might be had here, even to the luxury of something eatable. My companion therefore looked at me with considerable surprise when I told him, ruefully, that I had some preserved things carefully packed in tin cases somewhere among my luggage (a dreary pile); I did not clearly know where, for my faculties were frozen, and I had quite enough to do to keep warm by cuddling myself. The exertion of thinking, or doing anything, would have finished me quite.

"Preserved things in tin cases?" said my friend, brightening up when he clearly understood me. "Oh! we can send those on to the camp. Here we have got all sorts of things—salt pork and beef, you know, and beef and pork, and—and—well,

not much more, to say the truth ; but we are fairly in clover, compared with the rest of the fellows."

It was a quaint picture to hear my companion, a regular London swell, whom I remembered very well with nerves and a damaged digestion, thus lauding the accommodations of Balaklava. It is but a village, a mere collection of huts. In ordinary times it must be inexpressibly dreary ; but now the General Post Office, ten minutes before closing time, is hardly fuller of bustling, and hustling, and scuffling. Rusty impatient individuals, on short leave from other places, flounder about hurriedly, yet with an odd air of business and authority in all they do, which bespeaks the stranger on a hostile soil. They are armed also, needlessly, just here ; but who among them knows when he may be summoned to the front, and find himself hand to hand with the enemy ? It is well, therefore, to ride prepared even when foraging within your own lines. They are strangely altered, some of those bucks and bloods I see stride slouchingly up the broken street, now in the mud-hole, now out of it, now sending the splashes from a half-melted snow puddle, flying right and left on each side of them. They hardly look like the same men who used to step mincingly out of their cabs, and strut so daintily into their clubs in St. James's Street. Barring a few soiled and torn remnants of what was once a uniform, and still looks something like one when you get quite close, they might be so many Californian diggers. They are begrimed enough to keep up the idea fully, and they look gaunt, and grim, and famished, and luckless enough. They have the boldest contrivances to keep themselves dry and warm. Wherever an article of fur or wool can be worn by any one who is fortunate enough to possess it, there it is. Round their waists are twisted immense gay coloured scarfs, bought at fabulous prices ; on their feet are coverings which might be the seven-leagued boots of the giant Blunderbore.

The occupation of almost everybody seems to be connected with eating. Little knots of fellows adjourn for impromptu feasts to all sorts of places, and dispense with knives, forks, and plates, with the utmost readiness. They have at length acquired that branch of Turkish politeness, which consists

in eating with their fingers ; others, more fortunate, have got invitations to cosy little things on board some of the ships in the bay. Lucky dogs ! The sea-cooks will seem better than so many Soyers to them.

Meantime, I wander about leisurely enough, nobody minding me ; by and by, at dinner time, there will be some conversation, but not now. So I get among the hovels near the shore, and enter one, knocking my head distinctly as I do so. It looks not unlike an all-sorts shop at Wapping. An immense quantity of salt pork (that prime delicacy recommended for its being easier cooked, and keeping better than beef) is rolling about in oosy frozen barrels ; and trim kegs of rum, piled up one over the other, look cheerily at us from corners. Something is carefully packed in sacking and steadily lying in soak, as it were, between the wet ground and the snow. This, I am told, is part of the fresh supply of warm things sent from Constantinople or Bucharest, since the loss of the *Prince*. There are stacks of guns, too, and piles of ammunition, also some cannon. Everything seems in a wretched disorderly plight. Out of doors there is a crowd fully equal to that of Whitechapel on a Saturday night, barring the ladies. There is quite as much shouting and hallooing, however ; for provisions are being landed from the transports, and then hurried away to the camp. It is not very far off ; but the road there, is " too bad, sir, entirely !" as an Irishman has just told me. Neither horse nor man can make sure of reaching it when he goes hence, and a pound weight difference to their burthen may render the journey impossible to either.

Wandering still about, I find that Balaklava boasts a low wall, singularly useless and ill built ; going down a break-toe street, also, is a well quite impregnable, I should say, from the difficult and ancle-wrenching nature of its natural fortifications. Farther on are some melancholy hypochondriacal trees, four of them, I think, as straight and dull as so many gigantic vegetable policemen. Balaklava possesses, also, a good-for-nothing old Genoese fortress, a church of no account, and a brisk colony of a small Crimean insect, which seems to have a wonderful partiality for fresh strangers, considered in an alimentary point of view. This energetic

little race provide me with considerable occupation ; it is with much satisfaction, also, that I notice several other persons furnished with similar employment, and performing their allotted task with much diligence and apparent pleasurable feeling.

Yes ! Balaklava is a wretched little place enough, yet, I dare say, there are some who would rather not ride away from it, through the fast-falling snow to-night ; and I feel that many a bold fellow must turn longing glances at the lights which glow out of the snug cabin windows, and the blazes seen through the open door-way as his friends bid him good bye, and his lank horse plods wearily campwards.

CHAPTER XV.

Balaklava. Its general appearance. Dreariness. More true British sailors. Melancholy breaking up of a night into small pieces. Advantageous opportunity of acquiring nautical phrases and songs. "*Chant.*" Melancholy interest. An aggravating pipe. Acrid smoke. Impotent anger. Sleep. Street rows. Officers in the service of the King of Candy. Poles, Hungarians, Zouaves, Turks, Sailors. Broiled ham breakfast.

I MIGHT as well have been in a back street at Portsmouth, in a house where some men-of-war's men who have just been paid off were carousing, as in a hut at Balaklava. I had wrapped myself round in an Albanian cloak and a large bearskin ; and I had swathed up my head till my nose only appeared sticking out like the handle of a coffee-pot. I had made a tacit contract with myself to forget the snow and dreariness outside, and to go permanently to sleep, that I might get up bright and early in the morning.

Some strong shaggy nautical gentlemen, however, who have been working all day at getting up the ship's guns, roll in as I am dropping off, and pleasantly announce their intention to make a night of it. They do make a night of it, but they absolutely break up mine into small pieces. One who is a fine racy sailor, and evidently the king of his com-

pany, shortly begins a series of the most spirited songs. He has a wonderful collection of them and sings them all through the nose, and with surprising vehemence. He curses his companions with much abruptness if they fail in the requisite attention to enable them to join in the chorus at the nick of time, and he rouses them by crying out *Chaunt!* with a force and suddenness of nasal intonation which is absolutely like a cannon-shot. I heard so much about "Dumble dum dairy," and "Ri tooral loo looral," that night, that I wished the singers of those time-honoured choruses at Jericho. At last I found myself taking a solemn and stony interest in them; my eyes stared with a fixed and sleepy stare at the revellers, and I moved my head in its bandages with an involuntary motion to keep time. The sailors perceiving at last that I was awake, courteously offered me some cavendish and a pipe. I am unconscious if I made them any reply, or if I did so what it was, but I have a dreary idea that one of them chopped up some of this abominable drug into a pipe and stuffed it good-naturedly into my hand. The action was well meant, but I remember the pungent smoke got up my nose and into my eyes, till I entertained a feeling of impotent anger against that sailor, which was ungrateful enough. The fact is, I was so swaddled in clothes that I could not move without getting up altogether, and there the abominable pipe continued sending up a thin stream of hot, bitter, acrid smoke, till I thought it would never go out, for my would-be benefactor had placed an ardent coal on the top of his present, after the manner of the Turks.

At last, however, the pipe does go out, the jovial sailors wax indistinct, their songs sound faint and far away, my eyes close with a sudden snap and a sharp pain. I feel as if I had forgotten something, then I sleep.

It is quite broad daylight when I wake up, and I am glad of it; for I got but a hasty and indistinct view of things yesterday, and I shall be glad to clamber up the cliffs around me.

There is a wonderful hullabulloo and confusion in the street; and, I think even a still greater number of soldiers and out-of-the-way uniforms than I saw before. There

strut the officers of the King of Candy in great force. They have nothing particular to do, and they do it most conscientiously. They swagger amain ! Mercy on me, how they do swagger ! There are Poles, and Hungarians, and Zouaves, and Tartars, and Turks, and sailors, and wonder-hunters. Talk about rousing nationalities, why, what would you have more than this ? Balaklava is a Babel as it is. The little Zouaves are scudding and flitting about like imps at a pantomime, and they push those bumpkins of Tartars, with their flat faces, and fur caps, and little eyes ; they push and shove them about just like so many wooden pegs, whenever they are at all in the way, which is of course pretty often. I never saw dolts who knew when to get out of the way, or smart fellows who had less patience with them, than my practical friends the Zouaves.

While our fellows are lounging about, complaining that there is no fresh meat, no vegetables, no bread, no nothing ; these remarkable small men are whisking hither and thither with the agility of grasshoppers, and I will wager they will most of them dine as well to-night as many of the British generals.

The Turkish soldiers are, of course, smoking the pipe of eternal indolence, content to gaze on the picture of dirt, want, and unthrift around them, with their eternal apathy. After floundering about for half an hour, more than ankle deep in snow mud, and clambering up to an eminence whence I could get a tolerably good view of the cliff-encircled bay, with its fleet of steamers and transports, with here and there some splendid man-of-war, I returned to the town ; I could not find the hut again in which I slept, but I was free to enter any other which took my fancy ; so I went poking about with much perseverance till I found an acquaintance, and then we broiled a slice or two of a ham, which I had brought with me, after the primitive fashion in general use before the invention of gridirons. After breakfast we set out for the camp, leaving the filth, want, waste, and unthrift of Balaklava for a time behind us.

CHAPTER XVI.

A camp dinner. Cold stiff clothes. Bad tent. Dirt. Leather leggings. Beard discomfort. Neglect of experience. Gold-hunters. Kaffir war. Joking under difficulties. Short pipes of consolation. Waiting for dinner. A British cook. Contrivances. Dinner. The enthusiasm of hunger. The drumstick of a fowl. Solemn talk by the watch-fire.

THE wind, which has been howling these ten days, is lulled at last ; a keen, penetrating cold, indeed, still finds its searching way through our tent, through our stiff clothes, which have not been changed so long that we have altogether forgotten the sensation produced by putting on a clean shirt. It finds its way with equal success through the leather leggings of our trousers and our clumsy cracked boots ; through our matted, tangled, wiry hair and beards ; down the napes of our necks, when we move our heads this side or that, so as to give it the smallest opening to creep in.

We cannot get up and run about, like good boys, to keep ourselves warm, because we are dwelling in a sort of marsh or bog. We should, therefore, get hopelessly wet and uncomfortable ; and our fires do not thrive enough to admit of our drying ourselves speedily, and we have no change of clothes. We cannot either afford a bowl of punch, just yet, for there is a great scarcity of fresh water. It is imprudent to take little gulps of brandy every now and then to keep up our circulation, because we have but very little of that spirit left, and, besides, the doctors say that such a course of proceeding is very apt to bring on the cholera.

Our tent is a needlessly miserable affair, but we are lucky to have it. Tents, even such as these, are not for all men. The curse of wanton mismanagement seems upon everything, and I cannot look on the pitiable scene around me without feeling a large personal share in our national humiliation. We have had experience enough of camp life, too, thrust upon us during the last few years. There have been the countless letters of settlers in the new world, almost each containing some valuable practical suggestion, the fruits of dearly-bought experience. There have been whole libra-



THE CAMP DINNER.

ries written about the wants and contrivances of the gold-hunters. Sir Stephen Lakeman and Kaffirland had furnished us with some valuable lessons ; and Sir Richard England at least knows something of the causes which had brought about our deep disgrace in Affghanistan. Yet we have wilfully neglected everything in a manner which it is most lamentable to witness, the more so because Englishmen are not given to complaining of mere personal suffering ; and among all of those whom I see around me, there is a gallant (I might have written touching) determination to put a bluff gay face upon things.

Therefore, we sit (there were four of us) curled up in various attitudes, and joking about the state of things in general, over short clay pipes almost as black and dirty as ourselves. We sit waiting for dinner, and our host every now and then shouts out lustily to a servant who is preparing it somewhere outside within hearing. As the servant does not appear, however, to make much progress, and our appetites goad us at last into extreme measures, we go out to help him, or worry him into greater speed.

Our cook is a tattered, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed fellow, who would not be recognised as a soldier by any servant-maid in Knightsbridge. We find him in a state of that despondency which is, I think, peculiar to the cooking Englishman. He is kneeling down on the damp ground, and blowing testily at some wettish, smoky shrub roots, crammed in a manner, inartistic enough, into an impromptu fire-place. He looks a fine illustration of shame and anger—he dislikes his job, and he does not know how to perform it. Let us help him. I know somebody who is not a bad cook at a pinch, and if we can only get some charcoal, of which there is no scarcity, I dare say, we shall do very well. We are not badly off for prog. There is some ration pork, a lean fowl, some eggs, potatoes, and honey. We have also got an old iron kettle, and a coffee-pot, with the lids thereto belonging. They are worth their weight in gold, and I hope we know how to appreciate them.

Modesty prevents us telling, at length, how, by frying the pork in the lid of the kettle, we obtained enough grease to poach the eggs and fry the fowl—how a mess of bread and

honey and whipped eggs was manufactured, which caused quite a chorus of lip-smacking, and which was pensively remembered long after its abrupt disappearance. Then we roasted some potatoes among the embers and ate them (with the remains of the grease extracted from the pork), as a *bonne bouche*, or delicate mouthful, to crown our repast; and, lastly, it was with all the pride of art that we were enabled to stew some tea in the coffee-pot, and convert it into punch of no common bouquet and flavour. With this seasonable beverage, added to devilled biscuits and pipes, our spirits rose rapidly, and we soon became joyous—perhaps noisy.

We must have looked a strange company: all, except myself, were excessively ragged and oddly arrayed. They wore their full-dress uniforms, dingy, and covered over with dirt till their colour was completely undistinguishable. They looked something between the military mendicants who prowl about elderly lady-like neighbourhoods, and fancy portraits of noted brigands. Their beards appeared to begin at their eyelashes, and go on till they were lost in the folds of the voluminous scarfs which they wore round their waists. Between the dark neutral tint of their clothes and that of their hands there was but small difference, and when they removed their caps for a moment, the bit of clean skin underneath presented a contrast quite startling and ludicrous. There was one thing also which struck me particularly, and that was the prudent and laudable anxiety which our host displayed with respect to the fragments of our feast: nay, once, I remember, as a soldier passed chuckling and lugging along a powerful and struggling goose by the neck, the captain cried out with an eagerness of speech inexpressibly droll, "Hang it, Martin! There goes a fellow with a goose: be quick and cut after him, perhaps he will let us go halves, or tell you where he got it, or if there is another. Come, look sharp, or you'll lose him." I should be sorry to bring anything like an unhandsome charge against the captain's guests, but it certainly was my impression that Ensign Dash had placed something in his coat pocket, and that that something was the drumstick of a fowl, and a hunk of precious black bread, done up in a pocket-handkerchief.

I remember, as the night deepened, and we still sat

talking, that there was a certain deep-seated piety and resignation about my companions which I do not ever remember to have observed in young men before. There was a tenderness, a brotherhood in their manner when they spoke of fallen comrades ; it seemed as if their own chances of life being so uncertain, gave them a kindred with the dead. Little words passed perhaps unconsciously enough among them which may be some day told solemnly on summer evenings and by winter hearths, as the last yearnings and expressed desires of gallant hearts which shall then be cold. Sometimes what they said had a simple and impressive earnestness, as if the speaker spoke with intention that his words should be hereafter recorded faithfully, as if he felt himself among those who are doomed to pass away in battle and stormy times. There was no fear or gloom in our little party that night, but only a serious sense of a grave position, such as a good man should not look on lightly. It was only a something which drew the bands of kindly friendship closer. There was a fulness of mutual trust in our hearts, an implied promise to do all which was silently asked, if needs were, and a quick conviction that we understood each other without forms of words such as the brave might deem it unmanly to speak.

They talked with cheerful pathos about their distant families and friends, so that I felt even then, while I listened, as if I were becoming the depository of many precious secrets, and that I should go upon my way laden with things which to some would be held of higher value than an argosy. God be merciful to the bereaved ! for of those who sat beside me on that day but one remains : for two were smote with tardy sickness, and the third fell suddenly in fight ! God be merciful to the bereaved ! and teach them to think, even in their agony, with a pride which shall be as balm to them, how their kindred have gone to join the radiant band of those who have died, uncomplaining, for the pure cause of duty. Let us resolve that they shall be surrounded with respect and active sympathy, which shall not die away in words so long as they abide on earth amongst us. We cannot do too much, we have only to shrink with honest sensibility from the burning shame of doing too little !

CHAPTER XVII.

The heights. A canvass village. A mountain sea. A sneezing soldiery. A quagmire. A bullock-cart constructed on commissariat principles. Famished men. An elderly general officer. His importance. Needless bustle. His rheumatism. A puzzled spectator. Military music. An episode of the war. A picture.

FANCY a canvass village, with a confusion of little peaked huts. Fancy a huge swelling sea, with mountains for waves. Fancy the troops of many nations, mustering wearily. Here a parade, with a dingy and muffled officer shouting the word of command through a cold, spasmodically, and then sneezing a sort of involuntary amen. Fancy muddy men getting muddy water from a muddy well, and wading through a quagmire to do so.

Yonder, past a dismal little clump of stunted brushwood, goes a bullock-cart, groaning and creaking, up to the axles in squash. It is preceded by an unearthly-looking old person, who appears to be made of mud, and who looks more gaunt, and famished, and hopeless, than other people here. Before him, again, ride two mounted guards, probably to prevent his running away, seeing that he is a native, and his waggon carries that on which the lives of many brave men depend. After the cart toil other men, a-foot, and lagging to pick up anything which drops. And things do drop, more frequently than the admirers of our very curious commissariat arrangements would wish to have chronicled. No species of vehicle, however, could be, perhaps, more completely unfitted for its purpose than that in question. It seems to have been constructed with a special view, very usual in these countries; it is that of applying the largest possible amount of labour with the smallest utility. It is a wickerwork conveniency, crazy and dirty to a degree which bankrupts description. It is uncovered, and so exposed to wind and weather. In size it is not bigger, and it certainly is not so strong, as a child's cot. It is propped up, however, in various ways, with rough-hewn bits of wood, which it re-

quires the attention of one man to keep constantly in their places. Then the load is piled up with great slovenliness and contempt of order, according to the tenets of the commissariat. Nevertheless, I perceive a group of four or five blue-nosed cavalry soldiers, who regard it with anxious eyes, hungrily, as it crawls on.

Wide, wide away rides a general officer and his staff. I do not know why I smile as my eye rests upon them ; but perhaps it is, that the general officer is a very feeble and elderly general officer, who appears to be rather shaky, so to speak. His poor elderly head is stretched forward and bent down, as if some other part of his person was suffering from acute pain. He carries his legs stiffly, and he appears to totter on his horse, though he has got a well-bitted pacer, and a clever easy goer. Then there appears to me an odd sort of importance in the group, as if they were riding nowhere particularly, but wished to do it handsomely, and in such wise as to create a sensation. Some tired soldiers, lying on their elbows on the ground, watch the elderly general officer with vacant looks, as if they had a dim idea that there *was* something not quite right in soldiering affairs—a muddle, indeed, but further knew nothing.

Stay, here comes a breeze nearer, nearer, and the sound of the French bugles and the silver fife, speaking out, is heard in a second ; then the breeze falls, and it dies away. Then, once more, it peals martially on the ear, and an orderly has checked his horse, and turns half-round to listen, with bright eyes and reddening cheek. Then he rides on, and I think he sits his horse more jauntily than before ; so I wish that there were more music about, and something of the pomp and gaiety of camps, to cheer men's hearts, through all this mud and dreariness.

In the distance, I see dismounted horsemen, plodding on foot humanely, and horses riderless, yet with drooping crest.

There, stuck in the mire, is part of a broken wheel, and near it is an old burst gun-barrel, rusting fast into nothingness. They are, perhaps, the only remaining evidence of how much valour dared for glory, in some forgotten episode of a by-gone struggle. Who shall tell me now, how proud a heart may have quailed at the bursting of that gun—how

brave a man may have bowed or fled, when his trust in his weapon had failed him !

Far, far away—deep into the country, and standing out against the blue sea—calm, at last, to-day, is fair Sebastopol, with its towers, and forts, and mighty battlements ; between may be seen the peering masts of a man-of-war, which indicate the position of the inland bay of Balaklava.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Turkish soldier. Modest apology of the author for naked truths. Effects of a long course of bastinado. Pride, fear, obstinacy, and clumsiness of Turkish soldiers. Muffi Effendi, his coffee-boy. A Turkish contract. Eastern worthies. An Athenian. Scruffi Effendi. The author, overcome by his feelings, suddenly breaks out into a rhapsody.

HE is a gross, stolid, smoking, brutal, untaught fellow, in ill-made no-coloured clothes. It is harsh language this, and I am sorry to use it ; but there are few classes of men, perhaps, more completely degraded than that to which he belongs. Bastinadoes and wanton bloodshed have at last wrought their cruel work upon him, and the Turkish soldier is scarcely a single grade removed from the beasts of the field. He has the same unreasoning instincts, and very much the same feelings.

He has a stupid animal pride about him ; a dogged obstinacy sometimes, a craven fear at others. He is clumsy, awkward, ferocious, greedy, dirty. He is an automaton before the powerful, a savage before the weak.

His arms are old and rusty, and dangerous chiefly to himself. They were bought, with a cargo or two more, of a French merchant, who had bought them originally from the mad chiefs of some revolutionary party whose conspiracy came to nothing, and who had of course been cheated by the disreputable manufacturer who made them. The Turkish Government bought them by a contract, which was in the first instance given to Muffi Effendi's coffee-boy, and by him

sold to a Jew squatter in the bazaars, who had much to do with the Franks. A touter to one of the Perote hotels got scent of the contract while in the Jew's hands, and there was some sharp running between him and the head boatman of the consul of the king of the Towering taxes. The touter, a half-civilised Armenian, would have been beaten hollow by the Greek if he had not bethought him of a worthless old Frenchman, who prowled about the back stairs of the great pashas' houses, and was on confidential terms with the porters of several of the embassies, and who thus became a sort of smeller out of good things for some of the Galata gentry. So the end of it was, that the boatman, the touter, the Jew squatter, the worthless old Frenchman, and the dragoman of one of the embassies, all agreed to share the spoil, and offer the contract to the French merchant above mentioned, and this is how the Turkish soldier came by his arms, and how many generations of Turkish soldiers have come by their arms, and how it thus chanced, that in the day of danger they laid that proverb to heart, which assured them that an individual who prefers flight to fighting in presence of an awkward enemy, may live to indemnify himself under more favourable circumstances ; whereas, if he stays to do battle (especially with worthless arms), there is no manner by which a reflective person could be induced to answer for his ultimate security.

The Turkish soldier's clothes were also the subject of another contract given to the step-father of the first cousin of a dragoman's wife, as a bribe to induce that remote individual to use his family influence to persuade the dragoman to obtain the interference of Sir Hector Stubble, in the case of a connection of the grand vizier's third wife, which fortunate connection had been indulging himself by a little quiet murder and robbery in Epirus.

The first holder of the contract sold it readily to a travelling Copt, who took it to Egypt, and was immediately followed by a shrewd little Wallachian, who caught, and outbid the agent of Messrs. Spinner, Woolley, & Co., who not perceiving clearly all that might be made of it in judicious hands, let it go easily. At this stage it was winded by a Greek banker, who swept suddenly down on the little

Wallachian and threatened to sell him up, but was bought off with the contract readily. The affairs of the Greek banker himself, however, were in a bad way, and he thought just then that a good deal might be done in corn, so he offered it to an Armenian jeweller at a small advance on the cost price. The Armenian jeweller could not conclude till he had negotiated with a young Greek renegade in his debt, to use the necessary efforts with his uncle, the Defterdar of a Muschir, to secure the payment of the sum contracted for within three years after the delivery of the goods, the young Greek and his uncle receiving a commission of twenty-two per cent. on each instalment. To make assurance doubly sure also, an Athenian Greek, who had just expended the produce of an adroit robbery at good interest in the purchase of a passport as a British subject, was easily persuaded to be of the party by a promise of ten per cent. more on all sums which should be recovered from the Turkish government, through the demand of the British embassy. This matter being finally arranged, the Armenian addressed himself to a Jew, who had recently purchased a large quantity of damaged cloth saved from a wreck, and sold to him by the Levantine cancelier of a mighty young vice-consul, who was also Lloyd's agent at an out-of-the-way port in Asia, where he had been sent because his maternal grandmother (bless the women, how they get their favourites on in life) had been nursery-governess to Miss Trotter, of the West Riding, and Thread-needle-street ; who married the great courtier, Sir Palaver Tweedledum.

And this is how the Turkish soldier came by his clothes, and how many generations of Turkish soldiers have come by their clothes, how consequently it happens that the Turkish soldier always looks so very oddly dressed.

Shall I tell you the story now of the Turkish soldier's buttons, given by the Armenian jeweller as a separate good thing to the worthless old Frenchman (mentioned in the improving tale of the Turkish soldier's arms) who, poking his nose into everything, had found out that the Armenian jeweller was in the habit of putting false jewels into the sabres of honour given by the sultan to his chief officers, and who threatened to betray him (through a dragomanic friend),



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unless bought off; and how the Armenian being unable to persuade himself to part with any money, at last silenced him with the ingenious device of the button contract, which he hoped to be allowed to tag on as a separate item in his bill? And how the button contract changed hands seven times before it was finally executed by a Chiote huckster, in correspondence with some unknown Englishman who had married his sister, and set up in business to make them?

I could tell anecdotes equally refreshing about the Turkish soldier's cap, and even about the little bit of brass on the top of it (a snug thing of Scruffi Effendi); I know of a delightful episode in the history of his boots. His sword-belt is so infinite a jest to me, that I burst out into guffaws about it in lonely rides. And I cry aloud in the gladness of my heart, "Hurrah for his magnificence—his wonder—his glory—his sublimity—his condescension—his deigningness—his highness—his omnipotence (*sa potence*, the French call him)—his exceeding excellence, Sir Hector Stubble, and the fine pure practical system of which he is the incarnate and august representative. Look, look! ye vulgar sceptics, and bow down as ye behold but part of its perfection and goodness in the pleasant vision of a Turkish soldier."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Bashi Bouzouk. Rude desecration of a magnificent turquoise. Also of a love of a shawl. Reprehensible contempt of fashion. A captain, but not highly connected. A sash of thick silk. A blaze of embroidery. A hussar jacket. Utility of short blanks. A bandit. Money. Secrecy. Recipes for elderly beaux.

HE is a dark brown, wild-looking fellow, in golden clothes—a modern captain of a Free Company. His arms are a wonder of expensive uselessness. The settings of his pistols are perhaps solid silver or silver-gilt, inlaid with precious stones, but their barrels were probably made by some clumsy Greek armourer during the war of independence; their

locks are on the old flint and steel principle, and bad of their kind ; yet the treacherous flint is, of course, fixed in a silver holder, and the worthless lock has very likely a thumping turquoise stuck rudely on to it.

The fellow is a barbarian, and looks like it. He is tawdry, loose, and dirty beyond belief. He is fierce, selfish, and greedy, to an equal degree. He is clumsy and awkward. His gorgeous clothes seem to be thrown on, rather than put on, and his apparel presents the same odd contrast as his mind. He comes from some far-away country—from the mountains of Caramania or Albania, from Syria, or where not, so that he does not comply with the modern fashion of the Turks at Constantinople, and cover his head merely with a red cap ; but he twines an immense shawl in picturesque folds round and round it, till he looks, when sitting down, like a gigantic mushroom. It may be that the shawl, thus apparently misapplied, is worth almost as much, intrinsically, as the useless pistols, but it is incredibly soiled, and dirty, and twisted, and tangled. I have used the word apparently, however, with intention, for though the head-dress here described might be as absurd as costly in England, we should be slow to attach the idea of ridicule to that which is a general custom in any country. If, therefore, most of the oriental nations keep their shaved heads warm, we may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that the practice is approved, and that they do so wisely. It is, at least, positive that a thick covering will foil the rays of the sun much more successfully than a thin one, and to do this is an object of paramount importance in a country where the inhabitants pass most of their time in the open air, and sun-strokes are frequent and dangerous.

The rest of the Bashi Bouzouk's dress is contrived, probably, for reasons equally prudent, if one could get to the bottom of them. An immense sash of thick silk is wound many times round his loins, and again above it is girded a broad thick red leather belt, with pockets and receptacles for arms. This makes a capital support for a man who sometimes passes twenty hours on horseback at a time, and who never saw a chair with a back to it. His pistols and silver-sheathed sword (as splendid and untrustworthy as the

pistols) stick out so far both before and behind, that he could hardly wear a long coat, or button even a short one. His waistcoat, therefore, is one dirty blaze of bad embroidery in front, and he has also embroidered sleeves to it; while his jacket is made something on the principle of an hussar's, save that it covers both shoulders, that is to say, the large open fantastic sleeves hang down behind, like a fanciful pair of golden wings. His breeches are also embroidered, and they appear, at first sight, too short, for they fasten far above the knee, and leave the hinges of the leg as free as a Highlander's, and probably for the same reason. A man had better not confine or cramp his knees who is always scrambling up and down mountains, and who must be always ready for a dashing leap across some yawning chasm. From the commencement of the calf of the leg down to the ankle, the limb is bandaged as tightly as strength can bandage it. It is bandaged till the leg becomes as hard, as shapeless, and almost as thin as a broomstick. Over the bandages he wears leggings of the same eternal gold tinsel, confined by long, gay, flaunting garters of scarlet silk. His shoes are curiously old and foul; he kicks them off, therefore, at every opportunity, and curls his legs under him.

He is a curious study, but he does not improve on acquaintance. He has none of the virtues or vices of a soldier. He avoids fighting whenever it is possible, and will think it an extremely proper thing to decamp on the approach of danger. His idea of the duties of the military profession is firing felon shots with a long rusty gun, from a rock on the sea-coast, or a tree by the wayside. His glory is to surprise and butcher the defenceless as they wind through some lonely mountain gorge; to torture his prisoners for sport; to rob his friends adroitly. He is a mere marauder, a bandit, a ruffian. His savage heart would make a monster of him, if it were not so often palsied by a dastard fear. His love of money is a passion; he clutches it with a rapacity, and hoards it with a secrecy quite wonderful. He would not give a piastre to save his comrade from being flayed alive; he would rather even suffer torture than part with it for any purpose, save that on which his foolish heart is set. Perhaps he covets some glittering ring which he has seen in the

bazaar, and cannot steal ; perhaps he wants a watch, or a more magnificent pair of pistols, or a new pair of silver-hilted pincers, to take little bits of ardent charcoal out of the fire and light his pipe.

He plucks out his beard to look young. He waxes his moustachios, and arches his eyebrows with his dagger ; yet this love of fine appearance seems strange in a man who always leads a solitary roving life, who will never marry, and who lives unloved ; who would as soon rend the coins from a virgin's hair, as ease a Rayah merchant of his ducats.

He is abstemious, almost to contempt of dainty food ; a few grapes or olives, according to the season, a lump of coarse black bread, a few onions, and a little unsweetened coffee, is all he cares for. He has a great fear of disease and death. He wears charms and talismans to protect him from harm. He believes in omens and magicians ; but he has no real religion.

CHAPTER XX.

The Russian soldier. Timidity of his hair. Its contrariness and despair of doing right. His respect for good clothes. Gold lace worship. Love of drink. Silent soaking. Proper respect for rank. Opinion of the allied armies. A happy government.

HE is a sulky, sullen, stupid-looking fellow, with a pale blue complexion, like that produced by what the doctors call the "administration" of nitrate of silver in cases of disease. Poor wretch ! he looks like a felon, for he has been treated all his life as a hound. He has a short straight nose, the nostrils of which are turned outwards, and seem like two small holes in his face. He has little round eyes ; but he is too stupified by ill-treatment to have any expression in them, though he is in the first flush of youth and strength. His hair is of a rusty bay or reddish brown. It does not dare to curl or wave, and sticks out in points and notches, as though in despair of doing right, turn which way it will.

He is a square-built, powerful man, but he is listless, silent, and awkward. He appears susceptible of neither pain or pleasure ; to have no respect or love for himself. He seems to have neither reason or instinct. He is a machine ready to obey a touch of the impelling rod, or to have something within him which hears and acts at the hoarse shout of command, but of himself he does nothing. He has no will, no energy, no pride of craft. If you speak to him suddenly, he starts, and takes an attitude of drilled attention. He will not flinch or stir for a blow, but his eyes darken and his thick lips close. He is dirty in his person and habits, but not untidy or slovenly ; for he seems always on parade. God only knows what thoughts pass through his mind, for he never utters any. He appears profoundly impressed with his own insignificance and inferiority to every one who wears a good coat, and he bows down abjectly before a bit of gold lace and a sword, whoever wears them. He has no soldierly love of pleasure. He loves drink, indeed, and he will sit silently soaking raw spirits as long as he can get any, but the liquor has no brightening effect on him. He is as impassive in his cups as when sober. He may drink himself blind, deaf, speechless, motionless, but he cannot drink himself gay. If an officer told him to walk down a precipice, or drink a glass of speedy poison, the idea of remonstrance or disobedience would never occur to him. He would do either as merely a part of his allotted task in life, the object for which he was born. He has been told that the French and English are impious heretics, a sort of plausible devils in human shape ; he believes it devoutly, for he has no reasoning powers, no opinions. He believes that he will incur Divine wrath by holding communion with them ; that they will poison him if he eats their food ; that they will torture instead of healing him, if he is wounded ; that their medicines are death in disguise, their benefits a mockery, their kindness a device of the evil one. He does not think these things distinctly, and one after the other ; but such is the general confused impression on his abject mind.

His clothes are ill made and scanty ; they are so thin that they seem all outside ; a broad white band is slung over his right shoulder and descends to his left hip ; this sustains his

sword—it is not a very good one. The mass of the Russian army are of course badly armed, from the organized system of peculation which exists in every department. Indeed, the Russian soldier has perhaps never had a full meal of wholesome food even in his lifetime. He was robbed before he was born, like his father before him, and he has been robbed ever since. First, by the baron and the disponent; since, by every one who has had to do with him. In the army he has had to digest the last sublimated essence of robbery; for in Russia the commander-in-chief robs the generals, and the generals, after their degree, rob the colonels, and the colonels rob the majors, and the majors rob the captains, and the captains rob the lieutenants, but all rob the soldier together. Russia presents, perhaps, the only example in history of a country governed by a military despotism, and in which the soldiers have been successfully kept in the same state of slavery as the rest of the community.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Russian officer. His genteel behaviour in company. His very well-bred soul. His orthodox authorship. His convenience as a husband, and freedom as a friend. His contempt of politics. Romantic idea of perfect bliss. Military enthusiasm.

HE is a trim, slim, soldierly, distinguished-looking man; not handsome, or even good-looking, but nice. He is shaven to the extreme of neatness. His clipped moustachios are faultless. The general elegance of his exterior is indisputable. His uniform is astonishingly well made. His manners are charming. He has none of the cold, haughty reserve towards civilians which characterizes the Austrian officer. If you shake hands with him, he gives such a courtly yet cordial squeeze, that you might fancy his very well-bred soul was in his warm agreeable fingers. In society he is delightful. His conversation positively sparkles with good sayings, and is interesting, from its gay profusion of the most apt and well-told anecdotes. His courtesy is winning to a

degree. He apologizes more readily and gracefully for the most trifling accident than any gentleman in Europe. You feel positively under an obligation to him for having inadvertently trodden on your toe, or inserted his elbow in your ribs in a crowd. He is so accomplished a linguist, that you would inwardly confess he speaks your own language better than you do yourself. All languages, indeed, seem to come natural and easy to him. Then he is a traveller, and such a traveller ! He speaks with equal familiarity about the North Pole and the Tropics. He tells you precisely what you wish to know. In a few pungent sentences he raises a picture in your mind of any place or person, a picture of such finished and perfect accuracy, that time will try in vain to efface it. He is certainly not a literary man, yet he is said to be the author of one of the most remarkable pamphlets of the day, and his information on literature is astounding. He knows the policy and public men of every state in Europe thoroughly. He has dined with them, and he knows more about them than you and I, who have lived familiarly with them all our lives. This is not pretence or fanfaronnade ; his knowledge is perfectly submissive to good taste ; it is never brought forward intrusively, but it comes at the first call when wanted, and it is perfectly sound. He would tell you something new of Lord Byron, or of your own brother, which would put his character before you in a different light to any in which you had hitherto considered it.

From the intricacies and oddities of the British constitution to the last raw theories of the newest republicanism in Germany, and the private opinions of Rudolph, the fifty-second hereditary Margrave of Noodleland, everything is equally familiar to him. He has not the smallest prejudice on any subject whatever. You cannot argue with him, his ideas are so fluent, and appear so reasonable when uttered, that panting dissent toils after them in vain. He appears to have considered every scheme of government which has ever attracted the attention of mankind. He believes that of Russia to be the best. He does not quarrel with you for thinking differently, if you really do so. Every man may enjoy his own opinion, and he respects yours, though he cannot partake of it.

Such is the dazzling surface of the character of many among the higher classes of the most extraordinary people in the world ; but go deeper, and you shall marvel at the low depths of its infamy and disgrace, the completeness of its rottenness and corruption.

He is an incarnate falsehood, a backbiter, with malicious intent, a most notable slanderer. He has no high and inspiring creed, no soul, no heart ; but he has the jargon and seeming of them all. He utterly despises and sneers at the honour of women. He would connive at the shame of his wife, his sister, his mother, or his child, for his interest or convenience, without the smallest scruple. He would dishonour the hearth of his kinsman or best benefactor, by means which should send him to the galleys. He would commit a burglary unblushingly, if it was not likely to be brought home to him. He would cheat at play. He would dexterously pick the pocket of his mistress in folding her to his breast. He would receive the wages of crime from her without a pang. He would poison her mind till it became as black as his own. He would give her aid and counsel in the slow murder of her husband, if any gain were to be got by it.

His philosophy is pure materialism ; he does not believe in anything but the present moment. His idea of the last crowning glory of human ambition is to have £50,000 a-year, and live at Paris. Whist, opera-dancers, dinners, suppers, music, dancing, and wit ; his notions of perfect happiness do not go an inch beyond. Though an unrivalled diplomatist, and as clever as Brunnow in acquiring popularity and influence under difficulties, he secretly votes the whole thing a bore, and would be much rather left alone to shine in his own way. He knows far too well the nothingness and uncertainty of place and power to covet it very much. He would rather be a philosophical looker-on, always having the last news from the best sources, however, and hand in glove with everybody, so that he could just pull the strings of political puppets now and then, and make them dance for his amusement. In other respects, he would take no more interest in public affairs than the Marquis of Steyne or Lord Lilburne.

He acts upon precisely the same convictions at Sebastopol as in Paris. He covertly laughs at the whole thing ; he does not really care two straws about the issue of the struggle, except so far as it may some day affect his social position in Europe as a Russian officer. For the rest, he despises alike as fools those who are fighting with him or against him. He knows the commencement of the bother was a mere personal pique between two old men, or a political pretext for doing something which was excessively hazardous. He has not a grain of military enthusiasm ; but, if a poor or an obscure man, he welcomes the war readily enough, as a possible means of personal aggrandizement. As for the danger, he neither thinks or cares much about it. What is the use of living, if you cannot have £50,000 a-year, and live in Paris ? The rest is all bosh !

CHAPTER XXII.

The French officer. His loveable nature. Fondness for finery. Varnished toes. Large cigars. Prudent abstinence from breakfast. French reason for refusing an invitation. His liberal opinions. He makes a friend of his own brother. His lively sensations in female society.

HE is a curiosity of vanity, *bonhommie*, and contrivances. He is at once lavish and self-denying—of a ticklish honour, yet of easy intercourse. The great leading-star of his life is finery ; I do not mean mere finery of dress, or a simple love of baubles, but finery in everything—finery of idea, of language, of manner. He thinks in his heart that Napoleon I.'s proclamations to the army are the finest things in literature. He believes in wealthy marriages, in rank and fortune acquired suddenly. He will even act in youth often under the strong impression that he himself will be among the fortunate. Debt is rather a glory than a disgrace to him. He is even apt to give himself the credit of it when he has been too prudent to incur the reality. He is very polite and good-natured, but equally sensitive. Do not

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judge of him by his light, easy, odd, careless philosophy. It conceals an extraordinary earnestness and depth of character—a quick sense of every beauty or sorrow in life. He will profess the loosest and most corrupt ideas, wrapped up in an epigram that will almost make an Englishman's hair stand on end. In reality, his heart is as pure as a child's, and as gentle as a maiden's. He may be even pious, though he would not own it on any account; and he has a boyish pride, to his dying day, in giving himself out for worse than he is. He is a great stickler for appearances before the world. He will have varnished toes, though he japans his own boots; and cigars, though circumstances render it prudent for him to dispense with breakfast. He would, I believe, refuse a dinner simply because he was hungry; and he would be certain to act with excessive coldness and hauteur if he felt his heart weakening towards any one who offered him a benefit. He will profess the most large and liberal views on politics, but he would entirely decline to put them personally into practice. He is incapable of intention to deceive on this or any other subject. He merely deceives himself. He is delighted with the finery of republican phrases and arguments, also with the hazard of expressing them at the present crisis. But—and do not forget this—he is eminently an aristocrat by nature. Equality in France only applies to commercial clerks and bagmen; and even they wish it only to include the classes above them. The students of the Quartier Latin, indeed, appear to act as if they wished it sincerely, but it is only in appearance. They have no objection to place themselves on perfectly equal terms with a *grisette*, but they would absolutely refuse to sup with her brother, or to be on friendly terms with a waiter anywhere, but at a *café*, or a *restaurant*.

The French officer understands the art of living agreeably better than any person whatever. He looks upon his pleasures as necessities; and no more grudges the price of them than that of his food or clothes. He considers that a fair share of his income belongs naturally to theatres and dominoes. He is never haunted by remorse for having so applied it. He loves to live gaily out of doors, and he will do so, to whatever privations he may have to submit at

home. No man is more unselfish in his pleasures, or has a clearer idea of social ties. He would not hesitate for an instant to give his last franc to a mistress or a friend ; and he passes at once into romance and dreamland, when he thinks of his family at home. He has an unspeakable tenderness for his mother and sisters—the loftiest, most indulgent love for his wife—the most perfect respect and propriety of conduct towards his father, and his brother is usually also his friend and comrade.

He has especially the happy art of making something of nothing, and good out of all things. He was born an excellent tailor, a tasteful dresser on small means. He has a happy knack of putting on old clothes which quite conceals their age and infirmities. He knows more about the proper entertainment for moustachios than an Austrian ; and his gloves are irreproachable, though he may long have made up his mind to renounce the hidden luxury of stockings.

He is admirable in all departments of drawing-room conversation, persiflage, and ladies' small talk. Immediately he draws near a lady, indeed, there occurs a most visible change in his manner and bearing. He feels himself on the stage of his dearest triumphs. He begins to brighten up and sparkle. He becomes interesting, almost affecting, in his grace and gallantry. He flirts without offence, an art to which other men can hardly attain ; for flirtation is as natural to him as a certain shyness and awkwardness towards stranger ladies in an Englishman. His conversation is positively a cure for hypochondria. It is so shrewd, clever, and worldly-wise—yet so light, polished, and airy. He can jest without wounding, and set even a rival at his ease.

I am afraid he is a little given to exaggeration, from that love of finery in language which has been already pointed out ; but he would scorn a lie, and you may place a trust as implicit in his word as in his friendship. One of his great weaknesses is, perhaps, a meretricious scorn of small appearances. This seduces him into a thousand follies ; to be lavish with a slender purse, and to give where he would find it wiser to receive. He has the most nervous dread of shame and ridicule. He would sooner be stabbed than

sneered or laughed at ; and he has not very correct ideas about that which is ridiculous and that which is not, so that the absurd scorn of a fool would pain him as much as the reasoning smile of a wise man.

He is a materialist in speech, but in speech only—for his secret soul is filled with all the burning phantasies of romance, and the loftiest aspirings of ambition and chivalry.

He hardens and even becomes morose in misfortune, but he overflows again with philanthropy and kindness at the first smile of returning happiness.

He is the very model of a soldier. Brave amongst the bravest, fertile of stratagem and invention ; indifferent, or even proud of suffering and hardship. Military fame is as the idol of his worship. The charms of the most delightful life would not weigh with him a moment against the chance of a glorious death—a name in history. He is alike merciful in victory—undaunted in defeat. The happiest *camaraderie* and confidence exists between him and his superiors or inferiors. He is not gagged and cowed like a British subaltern ; and if he thought he had a bright idea, he would state it to the commander-in-chief without the smallest hesitation, and it would be received without any feeling of impropriety on either side. He has the rare art of blending an easy and useful familiarity with the most perfect respect. There is a more cordial and affectionate brotherhood among French officers than among ours ; there is no tuft-hunting or toadying the rich among them. He is active, daring, a good forager, and a good cook. He thoroughly enjoys all that is enjoyable in a campaign, and knows how to seize passing pleasures as they fly. He will put a bottle of wine in his pocket, and some paper *cigarettes*, join a comrade, and extract a night of songs and gaiety out of the dullest guard-house, or the bleakest bivouac. He has no longings after tea and comfort and clean shirts. He looks upon soldiering as the noblest pursuit in life. This is enough ; his vanity is interested, and he is sure to follow it ardently.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Zouave. Is a braggadocio. Prophetic face. Charming credulity.
Le soldat Fr-r-r-r-çais. His dislike to discipline. His devices.
Unthrift and charity.

HE is a small, fine-featured man, rather loosely put together. He has that expression of face which prepares you at once for any cool, intrepid, harmless piece of impudence. I say harmless, for among friends he is soft-hearted as a woman, perhaps more so. He is a braggadocio, but full of kindness, and devoid of envy. He will believe of others, stories to the full as marvellous as he relates of himself; and give them entire credit for any species of impossible adventure to which they may lay claim. His mind is at once shrewd and imaginative, yet singularly free from suspicion. The stupidest trickster might win his faith and deceive him; and do so even with subsequent impunity, for he does not know what it is to bear enduring malice. In spite of this boyish simplicity, however, he is unmatched in invention and resources. He would live, and live well, where ingenuity itself would starve. He would succeed, where wisdom and experience incarnate would fail. He is brave to rashness, unselfish to chivalry, unexact, good-humoured, ready to oblige or assist others to a degree that is inexpressibly graceful and winning. But he must be humoured, for he believes in himself, and if you put him out, he will begin to talk about "*Le soldat Français, voyez-vous,*" and then nothing in the world is to be done with him till he is pacified. A word, however, will pacify him. I believe a single kindness would touch his generous heart, more than years of wrong, injury, or ingratitude.

He is a curious study, but the more you think of him the more he will amuse you, and the more you will learn to love and admire in him—the reckless, provoking, gallant, sharp-witted dare-devil.

He is the good-humoured despair of his officers. He will submit to no discipline, and he defies punishment. In fact, it is a positive temptation to him to do wrong, even where

there is no other. He is a grown up *gamin*, a street boy dressed in man's clothes, and longing to forget his dignity, and have a game at pitch-and-toss, or leap-frog. He is an artful dodger, masquerading with his tongue in his cheek, and laughing at the company.

He has a strange, wild, rakish, good-natured face ; the longer you look at him, the more you believe in his good-nature, and doubt of everything else about him. He is dirty to a degree, and even slovenly, except at particular times, when his dress becomes strangely attractive and brilliant. His immense moustaches are rusty from want of care—one turns up, and the other turns down. If you are a person in authority, he will begin to twirl these when you talk to him, as a ready resource to cover his confusion at being detected in some escapade. He is always in a scrape, yet you cannot be angry with him—that is altogether impossible ; for his troubles are as absurd as those of an Irishman at a fair, and his doings, however reprehensible, are sure to be mixed up with some irresistible piece of fun, which absolutely strikes you speechless before you can begin a reprimand. While you are preparing to speak to him in a voice of thunder, he suddenly chokes you with laughter at his keen wit, or astounding unconscious impudence, or his consummate acting of absurd contrition.

You internally acknowledge that your dignity as a commanding officer can only be preserved by biting firmly into your cigar, and retiring, as promptly as possible, to a place where you can conveniently give play to your risible muscles, without bringing discipline and the interests of the service into open contempt. The rogue understands this perfectly, and in spite of his assumed bashfulness, nothing is so reassuring to his mind, when he has been at any mischief, than a summons into the actual presence of his commanding officer : he knows that the game is won then, for it would be a shrewd colonel indeed that caught him tripping.

Though a ready and useful soldier when any real fighting is to be done, he is quite hopeless on parade. He has a genius for anything you like, except the theoretical part of his profession. Perhaps he knows, far too well, what cam-

paigning really is, to attach much importance to it, and secretly votes drilling and reviewing a bore of no common magnitude. He would do anything in the world for an officer who knows how to lead him ; but drilling and orderly conduct are really too much for him.

His dwelling, whether tent, or barracks, or hovel, is a perfect marvel of muddle and strange contrivances. He has none of the neatness, precision, and art of stowing away things, which usually characterize a soldier or a sailor : when he has done with anything he throws it down and forgets all about it, though he may want it again ten minutes afterwards. He will apply things in the most remarkable manner, and without the smallest regard for the purposes for which they were intended : he would think nothing of drinking brandy out of a powder-flask, and keeping ammunition in a saucepan. He would carry a cutlet in his turban, and a pair of shoes in a basket, without the least idea of unfitness of place in either case ; and his vanity would prompt him to give away cutlet, shoes, basket, and all in mere gaiety of heart, and to show his excellence as a forager.

He is wonderful as a cook, tailor, cobbler, washerwoman ; but he usually applies all these gifts for the benefit of anybody but himself. To please a *vivandière* or an officer's wife, who knows how to manage him, he would sit up all night, and give up a *petit souper* to mind her baby. He would turn carpenter, blacksmith, housemaid, for her, with equal energy, good will, and success. He would risk his life to cull her a nosegay under the enemy's guns, or to bring her some coffee from a shop in Sebastopol.

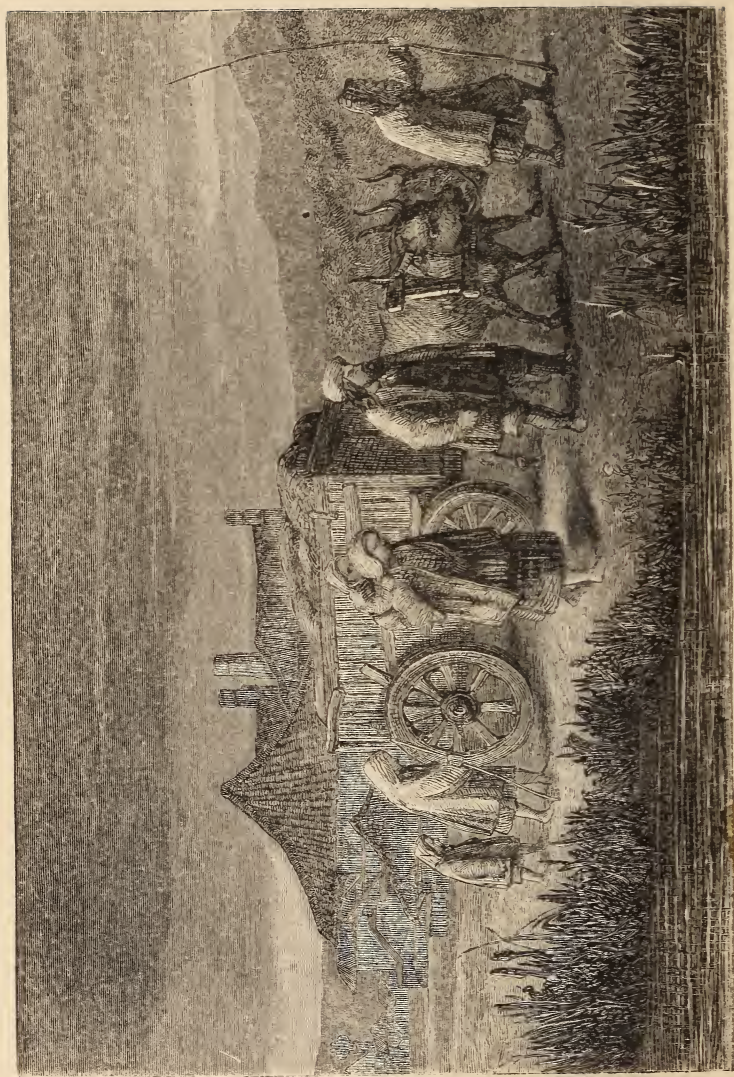
Going into Sebastopol, indeed, is his favourite exploit just now. It is idle to attempt to look after him, so he disappears in the most mysterious way, whenever it suits him. He dresses himself in some Russian uniform, found on the field of battle, and joining some deserter, with whom he has contracted a sudden but affectionate friendship, they lay in wait, and bide their time. When there is a sortie, they join the retreating Russians and enter the town with them. If they are interrogated, they feign to be drunk or stupid ; their Russian companions get them out of the scrape, for

many of them return sound and unharmed with some indisputable trophy of their daring ; but many others, probably, fall victims, in some way, to such inconceivable temerity. It would be a stern man, however, even for a Russian, who could hang a Zouave ; and it must be a bad business, indeed, if he could not satisfy anybody who could speak French, of the purity of his motives, and, in all probability, turn his intended punishment into a reward. The tales they tell about themselves, indeed, when they do come back are far more extraordinary than all the stories of Baron Munchausen put together.

Respecting the rights of property, a Zouave's ideas are not quite correct : he would steal anything to eat or drink, in an impudent dashing sort of way, without the smallest compunction ; but then he would walk twenty miles through a bog in a snow-storm to return it, if he found out afterwards that he had stolen it from anybody entitled to his peculiar sympathy, or if his feelings became subsequently interested about them—or, perhaps, even for a whim. He likes brigandage more from the danger and bravado of it than from any substantial advantages which he may hope to reap ; for if you meet him with his hands full of no matter what, that he may just have become possessed of at the most dreadful risk, his first object and anxiety appears to be how he shall get rid of his burden, to set out again immediately in chase of something else. If any one has ever shown him the smallest kindness, he will pay it with the most surprising magnificence. For a pipe of tobacco supplied to him at some forgotten time of need, or for a drop out of a brandy-flask, he would return a casket of jewels snatched from a general conflagration in a town given over to plunder. When he has conferred a benefit on anybody, he is apt to disappear with great agility, or even perhaps to do or say something offensive, in his anxiety to avoid thanks ; and he would never thief with such determined perseverance as when foraging for a sick Englishman : “ Car ces Jean Boule, voyez vous, ça ne sait rien ! ça ne sait pas s'arranger comme nous autres ; ça ne sont que des zenfans, puis ça nous zaime ! cré nom de chien comme ça nous zaime ! ”

I think I see one of the rowdy, kind-hearted little fellows





THE DESERTED VILLA.

now. He is the guide, philosopher, and friend of a towering guardsman—for your Zouave is aristocratic in his ideas and predilections, so that he will seldom be seen to consort with the common troops of the line. Both Guardsman and Zouave are proud of their intimacy, and take every possible means to display it, though their conversation is utterly incomprehensible to themselves or anybody else : it consists in eccentric but fruitless sallies into the English language, on the one side, and into the French on the other, each friend obligingly translating, into his native tongue, what he supposes the meaning of the other friend may be, the first speaker confirming the translation with the promptest and most social approval. Our little friend looks up at his gigantic companion with an air of admiring solicitude and protection that completely beggars description. His baggy red breeches come down so low, from want of braces, as almost to hide his legs ; his blue jacket flies open in well-studied disarray ; and his immense turban is cocked so much on one side, that it is a wonder how he keeps it on. He wags his hips martially, as he struts along with his little nose in the air, and his little white gaiters on his little feet, a yard apart from each other. He has no consciousness of being ridiculous, and he believes, with all his stout little heart, that the eyes of the world are fixed on him and his acquaintance—as, indeed, they are.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The deserted villa. Results of the Stubbleian diplomacy. Glorious war. Ruined homes. Murdered youths. Deserted maidens. As flowers fade so beauty withereth. Madness. Apathy. Mere tears. Despair. Pride. Fanaticism. Piety. Poor child. The scattering of a hoard. Finery in tatters. The silent harp. The houseless fugitives.

THE soldier's heel smote harshly on the marble floor, and around him was desolation, fresh-wrought, terrible. Men of blood strode through the chambers drunk with wine and pillage. The mirrors had been torn from the fretted walls, and flung down in fragments ; the windows had been broken ; the

floors were littered with costly things destroyed in mere wantonness. Some flowers, offerings may be but a few hours ago from love to beauty, were dashed down and sullied, crushed with the vase that held them. Yesterday their loveliness vied with the tints of the rainbow, or the bloom upon the cheek of joyous youth ; now they have become loathsome, a poor mass of earth and foul and colourless decay. A few hours ago there may have beat the heart of some hero among our foemen, who would have held each stained and withered leaf even now more precious than a gem of price,—precious for the sanctity it had gained by being touched but for a moment by the honoured hands of an angel maid, or having slept in glory on her bosom. Since then, the hero may have been struck down by a wandering shot in battle, and he whose very presence was a joy to his kindred and his beloved, who was the incarnation of manly strength and comeliness, from whose lips poured the lofty enthusiasm of his heart in words of music, whose high impetuous valour had bid him to the battle as to a festival, lies now perhaps with hideous face upturned upon some hard-fought spot of ground, the vulture feeding upon his heart, and the vagrant dog howling his requiem as he scents the rich prey, and speeds to it at a slouching furtive gallop from afar.

Where is the maiden who perchance so loved him ? Is it she they call mad in yon distant fortress, and who weeps and laughs by turns so wildly ? Is it she—startled, wondering, stony, motionless, frightened of herself, knowing something fearful, ignorant of what, gazing with strained eyes into horrid vacancy ? Is it she who lays with her fair head bowed on her mother's breast and weeps silently ? or is it yon girl with the hard, cruel eyes, who speaks so briefly and with accents so stern and repulsive to all who come near ? or is it she who cannot bear the light, and who sobs all day long, rocking herself to and fro in some cheerless chamber ? or is it she who has gone forth with garlands in her hair to the dance and to the banquet—her white lips quivering only when she hears envenomed words of feigned sympathy from those who envied her with vulgar hatred—such a gallant captive to her peerless charms ? or is it she of the flushed cheek, who rejoices with the fierce proud heart of an

Amazon that her lover has gone down sword in hand, rather than that he bore to her the cold and shameful story of defeat? or is it she, the gentle yet heroic woman who tends upon yon white-haired sire so devoutly, and bids him raise his bowed head for the sake of those that are left, who, when she weeps, sorrows in secret and prays convulsively to be strengthened that she may be able to hold on bravely in the course of duty?—she, the pious lady, filled with such beautiful and sweet affections, with such devoted and self-scornful love!

Where is the infant who last slept in that little cot which now lies shattered among the weeds of the ruined garden? Did it sicken and die even as its mother bore it in hot haste and with such frantic caresses through the poisonous air of the winter night—through the bleak bog and over the tempestuous height, and by the festering marsh in the silent hollow? Was it forced at last from her feeble arms, and trampled down in the crowd of the flying and panic-stricken?

Why was that little hoard laid by so carefully in yonder rifled writing-desk, yet forgotten on the near approach of danger? Was it slowly gathered, piece by piece, by some simple, grateful mind, hoping to return again with usury the gift of kindness? Was it the savings of skilful prudence, or the peculation of dishonesty? Was it meant as a love-gift, or a legacy, or to be spent in the noble cause of charity, or for some festival ornament or long-desired pleasure? What matters! it is now scattered wide enough; another proof of the vanity of human wishes when they build upon the dim to-morrow.

On what gay gala-days has that poor finery fluttered which now streams in shreds from a battered casement, after having served for the masquerading whim of a rude soldier? What fair hand last touched the notes of that broken piano? what loving fingers lingered among the chords of that silent harp? Alas, for those who drew tones from the lyre and listened to the lay!

Go and seek those that remain among wailing widows and hapless orphans—among the maimed who lie groaning in hospitals—among ruined fugitives on lonely roads

—among despairing wretches who have faltered and sunk down by the wayside—among the cold, the hungry, the sick, and the houseless ! Then say what you think of the Bacchanalian orgy going on in their ruined home, and how long the better spirits of our age and time will urge on mad wars, of which horrors such as these are but a common and unnoticed episode.

CHAPTER XXV.

The road. A lake looking like wild ducks. Famous results of the Fiddle-de-dee mission. Reasonable delicacy recommended to the British traveller in gratitude for the benefits bestowed upon him by that musical man. Tatar English. Judicious defence of a postilion.

FROM Varna to Dervena is a sharp ride of three hours, and in Bulgaria post-horses cost two piastres and a half each for every hour. A calculating public may therefore cast up this simple sum for itself ; it must also add a bachsheesh for the souroudjee or post-boy. The length of a Turkish post hour is about four miles. Over good roads it is easy to travel six, or even seven miles an hour ; over bad roads it is sometimes impossible to exceed two miles. The distance from Varna to Dervena is five post hours—we did it, as I said, in three, going at a hand-gallop during the last ; and there are less pleasant things than a scamper with a Tatar and six wiry ponies over the fat lands of Bulgaria. The road from Varna to Dervena stretches away by the borders of a lake, which looks monstrously like wild ducks, though we saw none. We started, however, several fine coveys of partridges, and some hares. I was told, also, that we need not have gone far to find some bustard. We did *not* go, however, because we had no guns, for as we were subsequently to pass through Austria, and we knew very well what state of things the famous mission of Lord Fiddledee had contrived to bring about in that country, as far as Englishmen are concerned, it was useless to incur the certain loss of a favourite fowling-piece on the frontier.

If that vivacious and singular diplomatist should ever meet his deserts, it will be possible to make a rare sporting trip through Bulgaria, the Principalities, and Hungary. As it is, the British traveller will reflect, with pride and gratitude, that he is able to add another to the many obligations he lies under to the musical elderly person who looks after his interests in Austria ; though both prudence and delicacy will probably prevent him endeavouring to add to the list, lest he should meet the fortune of so many English gentlemen who have had to deal with the Austrian authorities during the agreeable sojourn of our harmonious mission. Now, such a result would be overwhelming, and any well constituted mind would of course shrink from it.

We met long trains of waggons on the road, carrying provisions for the army ; they were all drawn by bullocks, and looked weird and barbarous, creaking along in the morning twilight, with the still solemn lake sleeping beside them. Now and then we passed a British or French officer coming down from Bucarest, and more or less knocked up. There seemed to be a good deal doing to strengthen the sinews of war in these parts, and certainly there appeared no want of activity. What was done, however, was said not to be very well done. There was a talk of haste, and wild-goose chases, and previous neglect ; and many folks grumbled, so that I need not.

It was painful to notice, as we rode on, the bare and deserted state of the country, even by the highroad side. We went for miles and miles without seeing a sign of cultivation, or a human habitation ; the solitary little village we descried at rare intervals seemed lost in the wilderness around. If the curse of God hung over the land, it could scarcely seem more desolate. The footprints of the rude soldiery of bygone days, who have swept like stormy torrents one after the other over these fertile plains, have left their deep marks everywhere : the exactions of Pashas, the insecurity of property, melancholy misgovernment, have done the rest. Hope and energy have been palsied from out men's hearts ; for who would care to sow, knowing that he should never reap a harvest ?

Heart alive ! When we think of what all that tawdry

splendour was made, which we read in books once belonged to the court of Constantinople, and remember how it was wrung out of breaking hearts, and whole nations and countries brought to such an abject extreme of ruin as this, even anger and contempt can hardly find words to speak of it.

The post-house at Dervena was a low rambling wooden building, situated in a very likely place for snipe. We found some agricultural-looking louts crowded together in a hot, foul room, quite air-tight. They were all stewing together, after the approved Turkish roadside coffee-house fashion ; and I am by no means sure that I have not seen the guests of Tom and Jerry doing much the same sort of thing in Britain.

It was not certain that we could get anything to eat, and we therefore addressed our Tatar on the subject with the liveliest anxiety.

" I say, Tatar," cried the youngest of our party, " can we get any breakfast ? "

" No, sare, you not I get sometings," replied he, with a little of the pride of craft.

" Well, but you are a wonderful man ! "

" Yes, sare."

" In every sense of the word," continued his tormentor, who delighted in puzzling him.

" No, sare."

And we did get something : it was a sausage,—the hardest, and the strongest, and the toughest I ever ate ; a sausage to which the famous and mysterious composition of Bologna was easy eating. Things, however, appeared to be cheap here in spite of the war, for we only paid six piastres, or about a shilling, for our breakfast, with two piastres added for the coffee. The post on for the next stage (six horses) cost sixty piastres.

As we were going away, another Tatar rode up, and haughtily demanded our horses. I was half disposed to yield, not knowing but that he might have business of moment ; but one who knew the country well immediately feigned the greatest and loudest indignation, when the claim was at once abandoned.

By the way, into what a state of moral degradation a people must have sunk, when everything is to be done with them by bullying, and nothing without. A man would get knocked down without parley anywhere else, for conducting himself as he is often obliged to do in Turkey. Hence the absurdities of the Eastern nabob, which provided so many scenes in the comedies of our grandfathers : what was necessary in India, was impossible in Britain.

"De postman he not know him noting, sare," said Reesto, our Tatar, apologizing for the discussion we had just had with his fellow craftsman. "De postman he not know him noting;" by which he meant to say, that if the postmaster had been aware that we were slaves of the Padisha Bashee, Sir Hector Stubble, he would not have dared to see us interrupted, which I think very likely.

"All right, Reesto; never mind. How many days shall we be on the road?"

"To-morrow mornin's veek come in," replied the Tatar, explicitly, and with much gaiety of manner. It was obvious that Reesto considered English as the language of languages, and that his was especially the right way of speaking it.

From Dervena to Pravida is a gentle ride of about three hours; but the only persons we met on the way, though the day was fine, were a company of tall, stanch Bulgarian women, going out to labour in the marshy fields near Pravida. They were dressed in bright red jackets, and looked at a distance like a detachment of British grenadiers. We were expecting a shout of welcome, therefore, from some old acquaintances; but these bouncing Bulgarian beauties only showed a white line of teeth, stretching across their bronzed and rich-complexioned faces, and they smiled at us in a kind, homely way, as we went scouring along the plain, a sight, maybe, for gossip. I use the word scouring as expressive of speed; for the fact is, as we approached them, my bran-new Turkish bridle broke, of course, and the wrong-headed little Bulgarian pony on which I was mounted immediately changed the boring, dreary pace at which we had been going for the early part of the stage, and carried me into Pravida at railroad speed.

It is a dirty, straggling Turkish village, and the few houses I entered were miserable one-roomed huts, though the ample hearths and bright fires told of the inhabitants of a cold country, who had long learned a salutary respect for their national weather. The villagers were mere agricultural boors, with no apparent individuality about them. We could get nothing to eat; but, after a diligent search, we *did* find a pipkin in which we made a decoction of tea, which we drank with much inward rejoicing and comfort.

We had intended to get on as far as Shumla by a sort of forced march, but there was no moon, and night overtook us at Jeni Bazar (Newmarket), a place which was recently astounded by the residence of Lord Cardigan and the gay jackets of the 11th Hussars. The approach to this place was over roads so fearfully bad, and the night was so dark and rainy, that our horses fell down about once every five minutes on an average (sometimes oftener). At last, I, who had astonished my doctor, at Constantinople, by detailing to him the plan of my intended journey, suddenly lost consciousness, and fainted from fatigue.

After this it was quite as prudent to dismount, as I could no longer hold up my horse. Luckily we were on the outskirts of the village, and a Bulgarian peasant was at last aroused to accompany us with a lantern to the Khan. I was obliged to lean on his arm, and we had not gone many steps, in a style fitter for St. James's-street than a Turkish country road, when another great hulking fellow loomed up through the darkness, and tried to pull my arm away on to his own, aware that a bachsheesh would probably go with it. I should have allowed myself to be transferred quite passively, but his proceedings happened to catch the eye of Reesto, who promptly thrashed him away from his hold. He contrived, however, to steal my pocket-handkerchief, with singular address, before he disappeared; and I am sure I should have been compensated richly enough for the loss if I could only have had an opportunity of seeing what he did with it afterwards.

At last we stopped at the Khan, having been just fourteen hours on horseback, and had the satisfaction of learning

that if we had not come by Pravida, which is two hours out of the road, we might have reached Shumla with much less fatigue.

We were tired enough, as has been said, but some coffee, and half an hour's sleep, before our supper of fowl and pilaff, soon set us to rights. It was fortunate we snatched our rest so cleverly, for we had scarcely done supper, when a military friend, posting up to Bucarest, broke in upon us with shout and halloo, and spoilt our night's rest with news and pleasant stories. We all sat down together, I remember, grinning and begrimed—rather wet, rather tired, but with a power of drinking tea with brandy in it such as I have seldom seen equalled. We disposed of it out of a pilaff bowl, till our faces shone again with steam and honest satisfaction.

Between three and four in the morning we were plashing on through mud and mist for Shumla, where we arrived after a fatiguing ride of four hours. The Khan here also was a wretched place, with several hulking, armed barbarians hanging about it. We had the usual difficulty about breakfast, though the postmasters are compelled to furnish food to travellers. At last we got a curious composition of rank dried meat and onions. There was still the resource of tea, however, and some capital milk.

We rode from Shumla at last amid a perfect storm of shouts and quarrelling about the horses; for all the posters on this road have been cruelly overworked lately. One of ours fell down while being saddled, but his master kicked him up, and it was not till the poor brute fell down a second time that he was exchanged for another.

We were so badly mounted, that our horses knocked up completely at a village about two hours from Rasgràd; but we found capital quarters for the night in a peasant's hut. The poor people were very kind to us, got ready a bright fire, and an excellent dinner. We had minced beef, with slices of bread baked in the gravy, some fat boiled fowls, some pancakes, and a capital dish of forcemeat; then we had some sherbet made of grapes, and wound up as before with some tea punch, after which we slept by the fire in perfect fairyland. I recollect half opening my eyes

once or twice, in the snug hut, lit by the uncertain glow of the wood fire, and on shutting them, being just conscious of a feeling of delightful repose altogether indescribable.

On again, between three and four in the morning, and by the light of the moon for Rasgràd.

Our Tatar banged the postilion a good deal during this stage. "To mend it goan, sar," as he said. The fellow took his beating with much judgment and philosophy, only exposing the toughest parts of his person to the lash of his assailant. But how the natural spirit of a man must be cowed before he could submit to blows, on all occasions, in this way.

In all well-governed communities the natural hope of gain is usually found sufficient motive for a poor man to serve a rich one, because he can insist by law on being fairly rewarded for his labour ; but in the countries of the East, a poor man has no honest chance against a rich one, and therefore will only serve him under fear and compulsion : apparent superiority in these countries is so often allied to almost absolute power, however, that nothing is refused if commanded stick in hand, or performed without it.

As we approached Rasgràd, there were a good many signs of cultivation, and of the improved value of the land, which was very rich. The boundaries of different estates began to be marked by very well-made hurdles, and there was generally a trimmer air about things here than elsewhere. Stopping at a village, however, we went into a hut, where burned a fire, to light our pipes, and were startled by seeing an old woman baking bread, in a state of perfect nudity.

The lights of Rasgràd showed a long way off through the grey of the morning, and the near approach to the town was very pretty. Passing through the gates, we met some old women walking before carts drawn by two oxen. Each carried a long staff or wand in her hand ; they looked wondrously like the witches of an elfin tale.

As for Rasgràd, it appeared one vast armoury, and the lusty ring of hammers, and the glowing forms of burly smiths, were everywhere ; and the roaring furnaces, with bare-armed prentices running to and fro, showed briskly through many an open doorway.

The post-house, however, was a shocking little den of filthy discomforts, and nothing could be got to eat there. We had also quite a negotiation about horses. We watched its progress, amused enough, while the armed men piled up the wood fire for us,—the high-capped Tatar sugaring our tea.

We passed away from Rasgråd into a vast plain, fit to be the battle field of a world. It was covered with flocks and herds, with many signs of agricultural wealth; but there were no houses, and the people crowding together in towns, and flying the open country, gives evidence enough of the unsettled state of the laws.

We met here long trains of baggage-waggon of the Turkish army. They were all drawn by bullocks, and straggled away over many a mile, in a manner unmilitary enough. My companion, who had witnessed the Russian occupation of the Principalities, could not help contrasting the arrangements of the two armies: I need hardly say how much it was to the disadvantage of the Turks.

So we went rambling along with our souroudjee before us. He was dressed in thick felt boots, with leather over-boots, a short dark brown frieze jacket, light brown braided breeches, and a sheepskin saddle, with the wool turned outwards. A gay coloured handkerchief was bound round his turban, and a short wooden pipe was stuck in the nape of his neck.

After all, we were only travelling with our guide and pack-horses, in the manner in which folk travelled in England scarcely a hundred years ago; and many a sign over a village alehouse, in far-away places, commemorates the existence of the British "Pack-horse." We stopped at a pleasant Bulgarian village on this day, and entered one of the houses to lunch. It was full of women and children; a pretty half-civilized crowd. The hut seemed only one room, and that a poor one; but having nothing to fear from us, one of the women soon opened a little concealed door, and crept through it on her hands and knees. It led to a large apartment beyond, where a bright fire was burning, and there were many signs of plenty.

Here we ate some cheese and eggs. When we asked one of the women what was to pay, she smiled, and said, "Sen

bilirsen " (you know). We gave her about a shilling, with a handful of small Turkish coin, to the children. The air of comfort and abundance about the place was quite cheering.

At night, we slept at a Turkish village, at the house of the Aga, and the next morning rode into Roustchouk.

This town is prettily situated in a charming valley, shelving gradually down for several miles. The approach to it in summer must be positively enchanting ; but now it was almost impracticable. The streets were absolutely a lake of mud, and to me there hardly seemed a fairly habitable house in the whole town.

I confess I could not take leave of Bulgaria without a very much worse opinion of the Turks than I had acquired in Asia Minor, or the Greek Islands. Even charity itself forgets indulgence, in contemplating a people whose pipes and ignorance have brought one of the richest countries in the world naturally to such a deplorable state as this : while tawdry overpaid pashas, a shadowy building Sardanapalus at Constantinople, and the great diplomatist of Navarino and Sinope, are rejoicing thereat.

The whole of this splendid province, with the exception of a mere patch here and there in the neighbourhood of some considerable town, looks as if fire and sword were constantly sweeping over it. It bears the mark of the violent Man's hand everywhere, and of the ruthless hoof of his horse. Where his brand has not stricken, yet the fear of it has dismayed men's hearts, and crushed their energies. There they sit beside their beggared hearths in stupid apathy, knowing how worse than useless it would be to arise and go forth.

So where the harvests should be springing greenly, where the mill should be turning on the breezy heath, and the homestead smiling by the road-side, where the mart should flourish, and should rise the palace of the prosperous, the wind wails only over a marshy waste, where the wild goose and the bustard wing their heavy flight, and the plover calls.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Danube. The author is uneasy in his mind. Discourtesy of the waves. Their marked inhospitality and intrusiveness. A Wallachian postchaise—agricultural purpose for which it appears to have been constructed. A traveller's troubles. Misinterpretation of his agonised request, and his final mummification. A dark night. A groaning post-boy.

THE passage of the Danube cost us a ducat, or about ten shillings, and we were glad to escape from the comfortless filth of Roustchouk on any terms.

We passed over to Giorgeva in a sort of barge with six oars, and I should think that the passage was often very dangerous at this season of the year. We escaped indeed, with a severe ducking, but I must allow that my mind was by no means easy with respect to the security of our conveyance upon several occasions. The current was not only strong, but the wind set dead against us, and in the middle of the stream their allied forces whirled our heavy boat about like a cockle-shell, and the waves swept over us in the most uncourteous way possible; once also we got the heavy swell of an Austrian steamer as it passed down the stream, towing boats laden with provisions for the Turkish army, on its toilsome way to the Crimea.

However, we arrived in about an hour at Giorgeva, dripping and bedraggled enough. Two Austrian officers on the shore immediately addressed some questions to us, I forget what, but I remember well how pleasant and homely the well-remembered Viennese accent sounded on my ears.

There is a capital hotel at Giorgeva, and we might have had excellent quarters there, but the weather was so comfortless, that on the whole we decided it would be better to push on to Bucarest at once.

In pursuance of this design we ordered post-horses, and after waiting for about an hour, three small wooden trucks, each drawn by four small ponies, came rattling to the door. They appeared to me to be some species of agricultural conveyance for manure, and each of them was filled with short

rotten straw, that it was difficult to imagine answering any other purpose. On learning that they were Wallachian post-chaises, in which we were about to perform a journey of fifty miles, we could scarcely conceal our dismay and astonishment. We could easily have jumped over them backwards, but to ride in them without being nailed to the loose boards, and these, being tied on to the axle, and this again to the post-boy by a cord, which secured also the horses, seemed impossible. A wheel indeed came off while one of them was clattering up to the door; but nobody seemed to pay any attention to this circumstance, and it was soon put on again.

At last we started—but I cannot describe the journey; how, after five minutes, which nearly dislocated every bone in my skin, I implored the postboy to spare my life; how he interpreted this agonized request into an angry command to go on; how he did go on, till I was nearly choked with pain and laughter; how subsequently I crawled out quite mummified, and leaving my companion (who had learned to sit more judiciously than I had been doing), to proceed on his journey alone; how I dragged my discomfited steps back to Giorgeva, and finally obtained a better if a slower carriage; how I passed an endless black marsh, through moaning winds and rains; how my new coachman was a dreary young fellow, who stopped the machine every two or three minutes to ease his mind by a most unearthly groan and shudder; how I was apprehensive that he was attacked by the cholera, and that he would drive me into a bog, where my cap, resting on the surface, would tell the snipes only of the fate of the solitary English gentleman; and how, after twenty-four hours of positive suffering, my melancholy driving boy bumped me over the streets of Bucarest into the excellent hôtel de Londres.

The fact is, travelling in these countries is really a serious business, and I do sincerely return thanks to Providence for my safe arrival at the Wallachian capital. A man who goes from Bath or Manchester to London nods pleasantly to his brother who went there yesterday, and tells his wife to be sure not to wait up for him, for that he shall return by the

mail train, which will not arrive till such o'clock at night. So away he goes, and nobody thinks about him.

But here the parting from a dear friend must be often very touching, and it is small wonder that it has supplied such exquisite food for song and story. Perchance the traveller who last passed over the same ground incurred serious peril to person or property.

The brother of the adventurous gentleman may have left his home for a short journey, and been never seen again alive or dead ; all can realize the perils of the enterprise on which he is about to embark. There are rapid rivers to be crossed, and undrained marshes, and mountain precipices. There are the dangers of flood, and fell, and faltering steed ; of sickness where there is no help, and of those numerous bands of robbers, who form quite a recognised class of the population of the country. So it is, that a journey of a few score leagues in an uncivilized land is almost as hazardous as a voyage from Britain, in search of the north-west passage. But enough.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Capuan Bucarest. The worst of Murray's hand-books. Sweeping censure by an unknown individual. Christian policy of Russia. Registrars of small scandals. Consular frankness. My friend's acquaintance. A very honest man who was a judge. He insists on the usual bribe. Selecting a verdict. Confusion in the world's affairs created by the smallness of the Grey family. Charming anecdote of a French statesman.

IN the worst of Murray's handbooks some dull contributor of routes has said, "Bucarest is the residence of an English consul, and the most dissolute town in the world." He prudently confines his remarks, however, to a few lines, and I am much inclined to doubt if he was ever there at all.

Such a statement occurring in a book, which Mr. Murray's name has introduced to the public notice, is almost as mischievous, as silly and untrue. It is precisely one of those calculated to create stupid international antipathies,

and to further no other purpose under the sun. The fact is, there are no most dissolute or least dissolute places in the world : mankind are very much the same everywhere ; and we shall find quite as much wickedness, if we care to go in the mud to hunt for it, in the county of Middlesex, or the department de la Seine, as in both the Principalities put together.

The Wallachians seem to me, who am living among them, as kind-hearted and as simple a people as any I have ever known. There is a naïve and delightful good-nature about them ; an unostentatious courage, and a patience under great national affliction, which it is quite touching to witness.

The Principalities, notwithstanding their long connection with Russia, are perhaps the most loyal portion of the Turkish dominions : yet the game which has been played with them for generations, was positively diabolical. The policy of Russia may be easily summed up. It was a deliberate and wicked attempt to depreciate the character of the whole Rouman race. It worked wholly by corruption and sinister influences. It not only connived at the foulest public abuses, but it absolutely supported and invented them, even when no end was to be gained by it.

It is needless, however, for it would be as tedious as unprofitable, to enter into this question. The Foreign Office must understand it well enough now, and the public can see by the issue of it.

In mere light, sketchy pages like these, I can only speak of the social character of the Wallachs, and to that I am bound to bear the very highest testimony. All well-informed strangers living here unhesitatingly concur in it.

One gentleman of great repute, who has lived here twenty years, told me but yesterday, "I have heard a great deal of evil about Wallachian society, but I certainly never knew of any." Now this is precisely what may be said of any capital in the world ; and those who keep a register of small scandals, and then publish it, will not shake the faith to be attached to the evidence of such a witness as this.

I suspect the corruption of manners which has been so impudently charged, especially against the Wallachians, will be found almost wholly among the men in office, who all

belong to the Russian party. There is great mismanagement of the public money ; but we must not forget that Wallachia has not only the curse of being a Turkish pashalik upon it, but, to all intents and purposes, it has been hitherto under the blasting influence of Russian rule also. Such a deplorable state of things, such a government, and such a "protectorate," probably never paralysed the good energies of any country in the world, at any time which I can call to memory.

The highest offices of the church and state were sold openly ; and sold on such terms that their honest and pure administration was impossible. Anything like constitutional opposition (though the Principalities had constitutions), anything like patriotic resistance, or effective remonstrance, against the worst of the worst things which might happen, was out of the question, as it was sure to incur the severest penalties which could, by any stretch of the law, be applied to the case.

The prince, or the Russian consul, who meddled in every thing, sent at once for the offender, and told him frankly, "If you do not alter your conduct we will ruin you"—and they did so. They employed people to bring the absurdest claims against the object of their dislike, and the decisions of the courts were always against him. They violated the privacy of his home, and interfered with his domestic relations ; they sent policemen to his house, on frivolous pretexts, at all hours of the day and night. If he left the country, which he probably did, in despair, it was not difficult to find out where he went, and he was still worried and watched by the Russian authorities.

A friend of mine knew a very honest man who was a judge. Having a cause, however, of some importance to bring before him, he called on him with the customary bribe. The judge at once refused to accept it ; but it so happened that there arose some delay in the matter, and, a few months afterwards, he had occasion to call again on the judge, who now grown warm in his office, had altogether changed his opinions, and bargained for his honour with all the coolness of a practised huckster. He also assured his visitor that the sums he himself was obliged to pay the authorities over

him rendered honesty impossible. In a word, if he were just he must lose his place, if corrupt he could keep it.

It must be remembered that these are not random statements of current scandals, they are facts, I have received on the faith of some of the first gentlemen in the country.

So the gay, splendid, easy Wallachians cultivated the light study of French philosophy, and shrugged their shoulders with wonderful good temper at what could not be helped.

If one Boyard was so unfortunate as to be at litigation with another, each knew perfectly well that a decision in his favour could only be obtained by bribing the judges, and whoever bribed highest was sure of any verdict he selected, wholly irrespective of the justice of his claim. It was satisfactory to know this beyond dispute, because it enabled a man to arrange with his adversary at once. He had only to consider the amount which would be required for the purpose of influencing the court before which the affair would have to be brought, and then reflect if the value in dispute were lesser or greater. There was no alternative.

An officer in the public service who received only a salary of five hundred ducats a year, as salary, was indeed very well understood to make ten thousand ; but it must by no means be forgotten, that the price he paid for his situation in the first instance, was also based on these emoluments. A petty official, who was enabled to measure the public lands by a false measurement, and then dispose of them by private contract for almost any price he pleased, was by no means the insignificant person he seemed to the uninitiated. His friendship was precious, his alliance as honourable as that of a French farmer-general in the eighteenth century.

It is not very long since the government of every state in the world was almost a like marvel of iniquity. Who does not know how Walpole and Newcastle packed the House of Commons? What was the conduct of Lord Castlereagh in Ireland? and were there not, but a very little time ago, men still in office who had been colleagues of Lord Melville?

The infamy of a government, however, is no argument for the depravation of a people. There are men in the principalities as honest and high-minded as Hampden and Falk-

land ; women who have acted a part in beautiful unwritten episodes of history, as noble as that of Lady Rachel Russell. Men who, in times of cruel public trouble, have passed calmly into beggary and exile for the sake of truth, and who have laid down their lives with a heroism as lofty as that of More.

Men must not be charged with participation in evil merely because they are too weak to resist it, and see no present means of help ; or ladies be brought to shame for the lively doings of a few milliners and actresses.

I believe, that the generally-received ideas about the Roumans must have come from Constantinople. In that case I can understand them. It must have appeared singular to the masters of Turkish harems, that there existed even within the empire of the Sultan, a people whose women did not require to be imprisoned into chastity ; and who could actually mingle among men at dances and banquets, keeping themselves pure in thought and deed. They were unable to grasp a fact which appeared to them so remarkable, and which the warm inclinations of their own ladies, whenever accident placed them for a moment at liberty, had taught them to consider at variance with one of the first laws of nature.

Anastatius Hope tells a story of a Turk who made the most inadmissible proposals to the wife of an English minister, because he saw her dancing at a ball. The Turks who came to Bucarest brought the same ideas with them. They knew nothing of distinction of ranks among women, or the purifying influence of education, for they themselves often married their slaves ; and, whether slaves or not, their women were utterly untaught in all arts save those of the kitchen and the harem. In all countries there are women who set themselves up for sale without passing into bondage. The Turkish pasha or tax-gatherer, who was sent into the Principalities, soon became a rich man, so that it became by no means remarkable that discreditable negotiations of this kind should be opened with him at Bucarest, as certainly as they would be in London or Paris. Yet we should be astounded enough to hear a Turkish ambassador libel English ladies merely because he had received an ill-spelled letter from Miss Merritoes, of the Theatre Royal Victoria.

But, somehow or other, it always happens that we are slow to apply to other cases the lenient rules which appear to hold perfectly good in our own. It requires some one every now and then to cast up the log for us, as it were, and set us right about our neighbours. I shall be glad, then, if anything I have written may remove the foul stain which vulgar ignorance and ungenerous credulity has dared to attach to the name of a whole people.

I confess to a peculiar affection for the Wallachians. Perhaps none of the many various and conflicting races scattered over the vast surface of the Turkish empire, are more curious and interesting or so little known. It is positively heart-rending to witness the melancholy state to which they are reduced. Let us hope that whenever negotiations for peace shall be fairly on foot, something may be done for them. One is sorry to see, however, that in one of the articles of that puzzling Vienna treaty of December, a commission was appointed to inquire into their affairs, composed of Count Buol, M. de Bourquenet, and no less musical a genius than Lord Westmoreland. Of course, we can have nothing to do with the official appointments of foreign nations; but most persons will make an indignant protest against Lord Westmoreland having any power in another matter of which he can possibly know nothing.

There is a gentleman at Bucarest who should certainly represent us in this matter, if we have the smallest regard for our national character or the abstract interests of truth. A gentleman whom twenty years' acquaintance with the affairs of the Principalities has qualified with a varied experience; a man of clear views and sound intellect; whose influence and popularity in these countries is only equalled by his rare merit, and stainless integrity.

But, then you see, his name is not Grey, nor is he in any way connected with "the family," which makes his employment in diplomacy out of the question! It is a sad thing for the interests of mankind that "the family" is not larger! Suppose every sensible man were required, by law, to marry into it? Perhaps we might get on then!

The Wallach has not the arrogant howling nationality of the Greek. He is simply a quiet, modest, reasonable man,





who says—"I do not much care under what government I live, so that it is even a moderately good one; but I am unable to understand how my affairs can be arranged and my house set in order by three elderly gentlemen who have never even been to see it, and perhaps hardly know how to spell the very name of *Bucarest*. I also rather object," he adds, reasonably, "to my affairs being discussed at Vienna, where the voice of Russia, now terribly hostile to me, will be sure to have undue weight."

The truth is, however, the Wallachians are unknown. Their country offers little of interest for the virtuoso and the mere tourist. They have no representative either in London or Paris, where their fate is being really decided. Perhaps it would be much the same if they had; for one of their best men tells a charming story on this head. He went to Paris for the purpose of laying the real state of affairs in Wallachia before M. Guizot, then the secretary for foreign affairs of the citizen king. After some difficulty, he obtained an audience with the minister. M. Guizot talked to him without interruption for just forty minutes, setting forth his own ideas, and then dismissed the Wallachian statesman without hearing a word he had to say.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The joyous city. Difference between two historians. Author's apology for not entering into it with sufficient acrimony. The snow makes a respectable burgess with a blue nose. A waking-up pipe. Inglorious death of "a jolly fellow." Nature follows the example of the late Sir W. Raleigh. A new subject of polite conversation. The author's mistaken idea of a late administration. The sky goes into half-mourning. A refuge for destitute visitors. Clubs where a lord may meet a poet with impunity. The author supplies valuable instruction for calls and conversation.

M. KOGALNITCHAN and Mr. Wilkinson, the two best writers about Wallachia differ respecting the origin of the name of *Bucarest*. According to the former it should be spelt *Bucuresci*, and means the joyous city; the latter says simply,

that it was built on the site of a village which once belonged to an individual named Bukor.

I am not prepared to enter into this dispute with that vivacious acrimony becoming a man of letters, treating a subject on which few people can set him right, but personally I confess, I incline rather to the opinion of M. Kogalnitchan, for the capital of Wallachia is, I verily believe, the liveliest place under the sun.

For my part, I think cold and gaiety go together. Hungary, Poland, Russia, Sweden, all the northern countries indeed, are as merry as can be on every possible occasion, while the warmer climates seem to have nothing more amusing than standing about in balconies, and looking out of window.

I came home from a ball some time among the small hours, and now though it is but eight o'clock in the morning, the look-out from my bedroom is quite strange to me. I do not appear to have been introduced to it in fact, and eye it with the suspicious wonderment of a child before a dissolving view.

My neighbour over the way, whom I remember very well, yesterday morning, a dirty hulking fellow with mud boots up to his hips, has become quite a respectable burgess in appearance. His nose is blue, his cheeks are red, he is clean and brisk as may be. His wife, the slatternly down-at-heel female whom I perfectly recollect floundering disconsolate about her premises any time since I came down here ten days ago, seems positively braced up, and hardened into a buxom body enough.

Ah! it is the snow! I understand it all after I have rubbed my eyes, and smoked a waking-up pipe. During the five or six hours I have been asleep, the ornamental upholsterers and decorators of nature have been at work so stealthily that they have quite taken me by surprise, and there lies their dazzling handiwork four inches thick on my window-sill.

Well, I am agreeable; we shall have some sledging in a day or two, and after all I shall witness one of the merriest national pastimes here.

The snow is indeed the most welcome of visitors. Yester-

day the mud lay a foot deep in the streets, and it was quite a nice matter to sit in a carriage without digging your elbow every now and then into the ribs of any gentleman rash enough to act on the belief that there would be a vacant seat beside you. In point of fact, the vacant seat was altogether a delusion and a snare. The largest carriage was not large enough for the smallest individual ; in the course of less than five minutes he infallibly went bumping over every part and portion of it. He knocked his elbow in the most uncompromising way against the apron-hooks or the window-sills, according to the nature of the conveyance. I had personally to deal with apron-hooks, and very exasperating they were, especially when they got hold of my funny-bone, and gave it a tug more than ordinarily severe, as we tumbled through a rut deeper than usual.

Also I heard a story on the faith of an Austrian officer awfully arrayed, that a party of soldiers sent on some service or other to a village, not an hour's ride from Bucarest, actually got bogged in the mud, and were obliged to be drawn out by oxen and ropes. I heard likewise, upon credible authority, of a drunken man, who fell down and was smothered, and died in the mud before he could be rescued. In a word, there is no end to the stories I have heard about the mud, and I am very glad to see that the clerk of the weather has taken example by the late Sir Walter Raleigh, and thrown down a very elegant white cloak to shield the steps of the queens of Bucarest from its profanation.

There is another advantage about the snow, which I am sure will be appreciated by every lady and gentleman in good society, it will supply the readiest and most lively topic of conversation for many days. The talk about the mud was nothing to it. It will cut out the mud as completely as Mr. Blank cut out his colleagues (in every sense of those words) of that wonderful Dash administration, which astounded mankind a year or two back.

Besides, the mud was such a dreary affair. It required a robust and energetic cheerfulness of constitution to get the smallest hilarity out of it. If you tried the most modest of jokes on the hateful subject, the ladies cast down their eyes on the pretty dresses fresh from Paris (as most things are

here indeed, from gloves to manners), and reproved your unreasonable attempts at levity with a sigh that was quite excruciating. The sky also did not add, by any means, to the popular pleasantry. It was usually of a dull, heavy, half-mourning colour, and appeared to be made to order for the customers of Messrs. Somebody & Co., of the funeral establishment, in Regent-street. I am told, however, that we shall have the merriest weather in the world now, when the snow-storm ceases ; and I feel inestimably grateful, not only for having something to talk about, but for the improved means of transit, in going from house to house to say it.

By the way, what a convenient resource those neutral topics of conversation are to the wisest and wittiest. The rain, the wind, the mud, the snow, the sun, the showers, all those valuable items which go to make up that glorious whole, "the weather." I look upon them as so many refuges for destitute visitors. They are half-way houses, where one can nod good-humouredly to the dullest intellect, and hob a nob with it without being obliged to ask it home to dinner—clubs where a lord may meet a poet, without being promptly required to read the latest and most incomprehensible edition of his works.

A judicious person, who will only give himself the trouble to collect a small stock of approved puns on this subject, may pass for a wit all his life on the strength of them. The joke about the heat, which did the most arduous service last year, may be brought out again quite fresh this summer ; for perhaps there are not half-a-dozen good things ever said which can be remembered twelve months by anybody but a professed diner-out. All an intelligent talker about the weather will have to do, therefore, is not to bring out his stock of July goods in December, which would infallibly spoil all.

In truth, however, the most original genius wants a good ready serviceable subject of conversation for strangers. It is impossible to run wildly up to a man and ask him bluntly what are the "four points" of those mysterious and puzzling treaties negotiated by his Excellency Lieutenant-General the Earl of Fiddlededee, at Vienna. You cannot tell a lady briefly that you have called on her for no other

purpose than to be asked to her ball next Thursday, because Mrs. Titania has told you she was going there. You cannot abruptly say, "Hunks, my boy, I am going to overdraw my account a few hundred pounds next week, and I shall not be able to pay up again till next rent-day, or the week after." You cannot say plumply, "Sir, I have come to ask you why you have been turned out of the ministry, or if there is any truth in the report that your brother is to be dismissed from his command in the Yellow Sea."

On the contrary, it is in the highest degree necessary to beat blandly about the bush. The world does not love too much straightforwardness. It prefers to be tickled, and it must and it will be tickled by all who wish it well, or themselves either.

Then again, on the most ordinary occasion, I think I have seen people in the best regulated families who positively appear to lay in wait to catch a talker tripping. Advance the most patent fact, and they bristle up to dispute it. Utter the purest sentiment, and they sneer at it. Be witty, and they are huffed. Be grave, and they yawn. Be friendly or confidential, and behold you will find every word that you say weighed in an unjust balance, and carried a scandalous cheat, perhaps precisely where you are most anxious for golden opinions. One has to deal with so many of these people, that it is positively necessary to be armed at all points in treating with them. To measure words as more precious than jewels, to recollect everything said, and so convict them of wilful and wicked lying when they grow spiteful.

It is not pleasant to go into such companies, the mind gets into a sort of stocks ; but this is not to be helped now and then.

Lastly, if you do not wish to commit yourself with a person whose alliance or good-will is doubtful, a chat about the snow, adroitly managed, will let you into as many glimpses of the heart as if you tried with labour and discordant clank to hammer away till you made a hole in it, on some more compromising and important point.

People very soon understand each other ; and no matter what they talk about, their secrets will peep out if they

concern you, and you watch for them. Who does not remember even the sneeze of the old Scotch wife in the story, whose husband averred himself satisfied with that ambiguous concession, when he was assured that it came from her heart. Lest, however, I should appear to be growing a trifle too obscure for plain every-day people, I will give an example to show what I mean. *Loq.* :—

Judicious Individual.—"A snowy morning?"

Hostile Party.—"Hah!"

Dry ditto.—"Hum! do you think so?"

Cautious ditto.—"I have not observed it."

Caustic ditto.—"Very odd."

Neutral ditto.—"Yes."

Polite ditto.—"Extremely so."

Friendly ditto.—"Very! What a bore! it will cut up the hunting."

Cordial ditto.—"I believe you, my boy; jolly times for boys and snow-balls. Come and look at my new stables, there is a capital place for a weed on the corn-bin, and I want your advice about my little bay mare's off fore-leg."

So on; and a clever conversationist can find out on what ground he stands in the twinkling of a bedpost.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Boyard explains why Britain should be just. He appropriates to his own use an idea on free-trade belonging to her Majesty's subjects in Manchester. He hints at the difficulty of buying cottons without money. The paradise of Jewish gentlemen and purgatory of landholders. We are abruptly asked to establish a free government without paying for it. The Sultan of Morocco; his interests have been disgracefully neglected by the Western Powers. Shocking indifference of the Wallachians about titles. Have and want. Crowded state of the Russian road to honours. The price of knight-hood. The author listens benignly while the Boyard breaks forth in obstreperous panegyrics of the British nation.

BUT how and why should England assist you? The latter is really the question likely to be asked by our plain practical public men. We have sympathy, indeed, with oppressed nationalities, and should be glad if they could better them-

selves in a quiet sensible way ; but I doubt if we are likely to help them without a very sufficient reason.

"We know that," answered the Boyard gravely, "but the question stands thus :—England is becoming every year less and less of an agricultural country, while our people are altogether labourers on the soil. There is no country better fitted in the world to be one of your principal granaries than ours, supposing the free navigation of the Danube and the Black Sea were once fairly assured. The united population of Wallachia and Moldavia is scarcely four millions, and our corn lands could support at least twenty millions. The riches of our soil are almost incredible, yet we had miles and miles of it untilled, while even the hardest portion of your countrymen, the bone and sinews of your land, were emigrating in hundreds of thousands from sheer starvation ; and you spent eight million pounds in one year without relieving the frightful sufferings of the Irish.

"But we have not a manufactory in the land, and we do not want one. We have too much employment on the farm to be able to spare hands for the loom. Almost every manufactured article comes to us from abroad. We import our shoes, stockings, hats, gloves, and clothing generally ; our saddle-horses and carriages, saddlery, guns, and cutlery ; our plates, dishes, linen, and glass ; our furniture and upholstery ; our watches, clocks, and jewellery ; our paper, ink, beer, wine. We import even, I am afraid, our conversation and ideas ; we are made to be friends ; we have what you want and will want, more and more ; you have almost all that we require. Free trade and a sound commercial treaty between us would secure you on the one hand from famine, and us from financial ruin on the other.

"For we cannot always go on buying foreign manufactured goods without selling our own corn. The effects of this war have been fearful for us ; some of the wealthiest of our nobles have been forced to sell their estates, our traders are on the verge of ruin. But for the consumption of the armies we could hardly have held out at all ; this has helped us a little, but only a little.

"Money is at legal interest of only ten per cent., but really

it is hardly to be obtained now under thirty, and that on good security. Who can improve his estate if he is obliged to borrow at this rate? We must soon grow parsimonious, content with the little moneys we can raise from our semi-waste lands, and stand still in a half-barbarous state, while all the world is going on.

“Yet we are not a poor country. If you give us our independence we shall not ask you for a loan to support it, as Greece did. We have money, we have very extensive lands and forests of public right, the annual value of which would be quadrupled under fair management. We ask you only to regulate our form of government at starting; not, by any means, to pay for it afterwards. You might help us, as I have explained, with advantage to yourselves, for you would thus open a new, or at least a more extensive market for the goods with which the warehouses of your manufacturers are gorged; and you might aid us without the smallest sacrifice of any kind.

“Turkey has no rights over the government of our country. She is, indeed, bound most stringently not to interfere with it, however often she may have done so. The relations between us stand thus. We have agreed, by repeated treaties, to acknowledge her nominal supremacy, and to pay her a trifling annual tribute in consideration of being protected against the encroachments of Austria and Russia. We have fulfilled our part of the contract, how she has performed hers let history tell you.

“In like manner Sweden and Denmark, dreading the depredations of the Barbary Corsairs, agreed once upon a time to pay tribute to the Emperor of Morocco. About ten years ago, however, perceiving that the Moors were no longer terrible, they abruptly ceased this tribute, and the nations of Europe held that they did quite right. No Christian ally of the Emperor of Morocco ever dreamed of interfering in the matter, and there it ended. We do not, however, propose to take the sensible course adopted by these powers for a precedent. We will be content to hold by the condition of a compact wrung from us during a panic felt by all the chivalry of Europe in the fourteenth century. We have not the smallest objection to continue

payment of the tribute if we can obtain a guarantee that we shall be no longer treated as a Turkish pashalick, and that the Porte will keep her faith as we keep ours. But Turkey wants money, and we have it to give her. It is the opinion of all our best men that it would be safer and wiser to purchase the quit-rent we pay to Turkey for our country, say at fifteen or twenty years' value.

"We should then become our own masters, and it is the general belief among us that we should be better governed by a foreign ruler. Call him duke, prince, or hospodar, as you will. Yet we have not cast our eyes on any particular prince ; and it is possible, that if the supreme power were only made hereditary in any one of our four or five principal families, the government would work well after the first pangs of jealousy were over. Our young men are all for a republic and a presidency, with other utopian schemes, for which we are by no means far enough advanced. This has injured us ; most of our youth were also compromised in the affair of 1848, and their elevation would be strenuously opposed by Russia and Austria. Our elders are objectionable from very different reasons ; few, perhaps none, have escaped the taint which attached to all our politicians of the last generation. The antecedents of no family or man among us are completely satisfactory.

"Our curse has been the instability of our government. There was always a possibility of overturning the reigning prince, by intrigues at Constantinople, St. Petersburg, or Vienna. There were always plenty of aspirants to power who desired to effect this. Hence the immense influence of the Russian consul, who was always ready to offer the aid of the Czar to that party which promised most ; hence the base system of bribery and corruption, the intrigues and cabals at Stamboul ; hence the fierce jealousies among our principal families. No plain-dealing man could thrive in the country ; to be honest was to remain obscure. We have few public amusements, no clubs, no press, no literature, little education, and no political life worthy of the name ; we have been driven to trifling, gambling, and intrigue ; when infamy seemed the only road to honour, there were enough to take it. We have seen a father receive a Russian

decoration for his daughter's shame ; rewards given for treason at the hearth to spies on their own kindred ; I have heard men of no mean position among us, boast of knavery which should have sent them to the galleys ; you will meet in the stateliest of our houses, men known to have committed burglaries, to have cheated at cards, spies, and ravishers of pure women. Russia tried hard to degrade us as a people ; it is sharp to own that she succeeded, but it is true.

“And so the honesty and intellect of our land cries aloud to you to save us. We love the French : most of our youth have been educated in Paris ; their minds have been formed by the great French authors, and they have been taught to think by her statesmen and publicists ; we love them for the brilliancy of their national character, for their light wit and graceful bearing, for their sparkling philosophy, for their chivalry and valour. But we do not look with more confidence than the rest of the world, on the stability of their government ; we cannot rely on them. France is fond of changing her political agents, and has often disavowed them when they promised us fairly ; therefore, all that is thoughtful and masculine in the land turns to great England, and our statesmen and public men hope in you only.

“Do with us as you will, we shall be contented. We shall have no jealousy of a prince you may choose for us. We submit ourselves blindly to your guidance ; for we have long learned to respect and admire your good faith, and your unvarying honesty. We have read of the simple and manly eloquence of your Commons, till it has stirred our hearts like the call of a trumpet with a silver sound, and its echo will never die away from among us. There are great men in England whom we toast at our banquets, and honour in our homes ; who utter no public word we do not register. May they take compassion upon us, for our burthen is sore. As yet, the worst abuses of our worst governments are suffered to go on. There is a party, a small one now, it is the Russian party, who are interested in supporting them : who still look to St. Petersburg to renew their license to pillage, and our shame ; but the rest of us are listening with parched ears for only one word from you to bid us hope.

If it is spoken, our national troubles will clear away like the mists of the morning."

So spoke the Boyard, as we scudded in our little carriage up and down the *chaussée*, bowing to the fair ladies who drove there in crowds to show their luxury and beauty, and watching the Austrian officers as they rode about in Coventry, no man speaking to them, or mixing with them.

CHAPTER XXX.

The author expresses a singular opinion. Convenient course recommended to the reader. Remarkable instance of national modesty. The author distressingly refers to the weary treaty of Balta Liman and "1848." Agreeable prospect held out to the aristocracy, and becoming contempt for the people. Startling proposal for the abolition of monopolies. Life peerages, and other combustible matters. Raging of the Reform fever, and necessity for quarantine on vessels from Galatz. Disposition of Wallachians to flare up and join the union. Good reasons for raising the value of house property at Bucarest expressed by the inhabitants of that capital. They propose to purchase an allied army, and believe that Russia is passing through a valuable course of study. Their reprehensible project for curtailing a superfluous vice-royalty. Their present violent pacification and wrathful hopes.

THE best way to find out what is really best to be done, in most cases, is to ascertain what the persons chiefly interested appear to want, and then to form our opinions on their own statement of their case, corrected by all we can gather likewise from unprejudiced people.

I will endeavour to sum up, therefore, the questions relating to the Danubian Principalities in as short a chapter as possible, and the reader who does not consider himself interested, or who is disinclined to sit in judgment on these matters, may at once turn to the next. The Boyards, who represent all the education and intelligence of these countries, desire, in a word, a constitution and a foreign prince. They wish to purchase their independence of Turkey, by paying fifteen or twenty years of the tribute at once. They say that Wallachia and Moldavia, joined together under

one government, would make a respectable European state, with a population of four millions.

They desire that the supreme power should be made hereditary. They object to the principle of electing the sovereign, as disturbing men's minds, and wasting the public money. They assert that they shall never be able to agree on the choice of a native prince ; that the nomination of one would only excite dangerous jealousy ; and that there is no one among them fit, by his education or antecedents, for supreme power, or who would be able to secure the loyalty, or curb the license of the aristocracy, or be free from foreign influence and dishonest followers.

A prince of one of the smaller powers, Belgium or Portugal, would appear to suit them best, as least likely to arouse the jealousy of the great powers, and most free from political bias towards Russia or Austria. They do not require a prince of their own religion, but suggest that his children should be brought up in that faith, lest Russia should, hereafter, endeavour to work on the religious feelings of the people, as she has hitherto done. They require a representative system, as most in accordance with the ancient traditions of the country ; for it was not till after the treaty of Balta Liman, that their general assemblies were suppressed, and they preserved a constitution which had many elements of freedom, till the luckless year of 1848, when the rash torrent which destroyed so much liberty elsewhere, swept also over theirs.

They propose to limit the right of voting to the higher classes, as the only persons yet sufficiently educated to exercise it ; all public schools having been abolished since 1848, and the ignorance of the people being as yet deplorable.

They desire the abolition of slavery, and the establishment of perfect equality before the law. Equal taxation ; the abolition of vexatious privileges and monopolies ; the eligibility of all classes to all posts in the public service ; life peerages, conferring a seat in the chamber, as a means of raising the importance of the nobility, who would now be the only class capable of checking any undue assumption of power on the part of the prince. They desire a sweeping reform in all branches of the administration, and that ability

or service rendered to the state, shall be the only claim for office ; a responsible ministry ; a chamber of which two-thirds shall be composed in equal parts of nobles and landholders, and the remaining third of meritorious men, of whom no property qualification shall be required, but who shall not, nevertheless, be paid by the state ; finally, that all persons shall be eligible to vote at the age of twenty-five, and to be elected at thirty.

Respecting the union of Wallachia and Moldavia, they assert that it is the ardent desire of all parties to see those two countries united. In 1817, when the Customs union was proposed, it was carried without a dissentient voice, although it was disadvantageous, on the one hand, to the distillers of Wallachia, and to the trade in cattle of Moldavia. Every man was prepared to sacrifice a private interest for the public good.

Bucarest is proposed as the capital of the new state, because it is the most popular and flourishing town. It has also the advantage of being removed at a safe distance alike from the frontiers of Austria, Russia, and Turkey, an advantage not possessed by Yassy, Galatz, or Ibraila, which have been put in competition with it.

They consider that their safety would be assured by the establishment of a fortress at the mouths of the Danube, which should be garrisoned by British and French troops till they could organize a military force of their own ; for this they would agree to pay, and then, as they differ both in manners and sympathy from Russia, they would oppose a formidable barrier to her encroachment, should she ever be disposed to forget the lesson she is now receiving. Lastly, there would be an immense saving of expense in the establishment of a single government for the two states. Meanwhile, as things now are, the Moldo-Wallachians will remain quiet just so long as they are coerced by foreign bayonets, and no longer. And this is briefly what the Boyards say.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The author becomes excited on the subject of flirtation. His ardent attachment to female rule. An excellently confectioned lady. The line of beauty in eyebrows. A little china pot of complexions, price £5 5s. Stultz makes the man—the want of him the fellow. Advantages of politeness in society. The author professes an orthodox faith in tight boots. Gentleness of rival ladies. Their mutual tenderness. Their great sweetness of disposition; and charity. The author puts on the black cap, and pronounces the extreme sentence of the law on the miscreant sincerity. Risible wretchedness of Corydon and Phillis. A fashionable purveyor of delicacies.

I CONFESS that I look upon a flirt as a public good. We must live a deal on the surface of things if we wish to live pleasantly. We cannot be always having ardent sentiments of strong friendship or sympathy for people we are not perhaps destined to talk to ten times in the course of our existence; and yet the sooner we get on gay gossiping terms with them, when we do meet, the better.

You and I, fair lady, know very well all about each other at a glance. I see that you are excellently confectioned, that you dye your eyebrows with much discernment, and after the most careful study of the line of beauty; that you purchase your complexion at five guineas a little china pot, and that it must be, in short, rather a singular sight even for your French maid to see you pulled to pieces when you retire to your balmy couch at night. On the other hand, you perceive at once that my whiskers are very carefully attended to; that I have my hair made at Truefitt's; the calves of my legs and the manliness of my chest by Stultz or Nugee. We do not deceive each other; and I take it that we really do not pretend to do so. But suppose we agree to treat each other as young people in the first blush of youth and beauty? why it will be a delightful entertainment for us, and nobody will be a loser. Each will have the satisfaction of quietly laughing at the other for an antiquated piece of absurd pretension, while our own personal vanity in our dear selves will be satisfied to intoxication.

Is not all this in far better taste, and more in accordance with the tenets of good society, than snuff-taking and indifference, to say nothing of wrinkles and bald heads. I am all for being young and merry. I intend to take a new lease of youth whenever the old one runs out. I will shave off my whiskers, and black my moustaches, and torture my toes as long as I live. I think it is very natural that other people should do the same.

There are my worthy and estimable neighbours, for instance, on the ottoman in the corner; they are quite as much impressed with the truth of this philosophy as we can be. It is most refreshing to watch their animated conversation; animated in spite of a certain air of sentimental melancholy which seems to pervade it. Those excellent individuals were lovers just ten years ago, and one of them, no matter which, behaved about as badly as possible. Notwithstanding those ten long years, with all their change and circumstance, one of them entered the room with a quivering lip, and an eye which seemed unsteady enough, if you cared to watch it. But the other, an accomplished flirt, saw the game at once, and swooped upon it. The delicious pain is sinking deeply into the heart of the poor quarry now; yet I am much mistaken if it will not turn out a sort of counter stimulant or homœopathic remedy in the end.

Beside them, and in affectionate discourse, are seated two ladies who have hated each other with extraordinary bitterness all their lives. They are sworn rivals and foes. They will positively spit fire about each other at dinner, and philosophical gentlemen sitting beside them at remote ends of the table will think with fear and trembling of the mordant and acrid gall in hostile ladies' hearts. Each of them is now making up a telling little anecdote about the other, to enliven the court, which will bow round her at her own tea-table after the theatre by-and-by: yet sisters who had grown up together, and who had had almost one heart and one mind from childhood, could hardly chat together with more apparent joy and cordiality. Again, there are three gentlemen who have never entertained the same ideas on any given subject, and who are all strong thinkers. They have the very worst possible opinion of each other, both privately and publicly.

They know all about each other, and very much more than is true. Each religiously believes that if the other had his deserts he would be at Jericho, to use the mildest expression ; yet look how those three white waistcoats cluster together, and penetrate the dark secrets of the hearts which beat beneath them, if you can.

Contrast those amiable and lively folk with the dull ones who have not yet learned the delightful art of flirting. With Dumps and Doleful, neither of whom would cast a single look at even the studs in the other's shirt-front for any consideration whatsoever ; who are always sparring whenever they meet ; who are a nuisance to the hosts who ask them to the same party, unsuspicious of their feud, and who, in fact, rather disturb the harmony of the evening by their determination to leave him no longer in ignorance. Compare our frolicsome friends with Corydon and Phillis, who have an unfortunate attachment at which everybody is laughing, because of their indiscreet efforts to conceal that which has been town-talk these three months. If the lady would banish those quick-coming blushes, and her absent air. If she would contrive to answer not quite so much at cross purposes to the mischievous dandy who has been sent by an opposition coterie to harry her. If she would tell Corydon plainly to lead her into dinner, give him her gloves and her handkerchief to take care of without the smallest embarrassment, both of them would pass a most invigorating evening, and nobody would trouble himself or herself any further about them. As it is, look at that little knot of sparkling plagues who have got poor Corydon in the midst of them, and pity him ; for his shepherd wit is no match for the light dashing attacks of those pitiless amazons. I should never be surprised at his getting into a scrape. Perhaps three days hence he will receive by some mysterious hand a passionate note from his distracted Phillis. She will implore him as a personal favour, and as the least he can do to repair the frightful mischief he is now committing, only just to make the grand tour as the only means left of delivering her from the sharp persecution of envious tongues. Twenty years hence, may be, Corydon and Phillis will compare notes, and by that time having learned more of the hidden things

of life, especially with respect to flirting, they will wonder at their own simplicity. Wonder at it, though with a kind of pitying love for themselves, as they are now.

"But, princess, do you vouchsafe me no word to-night? I have watched for a vacant chair beside you almost long enough to deserve one."

"You think the martyrdom of ten minutes' conversation with Madame Zoë sufficient to deserve a smile from me; you value it highly; but tell me, is not the dear countess growing deaf?"

"Deaf! what a delicious calumny; what ingenious purveyor of delicacies has brought it to you?"

"Les on dits."

"Charming tattlers!"

"But did you not notice it yourself?"

"Can I see spots in the sun?"

"Nay, scarcely, when you are dreaming, as you were just now."

"Is it not well to dream in the presence of a cruel reality? Perhaps it would be better if I were dreaming still (the princess is forty-seven)."

"For your eyesight?"

"Which is dazzled; and for my heart, in pain."

"Quel galant homme!"

"One must be rough indeed not to find gallantry beside your highness; and I have been banished from your boudoir an age—these three days!"

"A voluntary exile. Come to dinner to-morrow; I will ask Madame Zoë."

"I will come even on conditions, since there is no perfect happiness in the world; no manna at Bucarest, and no opera in Arabia the blessed; and no peace for the swain who ——"

"There is a leaf from one of my camelias fallen! Poor flower!"

"And happy I. How I watched it flutter to the carpet; and see, it sleeps secure among my tablets!"

"Will you grant me a waltz to-morrow?"

"Do you deserve it?"

"Nay, that would be impossible to knightly worth!"

"Artless diffidence! For which dance do you ask?"

"For which could I ask but the first? Though more than hope can dream, shall *friendship* less require?"

"But I shall not be there for the first."

"I mean, of course, the first after your arrival. The ball will not begin before — to me."

"Do you promise to make a confusion for me?"

"I promise!"

"I accept then!"

So the promise for a waltz is chronicled, as the doors swing wide on their hinges, and the Albanian servants, all scarlet and gold embroidery, marshal us through hall and corridor to the banquet; and the princess and I, being separated in the order of march, may say just the same things over again to our respective neighbours.

Dear lady, am I then so old,

A grandsire to resemble?

You marvel that my words are cold,

When they but fear to tremble.

'Tis well for friendship to be wise,

And summon all his art,

When ladies have such dangerous eyes,

And he so weak a heart.

Blame not the vanquished wretch who flies

A captive's doom or chain;

The doughtier hero who defies

The peril oft is slain.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Jones. His immaculate mediocrity. His consequence. His mysterious mission. His touching confidence in the Austrian-Prussian police. Profitable secrecy. Lord Fiddlededee. His private banker and confidential man. Messrs. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Mr. Jones improves on acquaintance. He is not too clever. He condemns unorthodox things and people. His keen eye for his own interests. His unseen influence on society. He is Mrs. Grundy in blanks.

OUR merry little capital has been much impressed during these last few days, by the important advent of Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones is a British magnate; in other respects truth

is long silent about him, though conjecture is busy. It has been surmised that Mr. Jones is passing through Bucarest for the purpose of taking the command in chief of our armies in the Crimea. Some have been even heard to whisper that his destinies are yet higher, and that he has actually arrived for the purpose of replacing the British agent and consul-general for Wallachia. It has been hinted that he is a contractor on a large scale come to buy up all the food and clothes in the country. There have been meetings among the Jews and Greek corn-dealers, in consequence of the prevalence of this idea; but, in point of fact, Mr. Jones's real mission is a mystery.

His appearance was preceded by electric telegraphs, and special messengers came riding in hot haste with news of him. A boat was sent up the Danube, in spite of the gathering frost, to meet him, and at last this coming man dawned upon Bucarest in two carriages and ten, a travelling cook, and a secretary.

Expectation was on tiptoe, as well it might be, yet nothing transpired of the mysterious visitor. It was known that he was continually sending off despatches by the electric telegraph, and appeared likely to do so till further notice, with that reckless disregard of expense, supposed by foreigners to be so truly Britannic, but which might lead Britons to suspect that he had something to do with the concern. It is hinted, in well-informed circles, that the officer in charge of the telegraph was waylaid, and the contents of one of Jones's despatches extracted from him while in a state of panic from bodily fear. It is certain, at all events, that it transpired. It was written in mystic character, however, apparently, and so only to be read of course by the Austrian and Prussian police authorities, through whom it will be transmitted with touching confidence.

I am happy to be able to give the contents of that despatch entire, as communicated to me by a personal friend, who had bribed the butler of a very important personage to obtain an authenticated copy:—

"1/1/55. B. safe. Fine, frosty; no bother. Mr. C. Trump. No difficulty whatever. Ten per cent. at least,

perhaps more. 36 flannel waistcoats. Kiss Bessy. 5th, Varna."

Such is the whole of this remarkable document, and the sensation it has created among all classes here may be better imagined than divined,—a sensation which has become almost painful, since it transpired that a letter has been received by Messrs. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, from their cousin, a gentleman of Caucasian origin, attached to our embassy at Timbuctoo, and who is very well known to be the private banker and confidential man of no less a person than his Excellency Lieutenant-General the Earl of Fiddlededee.

The contents of this important missive, which arrived at midnight by a special courier, have not of course been made public. Messrs. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, understand too well the necessity of preserving a sacred mystery on all diplomatic matters communicated to them by their distinguished relative, to allow the exclusive information obtained at so much cost to become generally known.

Sufficient that the head of the firm was thereby enabled to call on Mr. Jones, and display such an intimate knowledge of his concerns, that this gentleman immediately found it necessary to take Messrs. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, into his farther confidence.

Couriers were therefore despatched immediately after the interview to Baron Benjamin, in London; to Baron Methusalem, at Frankfort; to Baron Mordecai, at Naples; and to Baron Shadrack, in Paris,—all distinguished members of the great firm of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; but what may be the nature of these communications of course remains a mystery,—a diplomatic mystery, and probably a very profitable one to Lieutenant-General the Earl of Fiddlededee, and the eminent Jewish gentlemen in his confidence.

Meanwhile Mr. Jones improves on acquaintance. He is a broad, square, powerful, handsome man, with a certain collected air and orderly manner of doing things, which is, I think, peculiarly English and imposing. He is not too clever. He has no prickly and uncomfortable ideas. All is smooth and rounded about him. He has a fair knowledge of most subjects,—brilliant thoughts upon none. I should

think that he had never said anything memorable in his life, and would assuredly never do anything great ; but I am not quite sure that it is necessary to do great things, or that genius adds a whit more to a man's social position than it does to his happiness. Perhaps really it is a stumbling-block in the way of both. Mr. Jones has a fair average intellect, which is by far a better thing for him. He knows all the last current news of London and Paris. It requires no effort to follow his talk. It is all on the beaten track and smooth highway. He has an even, easy, pleasant way of telling an anecdote, which bespeaks an habitual diner-out. He converses upon political subjects in an agreeable and moderate manner : he is enabled to do so from the constant rumination of the leading articles in the *Times* ; but if you look for anything striking or original in his remarks, even on the subjects which interest him most, you will be of course disappointed. A man of the world could predict what Jones would say on any given topic ; and when he comes into the House of Commons, as is likely in the course of things, he will be looked upon as one of the most consistent, solid, and safe men of his party.

Look where you will, turn him in your mind how you please, you will find no fault in Mr. Jones, or his antecedents. The more you ask about him, the more you will learn to his advantage. Everybody speaks so well of him that he can hardly be a remarkable man, but he is certainly a most respectable one:

He does not belong to one of those august and *quasi* royal families, whose scions people are always criticizing, and hating, and envying, when they get any of the loaves and fishes. He is in no way connected with the greedy place-hunting gang of the Greys. He is the son, and the younger son, of a poor lord, whose race have made no figure in public life for several generations. As the Honourable William Henry Jones, he belongs to the aristocracy, and cannot be sneered at as a vulgar dog, an upstart, a *parvenu* : but his mother was the daughter of a cotton-spinner, and his uncles are in trade. His father is one of those poor but estimable men connected with the Presbyterian church party, for whom everybody feels a sort of kindness and good-will.

There is a tradition that the seventh Viscount Brownmere behaved remarkably well towards Queen Caroline, and resisted the court faction with laudable though silent energy.

There are those still living who remember that hearty, honest old nobleman, and are pleased to see his son doing well in life,—especially as it is rumoured he supports his sisters, and that he helps on his brothers at the bar and in the army.

Indeed, there is not a more satisfactory instance of the certainty with which political honesty and resistance to unjust things is rewarded in England than the distinguished career of most of the men who took such a forward part against the king in this instance, and the Joneses were not forgotten in the good things which fell so thick and fast on Denman, Scarlett, and Brougham.

Everything goes well with Jones. He sails with the stream, and goes as merrily on to fortune and repute as can be. He has friends in crowds, and a good word and a smile for every one of them. He is never abrupt and preoccupied with abstruse thoughts. He rouses no man's jealousy; he is always affable, courteous, gentle, and well-bred. He admires orthodox things: he condemns those at which the respectable portion of mankind set their faces. He is the oracle of elderly ladies, and the guardian of several young ones. A father could hardly give more excellent worldly advice to his son, than "Model your opinions on those of Jones, and change or modify them at the respectable time he does so, if you would do well in life. Depend upon it, that Mr. Jones and the majority of the world are always agreed about everything. You cannot do wrong if you follow him. If you differ, therefore, keep your ideas a profound secret, and get rid of them for being utterly unserviceable as soon as possible.

"Above all, beware of incurring the hostility of Jones, by thwarting his interests in any way,—he has a remarkably keen eye for them. He is a much more influential man than he seems; and his wife has as good a position and as sharp a tongue as any lady in Eaton-square. If you cross them, Mr. and Mrs. Jones will damn you with an efficacy

and quietude of condemnation which will dispose of you at once without benefit of clergy. You will be looked upon as a person altogether without the pale of good society. You have the bad word of Jones, the quietest, best, most harmless fellow in the world ; or Jones shrugs his shoulders, and declines to enter into the conversation when your name is mentioned,—that is enough. People do not desire to hear more. If they do, let them come next Sunday to one of the most careful and proper dinners in Belgravia. Jones is disengaged then, and woe betide the imprudent delinquent who has offended him, be the culprit who he may,—for Mr. Jones is Mrs. Grundy.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Our consular friends again. The chief of the police. An interesting fact about British subjects in Turkey. A Greek gent. He strikes an officer. He runs away ; and finds an asylum in his consulate. He sheds tears. A British sea captain. His unobtrusive demeanour in a foreign country. Fine instance of energy in a British vice-consul. An agreeable colleague in office.

I AM aga or prefect of police in a town of Wallachia. It is not a very good business as times go. I have no power to repress abuses, or act for the public good, and the safety of persons or property here. The foreign consuls completely cow and override me. It is my opinion that if a foreign subject were to go about robbing and murdering at pleasure, he would escape with impunity ; indeed, foreign subjects have done so, and have escaped.

Some time since, I detected several deliberate attempts to set the town on fire ; many of our houses are of wood, they would catch easily. I forbade smoking in the street ; I found a person infringing this order ; I requested him to put out his cigar. He answered that I might forbid what I pleased to the Wallachians, but he was a Greek. I explained to him the reason of the order I had issued, and again demanded his compliance. He was a more powerful man than

I am ; he struck me, and ran away before the guard could come to my assistance. I am a man of high birth and family, and that blow was a cruel insult ; but I kept my temper. I did not draw my sword on him, as I might have done ; I did not order my men to shoot him down as a Russian, an Austrian, or a Prussian officer would have done. I followed him home, and placed guards at his door. Then I complained to Prince G——, the Russian general in command.

“ If you have been struck in your uniform, and in discharge of your duty, by a Greek, seize the culprit without scruple. A man dare to lay his hand on a uniform ! ” cried the general, his very beard bristling with anger.

Thus authorized, for I dared not have acted without, I returned to the house of the ruffian law-breaker. He had escaped through the window, and had gone of course to the house of the Greek consulate. I followed him, and found him crying and complaining frantically after the manner of his race. The Greek consul refused me admittance, and he quite sneered at any idea of giving up the culprit. So I returned again to the Prince G——. “ If the Greek consul refuses to give up a man who has dared to insult a uniform, take as many of my Cossacks as you please and force his house. If he still offers any resistance, bring him here, consul or no consul.”

At the sight of the Cossacks, the Greek consul permitted me to arrest the man who had struck me ; but still he could not be punished without permission of the Russians. Now it was the time of the stavrophores ; a Russian therefore would hardly punish a Greek for striking a Wallachian. It is needless to say the man escaped.

Do you think the Austrians are any better ? A few days since I was called suddenly out of the theatre by the report of a fire. I immediately desired one of my attendants to call my carriage, that I might hasten to the scene of disaster. My carriage has right of precedence over every other ; I do not often assert this right. It would be absurd on most occasions, but when engaged on pressing public business I am of course obliged to claim it. The way was blocked up by the fiacres of several Austrian officers. Beyond the theatre door was a sea of mud, and it rained in torrents.

“Way for the Aga’s carriage!” shouted my men. The coachmen of these officers knew me very well, but not a man moved. They said they were Austrian subjects, and waiting for their masters. I expostulated, but I had to wade through the mud and rain nevertheless. I took the number of one of them who had been excessively insolent, and I complained to the Austrian authorities. It was only to earn another insult. Do you think that the British consuls behave better? Disabuse your mind of so comfortable an error. Not long ago, there came up the Danube a British sea-captain and his ship. He came for corn, and we were very glad to see him, for lately the corn trade has not been so brisk as it might be for our interests, perhaps for yours. We certainly desired to offer no impediment to his business. I merely mentioned to him that the planks leading from the wharf to his vessel, and over which the corn-porters would have to pass, were insecure. He took no heed of this observation, so I planted sentinels there, hoping to save human life. I failed; my sentinels were contemptuously beaten aside; and when the planks gave way, as I knew they would, seven corn-porters fell into the water, and three were drowned! No effort was made to save them, for the British sea-captain and his crew were drunk. I forbade the captain of the port to allow the departure of that British sea-captain, and I hastened to your vice-consul with this serious complaint. Your vice-consul would have been, I dare say, a most excellent man if he had not had also a most inveterate habit of getting drunk. He was drunk three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, also some hours. He was of course drunk when I went to him. He told me that if I offered any hindrance to the captain’s departure, I must offer him personal violence. I reported these circumstances subsequently to his superiors; I might as well have reported them to the wind.

I acknowledge there is a rough show of reason in all this. It is true that the foreign consuls protect their subjects, right or wrong, and that they have often no manner of judgment or discretion in so doing. Yet still they cannot obtain justice for them. The conduct of our tribunals is infamous. Supposing any one of our public officers is honest,

he is removable at pleasure, and his honesty will certainly tell against him with his superiors. For instance, I am neither more or less than the irresponsible captain of a band of organised banditti. Any Wallachian policeman will take money ; about eightpence of your money is quite sufficient to bribe him from his duty. None but knaves will enter the service. How can it be otherwise ? A policeman's pay is fifty piastres a month, and he is required to find his uniform, which costs a hundred and fifty, out of it. He must steal, and he does steal. I have collected some curious statistics on this subject. I am enabled to say, from personal knowledge, that the Wallachian police commit exactly twice the number of robberies that are committed by the entire remains of the population.

Some time ago, one of my subordinates only stole no less than thirty-seven horses ; he stole them because he merely walked into other people's stables at night and took them out. At last I heard of his profitable employment, and I paid him a visit at his country house. There I found the horses. I asked him how he came by them ; he answered that they all had strayed into his lands. I then asked him why he had not complied with the law, and reported this circumstance to the police. He said he had done so. I asked to see the record. He replied that there was no record, for he had made the communication verbally to himself. So I dismissed him the service ; and not three months after, the same man was again forced upon me, actually as my second in command. He was the tool or the favourite of the minister for the time being. Dreading such a coadjutor, I then resigned myself ; my resignation was not accepted, because nobody could be found to fill my place, for it was immediately after the evacuation of the Russians, and when the Turks were expected eager for retribution, and the squeezing of all who held prominent places. This man remained as my colleague for four months. At last, when his patron went out of power, I was enabled to get rid of him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The author sets out on a fashionable expedition. A sybil. Her shy abode. Our laudable perseverance. A wise judgment of our journey. The author compares himself and his friend to the saviours of Rome. A pig reproves us. A cripple. Her reproaches. Her loftiness. An indigestion of novels. The sybil's family.

I WENT this morning with a man, ripe in years and high in office, to consult a fortune-teller. I was not without some curiosity on the subject, for I remembered well the startling story told by Mr. Lane about the ink mirror of the Egyptian conjurors. It seemed possible enough, therefore, that I might now witness some delusion as remarkable. The large gipsy population of Wallachia also prepared me for an interview with some mistress of a craft which that singular race appear to have practised for so many generations. My hopes were still farther strengthened by the rank and character of my companion, who was perfectly serious in the object of his visit ; and by the practice of consulting diviners which I knew to exist very generally here.

It was certain that the sybil lived in a most out-of-the way place, and that the public faith must have been strong, or she would have had but few visitors. Our carriage was broken among the deep ruts and amazing mud of the road which led to her house ; but my friend was determined to go on, and I had certainly no inclination to baulk him, so we got out of our disabled vehicle, and marched through slosh and mire to the end of our journey. I could hardly get rid of an impression that we were a pair of geese for our pains ; and when we stood face to face, perspiring and bedraggled, before the sybil's door, I think my companion was very much of the same opinion.

The fortune-teller's place of residence was a common-looking suburban cottage ; some ducks were quacking about a sort of farm-yard attached to it, and a pig looked wistfully—perhaps reprovingly, at us through some palings. Like most houses here, it had but one story, and the front room was devoted to the sale of some peculiarly uninviting bread,

and various other uneatable articles of an alimentary nature. This sickly little trade, however, was probably merely a pretence to satisfy the requirements of the police,—a race against which the conjurations of the most powerful magicians appear to avail nothing. The unmarketable stock in trade was presided over by a girl about seventeen years of age. Her appearance was weird and disagreeable; her hair was untended; she looked pinched, soured, and disagreeable; and, with all, there was a certain air of loftiness and arrogance about her,—I think it was produced by an indigestion of novels, and I should have perhaps smiled at it, but that the poor girl was a cripple; and I think I have generally seen somebody very like her in the huts of most old people who pretended to a knowledge of the secrets of fate.

This young lady reproved us sharply for the abruptness of our visit, and for some time declined to enter into any other conversation with us. She was soothed at last by the soft word gently spoken, which has effect on all of us alike. Then we asked to see the sybil. This our betouzed young friend assured us was entirely out of the question. She was so voluble on the subject, however, that we persisted,—for who says too much says nothing.

In the midst of our conversation, a pale, delicate, elderly woman, who had been peering for some time through a half-opened inner door, came in, and stood silently beside us.

“Why will you not see the gentlemen, mother?” said my friend’s Albanian (the usual magnificent apparition of scarlet and gold embroidery); “they are great lords, and will pay you better than the prince.”

“Ouf!” sighed the pallid woman, wearily; “I am ill to-day, and see nobody. Let them begone elsewhere. I have a pain in my throat, and in my back: everywhere I am in pain! Let them begone, now, and come another day.”

“We will not keep you long, mother; and have come very far to see you. I am sure you will not send us away,” said my friend, softly.

But the old lady still hesitated. There was something about her which made me fancy that she had often been

made the victim of those roughish practical jokes of which the Wallachians are rather too fond, and that she wished to reconnoitre us well. Being at last, however, I suppose, satisfied as to the purity of our intentions, she sighed again, and pushed open the door of an inner room. We interpreted this of course as a tacit compliance with our request, and followed her.

The scene in which we now found ourselves was sad enough. Two of those pale, sodden, sickly, useless, stay-at-home men, usually found as invariably in such places as the crippled girl, were sitting curled up on the floor for warmth. The head of one was tied in a handkerchief, perhaps for the mumps. He was a son of the sybil—the other was her husband. The latter rocked a querulous child in his nerveless arms. The child seemed a cripple also.

We passed through this room into another (for the Wallachian houses, though low, usually cover a large extent of ground), where two stout rusty girls were making some of the suspicious bread destined to figure in the front window. Then we entered a third inner room; and this was the cell of the sybil. It was miserably furnished, with a stove, and a high, fluffy, narrow, impregnable bed; a few vulgar prints, mostly cut from newspapers, and two common wooden chairs, between which was placed a rickety table, with a ragged patchwork cover; a child's invalid chair, wanting a wheel, stood bottom upwards in the corner; on the mantelpiece were phials and boxes of ointment, the usual appliance of sickness. Poor woman! it was plain she had a heavy burthen to bear, and bore it bravely. No wonder she tried to lighten it by practising on the harmless follies of mankind.

On one of the chairs the sybil sat wearily down; my friend took his place on the other, and I stood with my back to the wall, smoking a cigar—a mere observer.

The fortune-teller might have been forty; she could hardly have been more, though the traces of much suffering and sorrow had worked quite a network of wrinkles on her face. She was dressed in a plain printed cotton gown, and had a black handkerchief tied round her head. In her ears were silver ear-rings. She must have been handsome once, and of an education and intellect superior to her station.

Her face now wore a mild, wearied, subdued expression ; and if, as I thought, she struggled with a smile as she sat down, it was so lost in the lines about her mouth, that it required a keen observer to detect it.

She began by asking my companion the nature of the business about which he came to consult her, and he told her in a few words. She nodded intelligence, and then offered him a singularly dirty pack of cards to cut. When he had cut them, she laid them out in four rows before her ; in each row were eleven cards.

They were picture-cards ; the person who consulted them being represented by the king of hearts—a blooming young man in a flower-garden. Old men in their dotage ; scowling faces behind grinning masks ; houses on fire ; thieves breaking into bed-rooms by night, and young priests shaven and shorn, offer a considerable margin for prediction. Every card had some symbol painted on it, and lest there should be any mistake, the explanation was written in Wallachian, German, English, and French, beneath. As the secrets of persons who go to fortune-tellers are very much of the same nature, it was easy enough to say probable things when the key-note of a client's mind was once given ; so that her reputation for startling folk was perhaps well founded enough.

It is certain that she surprised my friend. I think even once or twice that she alarmed him. He said she told him strange truths, which she could have no means of knowing. When she had read all the cards before her, she gathered them up, and shuffled them again with much gravity. On the second occasion she laid them down around her in a semicircle ; and on the third, after they had been again shuffled and cut, she placed them in the form of a cross.

This ended the proceedings for my friend. Then she shuffled the cards for me. I told her I came to consult her about a journey,—I said nothing more ; but I am bound to say, she told me very likely things about the future, and more strange ones still about the past. If the former come to pass, as truly as the latter have been, I should see their accomplishment with singular feelings enough.

When my fortune had been told also, we went away, after having paid a ducat for our knowledge. "And so my journey will be prosperous, mother?" said I.

"If it please God," replied the woman, humbly.

The reply struck me; your fortune-teller in England is usually a blasphemous old witch, all curses and horrors. This one seemed as modest and respectful as Mrs. Simple, who lives in an almshouse; and, indeed, it is very notable how respectably foreigners will often follow avocations which among us are given over wholly to the infamous.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Austrian army of occupation. A social war. Energetic conduct of a Wallachian lady. Ladylike hostilities. Christmas time. Austrian officers. Their way of life. A mild refreshment. Omer Pasha. His prospects in life. The hospodar. The luxury of sheets unknown till required by the Austrians. Conciliatory conduct of the Russians. Imprudence of the Austrians. Agreeable state of affairs in the Principalities.

I MEET some Austrian officers every morning at the hotel where I breakfast; but I meet them nowhere else, except at the great crush balls of some of the Boyars. The rest of the Wallachians will positively have nothing to do with them. I saw one of the first ladies in the land, the other day, indignantly toss into the fire two cards which had been left at her house by Austrians. Nay, wonder of wonders, the Wallachian ladies give up waltzing rather than dance with them. The position of gentlemen against whom the ladies take such an active part as this, may be fancied better than told; and the fact is, that Bucarest is the seat of a sort of social war just now.

Yet a kindlier set of pleasant gentlemen than those I meet at breakfast every morning never wore a sword. It is quite refreshing to witness their close brotherhood among each other. Their inexhaustible good-nature—their harmless wit, and healthy efforts to be jolly under difficulties.

It is Christmas time, and now every morning the talk turns on gifts received by one or other of them from the homeland, where they have not been forgotten. Their conversation on such subjects is as fresh and delightful as that of so many schoolboys. I like to hear that pleasant-tempered old colonel bragging of his little daughter's new-year's gifts (which, he adds, with a smile and moist eyes, are such a dear bargain); I like to see the major with the stentorian voice stealthily pocketing his dessert for the grubby little child at his lodgings. The broad Vienna dialect which is spoken or affected by nearly all the Austrian nobles, and their joyous hearty laughter, quite set me up for the day to witness.

The waiters of the hotel, the only people among the natives who enjoy their intimacy beside myself, tell me that these rough soldiers lead the life of so many monks. They are modest in their diet and potations; they make no noise; they attend diligently to their duties, and go to bed at nine or ten o'clock, after, may be, the mild refreshment of a game at dominoes. One or two, indeed, play the piano, or the beautiful zittern, and small parties collect in their rooms to hear them; but there is no shouting or hallooing among them, and a thick cloud of cigar-smoke steaming out of every crack and chink in the door is all that testifies to the whereabouts of their inoffensive gatherings.

Yet, as I have written, the people do not like them. It is said they are haughty and overbearing; but I would remind my amiable friends, the Wallachians, that most folk become haughty and overbearing if treated with open dislike and contempt. I could say a good deal on this subject, and preach quite a sermon about it, after my fashion; but the truth is, it is by no means the real question at issue.

When the Russians quitted the country, there arose in men's hearts an earnest, almost passionate hope, that the whole rotten and oppressive system of their government would go with them. As time passed on, this hope grew almost into certainty among the sanguine; and their disappointment was proportionally bitter.

On the arrival of Omer Pasha, they had flocked with

devoted loyalty to the quarters of the Turkish general. The great Boyars offered to raise an army of thirty thousand men to swell the ranks of the enemies of Russia, and demanded only to be led to battle.

Better or more pliable people never delivered themselves over to the guidance of a statesman. Their misfortune however was, that Omer Pasha is not a statesman. He is merely a brave and able soldier ; and report adds, he had a rooted dislike to any radical change in the government of the country, inasmuch as he himself desired to be made hospodar. I do not state this fact on my own responsibility, I merely give it as a generally received report which has gained currency.

The address of the Wallachians was therefore rejected. Their indignant outcries against all things Russian, as soon as they were free to speak, were heard coldly, perhaps doubtfully ; their offer of military service was declined. A gentleman who had three times revolutionized the country in favour of the Russians was the first person who received the favours of the Porte ; and a prince, who had been certainly guilty of disobedience, if not of treason, whose antecedents were peculiarly Russian, and who represented some of the very worst abuses of a government they had so ardently hoped at an end for ever, returned upon Austrian bayonets. Even the former ministers, who had worked the will of Russia with such complacent diligence, were restored to their posts, and the old system of things was entirely re-established.

Now, it is said that the prince contracted engagements in Austria of the most unfortunate kind ; and when the imperial troops arrived in the country, the Wallachians were only more hurt than astonished at their free-and-easy demeanour, and the amazing extent of their pretensions. Humble people, who slept on the floor in their own houses, were required to furnish sheets and bedding, of which they did not even know the use, to Austrian officers, who showed a most unhappy acquaintance with the use of the stick as applied to the shoulders of contumacious people. Hence arose scenes of violence and disorder. It was currently reported in the country, that in similar brawls, no less than

sixty persons had been slain : and complaint was useless. If any man raised his voice against the demands of the army of occupation, the Austrian officers raised their eyebrows in the most unfeigned surprise, and asked all men to take note of their moderation, and how very little they required of the good things which had been promised them.

Then came a bitter feud. The Wallachians, frantic at the thought that they had only passed from under the iron despotism of Russia to be crushed by the equally stern rule of the Kaiser, determined to protest in time, that all might witness the honesty and determination of their resistance.

On the other hand, the Austrians did not scruple to conceal the disgust to which these proceedings gave rise on their part. While they believed they had been conferring a favour, their mere presence was looked upon as a curse, and they very naturally grew angry.

Now, I have been credibly informed, that such strict discipline was observed among the Russian troops, that if a detachment of them marching to quarters met a common hackney-coach, they immediately opened their ranks and made way for it. If they worried the people by exactions, they took care to do so through the native authorities, and, as far as they themselves were concerned, their conduct was irreproachable. Now the Austrians have no such delicacy. They are thunderstricken at finding themselves in such an unfriendly country ; and when they want anything, they grasp at it with scant courtesy, fearing that it would otherwise be denied ; and thus men, almost proverbial for good-nature, find themselves shunned as violent tyrants—I am afraid sometimes not without a show of reason. The end of it is, that the feeling against Austria in the Danubian Principalities is as strong as in Hungary and Italy ; it can hardly be stronger.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The praise of merriment. The author delicately insinuates that he is personally of a happy disposition. He points out the true reason of Lord Fiddlededee's popularity at the Foreign Office. A popular delusion. The author hints at the dreariness of philosophical *conversazioni*. He becomes egotistical, and expresses some dangerous opinions on fashionable apparel. He finally, however, professes his faith in the entertainments of the aristocracy, and shows the advantages to be derived from them. He condemns the pursuits of literature, but concludes the chapter with magnanimous praise of "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote."

Boys only are outwardly grave, men are not ; or clever men are seldom so. They leave dolefulness and pomposity to Sir Hector Stubble ; to their doctors, whose trade it is ; and to fiddlers, to whom it is a pride, serving, as they think, to show an attentive world that they are not wholly engrossed by the frolics of their office. But you and I know very well, my sensible reader, that the world does not care one button about us, and does not attend to us at all, unless we can amuse it. Each individual is far too much taken up with pleasing thoughts of himself to think of other people, or their airs and graces. In short, then, if we are merry, we shall be welcome, as Lord Fiddlededee at the Foreign Office ; if sad, our friends will have a knack of being out when we call. Beauty will summon round her a triple belt of admiring defenders to keep off a bore when we come within hail ; and even wisdom itself will often look another way, too wise to be wisdom always. No man need make absolutely a buffoon of himself, however, after all, like poor old Fiddlededee ; but this I will maintain, that all who like good dinners must learn to eat them merrily, or at their own expense, which is both a costly and dreary look-out.

It is a popular delusion, that the qualities which go to make an amusing man can hardly make a great one,—that we must choose between virtue and pleasure. I will not hear a word of such nonsense. The really ablest men I have ever met with have been the most delightful in society. I take it, no man was ever truly great who made a fuss about

it ; and experience is very apt to smell humbug when it sees solemnity. Besides, it is a fraud. Every man, woman, or child have their own troubles, and quite enough of them. It is a wearisome and contemptible weakness to worry them about ours. Let us keep our gloom for lonely places, for fishing-excursions, and philosophical *conversazioni* : the world wants none of it. More really sound, sensible things can be done by a pleasant vivacious fellow, who keeps his bodily and mental aches at arm's length, and takes his fair allowance of wine and jollity, than by all the dullards who ever boggled over a conjunction, or croaked at a headache. All this means to say, that we intend to put these theories into practice, and go straightway to take a dancing-lesson ; for here comes the pleasant carnival, with light step and laughing eyes. Some amiable critic was polite enough to say of a certain *littérateur* (I hope it was not me), that he was apt to give mere personal opinions as philosophical views of life. All philosophy, however, is more or less mere personal opinion ; and I doubt vastly if any two single gentlemen or ladies under the sun have the same set of ideas on any given subject. Now I ask no one to pin his faith to my creed. He may do precisely as he pleases, and we shall, I trust, be the best friends possible in either case ; and so these flimsy pages shall be a transcript of my thoughts, as much as Locke's and Bacon's worthier writings were. I shall not win so many readers ; but that, like the stumbling of a sorry hack, is my misfortune, not my fault. Every poet cannot have a Pegasus, nor all lips drink at the fountain of wisdom.

Let me ramble on, then, and put on my easy garments in my own way. If they do not fit so well as a Paget's or a D'Orsay's, perhaps they are more comfortable, and my philosophy is, not at least to add stays and tight boots to the inevitable inconveniences of the small banker's account and long doctor's bill we must most of us put up with.

I love and respect a man, woman, or child, who has a hearty, honest liking of running abroad to other people's houses. I believe it to be as profitable as pleasant. Hark to the light wisdom and sparkling wit of yon gentleman and lady who are chatting through their waltz there. Neither of them could be persuaded to open a book on any account.

Why should they learn to squint, in order to find out the thoughts of some troublesome elderly person who would probably not be received in good society? And yet the last news of the electric telegraph is stale to them, and they could either of them talk more agreeable good sense about Shakspeare and the musical glasses, than Mr. Knight and Lord Westmoreland put together.

Some dunce once said that there was no royal road to learning, and the dull thought has been echoed often. But it is a greater fallacy even than most dull thoughts are, and all are fallacies; for it is a fallacy even to think dully. The royal road to learning is as broad and straight as the long walk from the statue of George the Something to Windsor Castle, and as pleasant. It is visiting.

Therefore, if the judicious reader desire to be really well informed, he will positively have nothing whatever to do with books and libraries, or bookish people. They are all more or less mere cracked enthusiasts, who twist most things merely their own way, and it is not the right one. They have a mental squint, in short, as well as a bodily one, and they are certain to fall foul on all who see straight and healthily. So if you truly desire to be a light among your generation, buy a remarkably neat brougham, or the carriage which may happen to be the very last delight of fashion. Cultivate an affectionate intimacy with your tailor, who should be a grave, judicious, long-established man, living anywhere within three minutes' drive of St. James's-street, the Rue de la Paix, or the Herrn Gasse in Vienna. Carry on a delicate flirtation with an amiable lady who devotes her intelligent leisure to the study of shirt-fronts. Call your glove-maker (of course after a proper introduction) by her Christian name; and do not forget to give a finger to Mr. Gradelle in the privacy of your own apartment, when he comes to inform you of the last exquisite fashion in boots. Your hat should be regulated on the most careful study of side effects, and you may employ the delicious half-hour between sleeping and waking of a morning, in gently reflecting on the shape and colour of your next waistcoat.

Having thus improved your mind, and made your appearance acceptable at "any court in Europe," as the historians

say, just hand your visiting list for the day to the best coachman you can possibly find, and away.

Away, elk-like, and feast on the brains of other people. Drop in on personages who are likely to know most of the popular subject. It chances so often that you will acquire a wonderful fund of information on the utmost variety of things, and with the least possible trouble.

Listen agreeably to people who know they are coming out strong, perhaps giving you, in a few pregnant sentences, the whole results of a life's ardent study and sobered experience. They will have no end of good-feeling for you in return, and you will be mentioned everywhere as the most able and promising of good fellows. An ambassador will give you his summary of events, distilled from many sources: one of your own ministry will give you a glimpse of what is likely soon to become the national feeling about them; for it is a mistake to suppose public opinion guides the Government. There are one or two men in England—Lord Palmerston for instance—in whom the people have such implicit faith, that he is as absolute over coteries and newspapers, as the Emperor of Russia in Siberia. Who would not sooner talk to so delightful a host, than finger a dusty folio, or a damp ill-smelling pamphlet? When you have gone through your morning's course of study, warm up your facts, and the very cream of your good-humoured personal anecdotes, and reproduce the same at dinner. Take my word for it, you will soon be looked upon as one of the most charming and practical gentlemen of your age and time. Dance with the girls, ride with the boys, and dine judiciously with the seniors. Such is the art of life. Learn to be new, if you can, wherever you go; to carry the perfume of far-away things about you—things which are *caviare* to the multitude. Know the precise colour of the reigning beauty's eyes, the singular adventures of Lord Epicure's cook, whose father was a French marquis of the *ancien régime*. Be short, pointed, epigrammatical, and, above all, harmless, in your reflections on these important subjects—tread on nobody's toes. Forget that Mr. de Papillon has a wife at Seville, and that Lord Allworthie's eldest son had a disagreeable passage in his biography last year at Florence. Come into a room like the summer, all

smiles and good-nature, and you will find by far the most convenient chair in it perfectly at your service, as long as you like to fill it. You need not ask for anything ; it is the mere vulgar resource of persons of the worst taste. Only make yourself acceptable, and pleasantry will make you so more than every other advantage in the world ; you will then find that other people will begin to think about you, and you will hardly know what to do with the perfect shower of profitable things which will descend on you. Old Coupon will tell you what to do with that lonely little £1,000, and Sir Charles Grandison will think you are precisely the person of all others to be a sinecure stick-in-waiting.

I dwell upon these innocent little hints, because, if we were eternal upon earth, we could hardly look more sharply after the main chance than we do,—every one of us, from the judge and the bishop at sixty-five, to Miss Simplicity and Mr. Dactyl, who have got such shrewd ideas about settlements at nineteen and twenty-one.

I have taken my dancing-lesson, and I am obliged to it for the thoughts it has suggested, chiefly because they are worth so much a sheet, which is my part of the business, and then because I think there is a sharp spice of good sense in them, which, gentle reader, is yours.

I have been whirling *links* and *rechts* with tolerable agility, and with two most amiable young dancing ladies, daughters of the ballet-master. He is a Viennese, with that simple shrewdness which, though an apparent contradiction of terms, is the only expression I can find to describe what has always seemed to me the especial characteristic of his townsfolk.

“Ah, Gott !” says his wife, a stout solid Dirndl of forty, with an eye as merry as Mrs. Quickly’s ; “ah, Gott ! there is not much money to be made here, for the Boyards are not so rich as our counts ; but they are good people.”

“You see,” chimes in her husband, “there is money to be got here ; but then we spend it.”

“And more !” says the prettiest of the daughters, archly.

“Our way of life,” says the mother proudly.

“And we must keep up appearances,” adds the dancing-master.

I vow and declare I think people are the same all over the world, and the peculiarities of class will be found alike in Otaheite and at Versailles. Hence the deathless and universal fame of those immortal painters of manners who have followed nature only—Gil Blas and Don Quixote give delight from one end of the world to the other.

Upon the whole, as I button my great coat, and step into my carriage with the smart little horses, I think I am the better for my dancing-lesson in more ways than one ; and, considering that a great lady, with an unpronounceable name and bewitching eyes, has actually challenged me to a cotillon six hours hence, it was most decidedly necessary.

Doumbovitza ape doulche,
Tchiné bea nou ce maï doutche.

Doumbovitza Water sweet,
Who drinks of thee hath fettered feet.

Ah ! blame me not, lady, if silent and darkling,
I sit apart gloomy with thoughts full of pain ;
I have drunk of the magical water whose sparkling
Twirls round the lost heart like a diamond chain.

'Tis said that the elf-king once loved a sweet faery,
Who was not, alas ! his legitimate queen ;
But her eyes were so witching, her step was so airy,
That so fair a spirit had never been seen.

For a rival what heart of a woman will soften,
In similar cases wherever you see ;
And the queen growing jealous as ladies will often,
Decreed that this bright spirit banished should be.

The exile roamed sadly o'er sea and o'er mountain,
But in vain sought a land like the land she had known ;
Till dressing one noon-day beside a cool fountain,
A sprite of the stream, lady, told of your own.

On the banks of the sweet Doumbovitza is surely,
A fairy land beauteous as your one above ;
But, alas ! it is lonely, and fairies, though purely
Ethereal beings, can't live without love.

So the exile wove charms o'er the swift-flowing river,
And spell-bound each rover that drank of its stream ;
The Dacian, the Roman, the Goth, and the Slave there,
Confessed the sweet magic, and lingered to dream.

I really can't tell you which hero she married,
Or whether she wedded with each in his prime ;
But I know that her loveliest daughters have carried
The might of her spells down to our own time.

No stranger who wanders by those haunted waters
Can depart without leaving his heart as a gage ;
And as sprites are immortal, which of you the daughters,
And which the first fairy, 'twould puzzle a sage.

Then blame me not, lady, if silent and darkling,
I sit apart gloomy with thoughts full of pain ;
I have drunk of the magical water whose sparkling
Twirls round the lost heart like a diamond chain.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The author takes proper example of Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, and entertains his public with some exact and interesting observations on the weather. A Scotch servant. A British consul. His remarkable want of arrogance. His imprudent politeness to his countrymen. An hotel dinner. Mild German jokes. An Austrian gentleman. Thoughts after dinner and a glass of punch.

It is a fine clear afternoon in January, some quarter of an hour perhaps before sunset. The shadows lengthen over the pretty gardens round the lordly houses of the Boyards ; the bare wintry trees are just growing indistinct and still, as though falling to sleep with the rest of nature. The light twigs on the top tremble for a moment now and then, to the kiss of some roving wind, and quiver like the last flicker of a lamp before it goes out. A purple gauze begins to fall over the extreme verge of the horizon, and the sun veils his blushing face behind it, as though troubled with the wild scenes he has looked on through the day. I can smell the healthy perfume of the earth as it is borne along to me by faint zephyrs, which seem to expire as they touch my cheek. The birds are winging their way home to roost, each after its kind, and then, after chattering their blithe scandals among the boughs, drop off to slumber one by one, and the stars steal out timidly.

I pass through the doors of our chargé-d'affaires every day about the same hour, and Joe knows me well. His kindly Scotch face, however, does not light up to-day, as usual when he sees me. Joe is standing in the door-way smoking a

cigar with pensive dignity, which means, I know, that his master is out.

"So, no dinner to-day, Joe?"

"Na, sir, Mr. Colquhoun is gone to dine with the French consul. He has been at home all day sitting writing by our sick gentleman, and now he has just gone out; but here is a letter for you that came by the post."

And Joe smiles from ear to ear with native good-nature, and partly, I think, from his having lived so long with a master who is positively the cream of human goodness,—an Englishman who is an official without being a prig; efficient without arrogance,—hospitable without ostentation; who is that *rara avis in terris*, a thoroughly valuable and proper public servant abroad.

Joe can divine this very likely, as we stand opposite each other, and he takes a cigar from my offered case; for he is a retainer of the old school, and he would look upon me as a strange incomprehensible person, if he did not read in my eyes that "I loved the Colquhoun."

"So the end of it is, Joe, I shall have no dinner?"

"Get a chop ready for you in five minutes," says Joe, briskly; and he shouts to the cook. He knows very well that master has not taken the key of the larder with him.

But this will never do; and after we have laughed and chatted a little, I take myself off with, I do believe, the flavour of the good man's household lingering about me in smiles and pleasant thoughts.

I want a dinner; but this will not occasion me the difficulty it would have done at cheerless Constantinople. It need not trouble my mind in any way. There are at least half a dozen houses where I might drop in, and my coming would make a little festival, so well received are strangers here; but I am not quite presentable. I am merely fit for the pleasant gossiping, anecdotal, pipe-and-toddy sort of banquet I have been enjoying every day for this month past, so I think I shall take a vagrant dinner at an inn.

Nothing can be easier. The Austrians have brought their manners and customs with them. I sometimes wish

the first were as gay and delightful as the last. There are at least a score of hotels where I shall find all sorts of German luxuries, sausages and *sauerkraut*, goose liver stewed with rice, garnished beef with *schnitlauch* sauce, *schweines-carré*, and more nice things than I can number, ready at any time I choose to ask for them.

Let me step, then, into the brisk little carriage which has been following me about, and go to the *tchesmejiou* at once. I am shown into a lofty and spacious room by the bowing host and his waiters. They are so glad to see me, that I am afraid they have not had much to do to-day. There is a nervous alacrity, too, about the waiters, which speaks of *trinkgelds* few and far between.

My simple dinner is soon ordered, and while it is preparing, let me send for a few back numbers of the *Fliegende Blätter* (a sort of German *Punch*, and the only German paper just now worth reading). I have taken out my tablets and am looking for jokes, pencil in hand. A gentleman from Austria who has observed this movement promptly takes his departure, but I am not alarmed. Lord Fiddle-dedee does not yet reign over me at Bucarest; and I shall not sleep to-night in gaol, be the report of the gentleman from Austria to his police-office what it may.

The jokes of the *Fliegende Blätter* are mild, very mild. Here is one: a patient is consulting a doctor, both are drawn (quite impossibly ugly) as ugly as the personages of Gillray or Seymour. *Loq.* :—

Patient.—"I have got a bump on my head. It is not quite so large as a florin, not quite, but nearly so."

Doctor (impatient).—"Say as large as a one-and-eightpenny piece" (*ein acht und vierziger*). This appears to be looked upon as a joke in Germany.

The next is also smallish, though not quite so small. It is entitled "Conjugal Felicity." An unreasonable bridegroom addresses his lovely wife on the first day after their marriage :—

U. B.—"How is it, my dear, that I do not see thee busy in the kitchen?"

L. W.—"Nay, my beloved, I stay by thee."

Second day.—Lovely wife seeing her husband coming

home, rushes to the kitchen, and calls out, in a hurried voice—"Peggy! Peggy! make haste with the *soap* for me to wash the salad!"—The husband collapses.

The third joke is, however, positively enchanting, from its innocent *naïveté* and German flavour. A child is clinging to his grandfather's neck, and looking at him with eyes deliciously curious, "Grandpapa," he wonders reasonably, "how is it that you are so—so old, and have got no teeth yet?"

But my dinner is ready, and smoking in the waiter's hands: let me put aside my paper and fall to. I know it is an Hungarian wine which they have brought me for French, and I see that they have roasted a whole partridge for me instead of bringing a quarter warmed up, as they might have done. But the wine is good, and the partridge is served with a zeal of attention only Britons get.

Let us be good-natured about such things, then, for we are a weary and troublesome race. There is a sort of tacit pact also—"If I do not look at the trouble, you must not look at the bill." All this we should understand, and for my part, I own that I was touched at the host's anxiety to please, at the warmth of the plates, and the airing of the Hungarian wine to give it a claret flavour; also at the low bows when I went in and out.

You and I would not certainly stoop to deceive a traveller, but then we would have nothing whatever to do with him; so we should not expect people to be much above their craft. These poor folk have not received the training we have; the dandling and cradling into honour. They have not our merciful lack of temptation to petty evil. I am thankful for their civility, therefore, and fully content to take other things without too much question.

I am a poor man, a very poor man; my flesh creeps with dismay sometimes when I think how poor I am; but I give the nervous waiter a *zwanziger*, twice as much as he would get from a native, and I think the money was well spent.

I noticed something of woman's care about the hotel too. The newspapers were carefully bound; where there had been a rent, it was thriftily mended; and I bowed my head mentally before a worth which was perhaps superior enough

to mine—a worth of struggles and want, borne uncomplainingly, and working hope and patient tenderness.

Thus I was glad that I had lost my evening, and fell into a quiet state of thought over my punch and pipe ; so I saw visions as the embers faded in the open grate, and dreamed a pleasant waking dream !

The waiter roused me by a cough that I understood as a modest request for further orders. Therefore, as I had none to give, I got up and went my way.

The weather has changed, as winter weather will ; and when I get home, the heavy snow-flakes beat against my windows, and the wind wails pitifully.

I dare say it is very cold without, and I know that the snow stretches for many a mile away over the endless plains beyond the town ; and that the earth is frost-bound. I know that the wintry sleet beats pitilessly in the face of the traveller ; and that the ominous tread of a lawless soldiery is heard on the wintry sod by mothers who are cowering beside empty hearths, and rocking their babes to sleep lest they wail for bread ! I know that the wolf is prowling about lonely villages ; and that the wild boar and the jackal glare famished and terrible from their lairs by night ; that there are fearful beds of sickness, where no help can come, and dark legends told by trembling lips in the wild hamlets of the Steppes.

“ Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner : for I am unworthy of thy manifold blessings.” There is a bright fire sparkling to welcome me home, a bowing servant, and a warm dressing-gown. The man will ask my commands in a half-whisper, then he will leave me alone, but in comfort.

My room is well closed in by double windows to keep out the chilly tempest ; and all around is in orderly array ; the blotting-paper neatly laid, the inkstand polished, and the candles trimmed. While my servant retires to rest, therefore, it is but right that I should watch and think ; but it is late, and I see he turns a sort of wondering glance towards me, as he sees me sit down and begin to write. Perhaps he has a glimmer in his mind of the great truth that each of us has his appointed task. Perhaps he despises me as a useless trifler, perhaps he envies, perhaps he is merely puzzled.

It is a fearful thing to be very poor in all countries, but in some it is terrible indeed !

It signifies almost every species of insult, degradation, and misery. The upper classes are altogether in an unfair position : they are born possessors of the land and all that in it is : they may rob, strike, or wrong an inferior with equal impunity. There is no justice for the poor, no compassion : they are slaves and helots : they have been shamed and beaten till they are perhaps little above the level of beasts of burthen ; and so they are treated. Those who know them best will tell you with the most refreshing coolness that nothing is to be done with them, save stick in hand ! Let me say one word for a gentler philosophy before I quench my light, and say a grateful prayer, and sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A French Brummel. The pleasantest fellow in the world. A great commander of a dinner. A king of the Boulevards. The author discovers that a ruined gentleman is not necessarily a rogue. Dangerous but heraldic sentiment of the Nugents. Energetic proceeding of three widow ladies. Mademoiselle Fifine, of the Opéra Comique, defended the prisoner. M. de Langueamère shows ungentlemanly liberality to a friend in reduced circumstances. Prudent investment of a quiet gentleman. The author hints that tradesmen are aristocratically considered as lawful game to hunt and harry. The commercial classes insolently study *Lavater* in self-defence. The ruined dandy becomes an impromptu colonel in the Turkish service.

“C’EST un homme un peu taré,” said my companion, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows ; “but there is no reason why we should refuse to dine with him ; he is great at dining, and the pleasantest fellow in the world.”

In truth, he was one of those brilliant and kind-hearted adventurers to be met with in all out-of-the-way places. They are altogether a different race from the officers in the service of the King of Candy. The latter are generally men with a good deal of starch and practical purpose about them. Enthusiasts, if you will ; but active and energetic, with no

taint of the idler ; while the pleasantest fellow in the world is always a joyous saunterer through life, who never thought anything really worth doing steadily, or any pursuit worth following long but pleasure. He has wit to his fingers' ends, and grace peculiarly his own ; something noble, gentle, frank, and loyal about him ; an unspeakable charm of manner, an unstudied elegance in all he does ; the stamp of a thorough man of the world of the best kind. If he had £50,000 a year he would be as celebrated as Hertford ; a sanctifying love would have made him a Mildmay, or a D'Orsay.

As it is, he is a splendid ruin ; and I own that my heart aches to think about him,—to know that his frank smile is so often beaming in places where it were better away ; that his clear rich voice is too friendly by half when it ought not to be ; and that his warm cordial hand is a great deal too much given to touching things which are not quite clean.

I know him as if we had been schoolboys together ; for I have seen him in many cities, and always the same, though under different names and circumstances : so I follow him up the broad flight of the hotel stairs with a heavier and more thoughtful step than my companion, who is whistling an opera air, and rejoicing that we have stumbled on such an excellent chance of a merry dinner.

Alfred de Verville started in life with every advantage under the sun. He bore one of the stateliest names in France ; he possessed about twenty thousand francs a year,—a fair fortune for a young Frenchman,—and was one of the handsomest men in Paris. Opposition salons flew open to receive the courtly boy. He became a member of the Jockey Club, the Union, and the Club des Moutardes. He was hand in glove with the gay good princes of the house of Orleans ; yet welcome as daylight in the hotels of De Blacas and De Pastoret.

He might have become anything : he might have passed from the flower of the peas into a great statesman, or a successful soldier. But "Cui bono?" said the exquisite. The delightful coteries of Paris had too many charms for him. He became merely a king of the Boulevards,—a dictator of the Champs Elysées. Irresolution and indifference had been his curse ; or sometimes, what was worse, a kind of epicurean far-

sightedness, which undervalues results, and which is common enough among the fine but enervated intellects of our time.

We had better not estimate consequences too nearly, if we wish to act either wisely or well ; and it is a very questionable gift to be too far-sighted. Prudence even to caution, caution even to hesitation, in the affairs of others may be well, if we would escape their reproaches ; but we must perform our own parts boldly, if we desire to be either useful or renowned. A man who risks nothing, will never rise above mediocrity ; and so is there no legend in heraldry so brave and wise as the healthy, fearless device of the Nugents, —“ Bonne espérance et droit en avant.”

For perhaps there are few serious events in life where utter and complete failure, followed out in all its consequences, would not lead to irretrievable ruin. But it is very seldom indeed that we fail completely ; and even when we do, there are always circumstances enough growing out of our very discomfiture, which a tolerably able man can turn to account, so as to redeem the day. Thus is it that there have been retreats, moral as well as military, more brilliant than victories ; and therefore let us reason well with ourselves, but when we have made up our minds, act with a certain hardihood, doubting little. I do not love over-doubters ; and to me the habitual sceptic and the imbecile seem near akin. The man who is infirm of purpose seems to me like one who, dodging about to escape a danger, is sure to run into it.

Alfred de Verville did run into it. At thirty, his pleasant fortune, which, with moderate prudence, would have kept the world at his feet all his life, had dwindled into precisely fifteen thousand francs,—the balance of the price of a little country-house, half an hour's canter from Paris, and which he had fitted up with exquisite taste just a year before.

He was ruined ; but those who know the fashionable morality of Paris will readily understand that this fact was at first merely another arrow in his quiver. He had “eaten his fortune *en grand seigneur*.” When he lost eighty thousand francs in one night, playing “le visk” with Lord Garterknee, he had paid it before noon the next day, disturbing the sleep of the astonished peer to do so ; and he had called out

Garterknee's friend Fitztoady for having spoken slightly about him. Nothing could be better than this ; his antecedents were delightful ; all the opera-dancers and actresses swore by him ; and he might have married one of the largest fortunes in France. Three widows called personally at the lodgings of the famous dandy, the very night after he had announced his insolvency at a gay little supper among the Moutardes. They found the door defended by Mademoiselle Fifine, of the Opéra Comique ; and she kept her post with such untiring energy, that she lost her engagement, and was obliged to have several interviews with an American capitalist (then spending a Californian fortune in Paris), to make up for her losses, and retrieve her reputation.

There were bright and good women too, who had loved the *débonnaire* noble, long and secretly, as the gentlest love, and who would have renounced friends and kindred for his sake, and given up all to follow him ; but if there had been no Mademoiselle Fifine, Alfred de Verville would never have married a fortune : he was too loyal and high-hearted, too chivalrous and noble for that. He would have talked to maid or widow (if she had got admittance to him where he sat all awry in a *débardeur* dressing-gown and an easy chair, polishing his pistols), in a splendid easy way, with such a gay, graceful, touching forgetfulness of self,—with such a lofty, perfect, plain absence of all meanness and hypocrisy, that he would have sent them away in hysterics, with his leal kiss upon their hands, and the fine image of the ruined gentleman graven in their hearts for ever.

It was thus that when Mademoiselle Fifine proposed that they should live upon her salary, and got a contract drawn up by a mad little lawyer settling her income on her adored Alfred for ever ; and when she returned home with it, radiant from that proud sense of sacrifice women only feel, she found her lover gone !

A few lines told her that all she saw in the spendthrift's home was hers, and ten thousand francs of poor De Verville's last possession were placed in a ravishing little porte-monnaie beside a bouquet of the costliest flowers, and left on her dressing-table.

M. de Verville was restored to his rank in the army, which

he had quitted seven years before ; and after having given thirty-two "redingotes" to his valet, determined to dress in uniform and live in quarters.

It was a good beginning—too good. The habits of life cling to a man too strongly to be roughly shaken off in this way, unless he be made of sterner stuff than De Verville. His friends showed indeed a rare delicacy and kindness towards him, such as I think Frenchmen only know how to show ; but the high spirit of the beau shrank from sinking into a led captain, where he had formerly been so absolute.

He could not become a trainer of young gentlemen, the resource of so many an undone dandy in similar circumstances ; and he had not nerve enough to quit the scene of his triumphs, and set up at once as a soldier of fortune in Algiers.

So he took to play, and as the devil of course stood at his elbow, he won,—won largely ; and then he passed through the gates, where deserted Hope stands weeping. Again he blazed for a moment in the clubs and saloons ; again his turnout eclipsed that of Montpensier and D'Aumale, in the Allée. Then suddenly he disappeared. A gentleman never wins in the long run at that game.

His friends paid his gambling debts (all made in one week of desperate play) by subscription ; but there were all sorts of angry tailors and bootmakers, jewellers and perfumers, the avenging furies of folly, who had made Paris too hot to hold him.

He went to Algiers, quarrelled with his brother officers for not being gentlemen, and though supported by dashing St. Arnaud, got unlimited leave of absence as soon as the matter in dispute reached the ears of rough old Bugeaud, who had small taste for dandyism.

He went roving about, a sort of chartered libertine now. Everybody had a kind merciful word for him ; and it was almost astonishing, knowing as one does of what hard callous materials the world is made, how much inexhaustible generosity and friendship followed De Verville—a pleasant instance of the actual solid value of being beloved.

If Jules de Languemère, who had a sneer for most people, including his own father, made a good book at Chantilly, or had a run of luck at lansquenet, a pretty well-filled envelope

was tolerably sure to find its way to his old friend ; and the cold, shrewd, cruel man of the world would write him letters of womanly tenderness and affection.

The same when quiet Antoine du Château received his monthly allowance from his aunt ; and when the old lady found out what he was doing, she doubled it ; for she knew well that her best-loved daughter had worn the willow for a gallant gentleman, and for whom. Indeed, this is why Antoine became her favourite, to the bitter envy of all her other nephews, and why at last she left him the broad lands of Monrepos and Malplaquet.

But when royal great-hearted Simonet de Beaumont made that large haul of prize-money in the Pacific, he actually sent it all in one lump to Alfred with only five words, "Allons, tu nous reviendras maintenant." He made his sister write the letter, and would not sign it ; but the adventurer found him out, and returned the splendid gift untouched.

Perhaps he regretted it afterwards. It is certain that he was driven to shifts enough, and that he had become the dismay of tradesmen in many places. But he always held up his head bravely, and he never betrayed a friend. Perhaps he had now learned to think shopkeepers a race apart—lawful game to hunt and harry. I think, however, that the nature of a man's present pursuits is pretty legibly written on his face. Tradesmen are good physiognomists ; so that after all, De Verville could not do much harm. If he was now and then pretty deep in a tailor's books, it is by no means impossible that the tailor found his account in it. The French gentleman now and then had money, and then he paid it grandly. If not, he had wonderful ideas about uniforms and dressing-gowns ; while to all the young men of the place he was sure to be the very glass of fashion.

I wonder what he will become at last, and how he will end : all things are possible in France, and he has already been made an impromptu colonel in the Turkish service.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Signora Tenorini. An actress in a foreign country is a countess of course. The dying courtesan. The genius of debauch is cruel indeed. A calculating lady grows a prosperous thing. A Russianized Boyard. He espouses a gallant lady of the French nation ; is trained, cleaned, and tolerated by her early friends. She thriftily keeps his purse, and rules over him with wisdom and discernment. A pretty boy in bad company. A scape-grace, or stage nephew. A fashionable loiterer. A spoiled great man. Grief seeks oblivion in riot, and finds despair. A married gentleman endeavours to get into good society, with the cordial concurrence of his wife and liege lady.

It was an actress's dinner, in honour of the arrival of Signora Tenorini—a countess, of course—and the party were already assembled. Actresses are jealous of each other, however ; so the signora and our hostess were the only ladies present.

The countess was a joyous roystering dame ; but I marked her well ; and often when her mirth seemed wildest, a shade, like the memory of some sharp heart-pang, passed rapidly over her face. It came out incidentally, also, that she was dying : her mother and her sisters had all died of consumption. The doctor had condemned her, and she was hastening her end daily. She had a golden-haired little daughter, in a convent of Touraine ; she would leave her three thousand francs a year, which she had saved up. This was why she had no rings, no bracelets, no dresses of consequence. The child would never know her mother. All her life she had never loved but once—we might guess whom. Her child was all she cared about in the world, yet she never dared to see her ; she felt so abashed in her presence : the calm solemn light of the child's eyes seemed to scorch her. When she had said this, she laughed, and smoked, and grew joyous again ; so that she even amused a brutal magnate who sat beside her. I thought, however, there must be something very cruel about the genius of debauch, to laugh over such sacrifices as this.

The other lady was calm, keen, bedizened, speculating. She did all by calculation which the Italian did from natural

recklessness and high spirits. The vices of the first, perhaps, owed their origin to chance, circumstance, early suffering, pique, anger, despair, what you will; but our showy acquaintance had adopted pleasure as the most lucrative profession she could think of. She had a house, servants, money, savings. She was a shrewd prosperous thing; a light among the marshes to lead astray.

The cavaliers were a motley company. The man who sat opposite me was a dark, heavy, vicious-looking dolt, full of that rank bad-blooded sort of pride which builds itself on riches, no matter how obtained, and trumpery honours won by any species of treason and infamy, or inherited however unworthily.

He had the low obscene face of a Satyr, or a fashionable bill-discounter; it was sensual, mean, cunning. If you studied it, it grew fearful—the man was capable of anything if goaded; but, at last, you fairly laughed at the strange caprice of nature, which had made him anything but a bailiff or a tipstaff. He was, however, unhappily, a frequent specimen of the Russianized Boyard. He was rich, and had acquired a questionable celebrity by his espousals with a gallant lady of the French nation. This was a very lucky thing for him, though his friends were furious; for he was one of those fellows who have the love of low pleasures born in their hearts. He was tricky, as such men are; but he was not wise; and there were ladies and gentlemen enough in Paris who would very soon have brought his noble to ninepence, and left him in the gutter. His marriage saved him. It could not better his heart; but it had a happy influence on his manners. It taught him to dress soberly, and to wash regularly; to keep himself nice, and talk politely. It introduced him to a few real gentlemen who had been early friends of his wife, and agreed good-humouredly to put up with him now and then for her sake. It made him temperate, and judicious in his vices. If he was still absent from no place where vulgar joys were sold, he was kept far too cleverly in hand to get into very deep mischief. His wife let him play the coachman and make improper acquaintances; sup with boys more than young enough to be his sons. She permitted him to be just as

debauched and worthless as he pleased, or she could have kept no hold on his vile heart for a single week. She managed him by his cunning, and he learned to look upon her and respect her as a shrewder devil than himself. She taught him to shine (after his carrion fashion) on economical principles. She kept the purse, and it was always full. She deserved his gratitude, and she had it. They were congenial spirits—a precious pair.

It was fine to mark the difference between this fellow and the gay *debonnaire* bearing of De Verville, who sat beside him (here from mere habit), sparkling with jest, and to whom everybody seemed to turn, even in his ruin, as the king of the banquet—the lord of misrule. I watched for one flash of genial wit, one honest laugh, or merry thought from the brute next him, in vain. He had married one of the wittiest women in Paris; but he could not remember even one of her pleasantries to enliven a festival night. It appeared from his conversation that he knew most of the infamous women in Europe, and that he had passed, as we knew, the greater part of his life in their society. He remembered them and their antics with revolting regret. It appeared, also, that he had once driven six horses in a line, and could drink much more at a draught than was good for him. I could make nothing else out of him.

Near him was seated a young man of singular beauty—soft and sweet-looking as a woman. He drank deeply, he sang, he sank into a fitful sleep, then he sang again. He looked so utterly exhausted, yet made such spasmodic efforts to be gay and reckless, that it made me quite melancholy to observe him. His wild life was killing him also, poor boy!

Again, further on was a scapegrace with large dark roguish eyes, the very type of a good-for-nothing—but not a bad one. He would have been an admirable study for a dramatist in want of a stage nephew for a huffy old uncle.

Another of our party had simply come in as a loiterer, having no energy to pass his time in a more profitable manner. He was very well dressed, and very well contented with himself. He sat silent and smiling all the evening. His conduct could not have been more insipid and irreproachable if he had been a stranger at a christening.

Another was a man of thought and intellect written in every deep line of his furrowed face ; yet it was not attractive. It was the face of a gambler, whether with mind or purse. I could tell instinctively that he had come among us to seek refuge for a great grief—perchance from a cold hearth, and hopes crossed sorely. I was right in my surmises, as I learned long afterwards ; but if he sought oblivion here, he seemed only to find despair. He too sat silent, absent, ruined-hearted. He reminded me when I looked at him sitting so gloomy, of death at a feast.

The last man of our party was a married man, who had come here with the full consent and concurrence of his wife. He was one of those people who pass a saving and laborious youth, but break out in all sorts of places, as if to indemnify themselves in later life. He evidently thought he was wiping off a large score on the present occasion ; that it was, in point of fact, a fast and fashionable thing to be here among so many stars of a world he knew by little more than hearsay. The inveterate habits of the man, however, could not be shaken off, and I heard him asking De Verville gravely, if he did not think the inventor of the electric telegraph was “a very remarkable man !” De Verville said it was very probable, and immediately changed places with somebody else, to whom he transferred the infliction of a chat with common sense in the Temple of Folly—for I must say that it is an infliction. Ah ! sir, it is a very imprudent thing to have much to do with fast society. It is quite as difficult to get into, and far more huffy than good. It will not cherish you long if you live with it much, and when it rejects you you are denied admittance elsewhere.

For the rest, the ladies were both of that uncertain age which actresses seem to have appropriated as peculiarly their own. They might have been twenty-seven, they might have been thirty-eight. They could hardly have been less or more. To a near-sighted man, without his glass, they appeared in the very first blush of youth, and health and beauty ; when he looked nearer, however, the mysteries of the toilet of these ladies were partly made plain. The colour on their cheeks was too even and delicate to be natural. The arch of their eyebrows was too clearly and

distinctly defined ; the eyebrows were also too black. They were not composed of a fine silky web-work, showing the white pure skin beneath, as Miss Wilkinson's are : they were firm, strong, broad black pencil-lines. I have an opinion that something was done to their eyelashes. Their lips were of too bright and showy a red. Their hair was too luxuriant. Their busts were too ample, their waists too small. Their voices were not more natural than their manners. They had a far-away habit of speaking, as if their words came from a vault somewhere at a distance—every movement betrayed the stage. I have known many actresses, but I never saw more than three who could play the part of ladies off the stage with even tolerable accuracy. The one was Sontag, the other was Rachel, and the third—but I dare not mention her. As for the appearance of the lions, the principal feeling that occurred to the beholder on being introduced to their acquaintance, was a gentle admiration for their shirt-fronts, and a highly complimentary feeling towards their washerwomen. They were great in waistcoat buttons, rings, and watch-chains. I doubt if Mayfair or the Faubourg would quite have approved of so many large diamonds ; but on the whole, our young friends passed muster very well. There was a thorough air of enjoyment about some of them ; genuine high spirits, and a very fair amount of quick-wittedness ; but there was not that almost painful brilliancy which lights up such scenes in the Palais Royal. The party were, however, almost as French as could be. The ladies raved about Paris, and the gentlemen spent most of their time and money there, returning home only when the latter failed. They had all been brought up in Paris too, though they had not seen much of good society, except at the Turkish embassy, and knew perhaps more of the *chaumière* and the *bal mabille* than most other things. Of this company De Verville was of course king. He appeared to have known all the ladies from their very tenderest youth upwards, and to be on the most mysteriously intimate terms with them. He had got them their engagements. Their hopes were in his patronage. He was their guide, philosopher, and friend. It was curious to watch the serious concern he took in their quarrels and jealousies, their piques

and their interests ; the thorough knowledge of the world he betrayed in the playfullest sentences, or the merriest pun.

The dinner began after a fashion borrowed from the Russians, who have had great influence on the social life of the Wallachians. We had glasses of strong waters handed round to create an appetite ; an advantage we could hardly have had without, seeing that probably none of us had done breakfast more than a few hours. I took some absinthe, which occasioned me a general tightness and swelling, with an acute pain and tingling in the ears. I am bound to add, however, that it had the desired effect.

The feast opened with fresh *cairare*, sardines, and anchovies ; and we had, of course, a bustard, but it was not good, nor are bustards ever good. The rest was a mere French dinner, rather too plentiful. Our drink was champagne, the favourite wine of the Russians. We had no other wine, but a glass of "cherry," after our soup. What this "cherry" could have been I am unable to say, but it looked so much like muddy Cape, that I declined to drink it. De Verville said every other wine but champagne was detestable at Bucarest, and he was right, with exception of the excellent *vins du pays*, the presence of which would have of course been deemed an insult on the present occasion, because they are cheap. There was a good deal of laughing, but it was not genial. There were some snatches of French songs sung with the toasts. I am not clear that there was any meaning in them. Then came a quarrel. A frank young Wallachian had used a strong expression. De Verville arranged this. There was a reconciliation, and tears. It was agreed that the charming "Fanni" had too much feeling. It was also probable that she had too much dinner, for she shortly afterwards retired, and her rival friend told us, mischievously, that it had been necessary to loosen her corset. Our mirth grew loudish after this. Then came more quarrelling and more making up. Then De Verville sang a song, in which the ladies joined. Then we had more champagne ; and at last, amid an indescribable scene of screaming laughter, stifling smoke, inadmissible jokes, and the chorus of "*La rifle, fla, fla,*" going on at a separate end

of the table, a servant from the theatre arrived to summon away one of our guests, and five minutes afterwards we were rolling along the frosty streets about our business, by the light of the moon, and making wry faces at the reckoning.

And this is the stale, dull, vulgar life, which thousands of men of cultivated intellects and gentle hearts lead day after day, year after year. I would rather be a Methodist parson, as to the fun of the thing. It is the paltriest cheat, the most insulting delusion, to call this pleasure. Why, it is neither more nor less than the purchase of headaches on disadvantageous terms. I was glad when the door opened on the quiet drawing-room of Made. T——, where we spent the evening at a delightful little Christmas game, called "*King and Courtiers*."

I have never seen it anywhere before, and I think it must be Russian also.

"The Tenorini gives an inauguration supper," said De Verville. He was seated in a birja, beside a braided besabed Boyard, and our little carriages met. "She would have asked you, if you had not disappeared so suddenly. In any case, however, come with us."

There was something quite contagious about his gaiety, an appetite for pleasure at the most impossible hour of the night, which was quite surprising. There *must* be some charm in the man's life, I thought, after all; some witchery to make such a joyous and untiring captive as this of him: so I ceded to the invitation, and we all got into the same carriage, though there was only properly room for two, and drove briskly and laughingly to the actress's lodging.

It was a snug little place with a sort of familiar disorder about it not ungraceful. The most showy things were really meant to be used, and were used for whatever purpose they would serve, without much regard for the right one. In a corner of the room was going on a nice little game called Faro, and the stakes were high; for gambling is one of the national curses of Wallachia. Now, I can fancy deep play well enough, but not that the chances should turn on a card. That is too pitiful a business. I contented myself with watching the players. They were evidently all habitual

gamblers, though more excitable than such men often are. Three thousand ducats passed between them in less than an hour. Then came the supper.

" Luckily," said a good-natured colonel, who had formerly been in the Russian service, and seen too much of such follies on a grand scale at St. Petersburg to care about them here ; " luckily for Costaki there is no imprisonment for debt amongst us : and no one, by our law, can touch his wife's dower, or Costaki would be ruined in a fortnight. His wife would sign away her piano if the law would let her, and they have nothing but her fortune to live on. Three years ago he was himself, also, one of the richest men among us. He has lost everything at idiotic games like this."

Our supper was not so merry as the dinner had been. The actress was at home now, and very much better worth studying. I wish some young people I have known could have seen her with her rouge off and her hair out of curl, tired to exhaustion, captious, dissatisfied, weary-hearted ; they would have no longer seen much attraction in the brilliant life of the theatre. Perhaps no women undergo such severe bodily fatigue as actresses. The wear and tear of mind in learning new parts ; the perpetual change of dress ; the rehearsals ; the jealousies, hatreds, and rivalries ; the worrying of managers ; the necessity for conciliating authors, orchestra, and notabilities among the public ; the makers of reputations ; the minute study of detail and stage effect. Poor women ! I question if washerwomen work harder. When I got home at last, I did not think that the life of a man of pleasure seemed more desirable from being seen a little longer and more nearly.

We are all very wise and proper, I dare say, when we cry out about the license of actresses ; but the fact is, we close the gates of respectable life to them. Our women will patronize them, but they will not know them. They will receive, but they will not visit them. They have no friends among the respectabilities. We will all agree to give nothing, but a sort of contemptuous toleration. For my part, I should wonder if actresses did not throw society over, seeing how they are treated by it. Prudence is a very fine thing, and a very wise thing ; but there are not many of us

who would have courage enough to practise it, if it could win us neither esteem nor consideration. The other road seems at least easier and pleasanter, so they take it and find out their mistake too late.

CHAPTER XL.

A Russian spy. His agreeable manners. Good nature of the Wallachians to strangers pleasingly exemplified. The Agga. Prudent conduct recommended to spies in general. Description of the commonest sort of spy. Spies are strongly recommended to shun fashionable entertainments.

"MONSTROUS agreeable fellow that with the well-made coat and stubbly moustaches ; speaks French like a Frenchman. Who is he ?"

"I haven't an idea—some diplomatic swell, I suppose. I have heard him speaking five different languages since we entered the room."

"Odd we can't make him out."

"Very."

There is a general buzz in the room about the distinguished-looking individual indicated by these remarks. Three ladies, one after the other, ask me to present him, under the impression that he is a Briton ; when I express my unhappy inability to do their bidding, curiosity has reached its height, for the same request has been made to an Austrian officer, a Prussian author, and to M. de Verville, who knows everybody. And yet our friend is not a Wallachian.

"Nor a Moldavian," says M. de Cantacuzene, who certainly ought to be able to answer that question.

Acquaintances, however, are nowhere made easier than at Bucarest, and the unknown gentleman is soon engaged in the most animated conversation with all sorts of people. He has certainly a winning and agreeable manner, and when he gives some account of himself, of course he will be quite an addition to our society this carnival.

Account or no account, he has certainly made an impression ; and those good-humoured Wallachians are walking up and down the room with him, and laughing and talking with him, as if they had been mutually acquainted for the best part of their lives.

Upon my word of honour, the Boyards are vastly civil to strangers. He has been already introduced to half the people in the room, and there is actually the agga (minister of police), the most witty and elegant of our dandies, going up to speak to him.

The agga is a tall spare man, in a well-made uniform, not unlike the undress of our Life Guards. He has been watching the proceedings of the illustrious stranger for some time ; and now saunters negligently towards him, as he stands amid a little crowd of talkative admirers. Then the agga tilts his military person gracefully on the point of his left toe, and whispers something quite familiarly into the ear of the great unknown, without even the formality of an introduction. The stranger turns suddenly pale, his lips twitch, and his eyes quail. He stops in the midst of a pungent anecdote, and shortly afterwards leaves the room, crest-fallen exceedingly.

"Ah ! the rogue !" says the agga presently, with the pleasant and gratified air of an angler who has hooked a difficult fish, "I watched him, and knew my man soon enough ; he is a *soi-disant* count, and a Russian spy. It is seldom that they work so daringly as this. Your clever spy should be quiet as a mouse ; the servant of a man in office, or a consul's clerk. We do not often look for them in a ball-room, for directly a man shows in society, we are sure to know more about him than he thinks, be he whom he may.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Hospodar of Wallachia. His Russian uniform and Turkish manners. He is a well-informed and well-bred gentleman. His reforms and explanations.

THE prince's house is a modest building, with only an open semi-circular court to defend it from the road-side and the inquisitive gazing of the passers by. A sentry, however, parades before each of the great gates, and there is a guard-house full of soldiers, who turn out with beat of drum whenever the Hospodar rides abroad.

Two aides-de-camp in waiting receive us. They are dressed in Russian sort of uniforms. They are slim, smiling, gentlemanly men. There are also several servants in scarlet liveries, and two splendidly dressed Albanians. The latter greet me with all the easy familiarity and good-will of their race, a race of free lances whose hope is in the sword.

We passed through one or two simply-furnished rooms, and soon make our bow to the princess, who is seated on a sofa, surrounded by some Austrian officers of high rank.

She is a charming and gifted lady. It was a privilege to talk with her, and she received us with distinguished courtesy merely as Englishmen. After the last guest had arrived, Prince Stirbey came in. He is certainly the youngest man of his age I ever saw ; he is also polished and courteous to a degree. I think he had something the manners of a Turkish pasha of high rank, who had had an embassy in Europe. For the rest, he was dressed in the uniform of a Russian colonel of cavalry : blue, with red facings, and silver epaulettes. He wore a silver star, and the Turkish order of the Nisham in brilliants. His figure is slight and elegant, his hair perfectly and naturally black and curly, his eye bright and keen. He is as upright as a dart at sixty !

He received us with marked attention, placing us on his left side at dinner, while Mahmoud Pasha, the Turkish chief authority, sat on his right. He addressed nearly the whole of his conversation to us, and he spoke very reasonably and well on every subject discussed. He had an intimate know-

ledge of the state of parties, and the characters of public men in England ; he understood our institutions thoroughly, and made some very able comments upon them.

The dinner was the usual mixture of Russian and French. It was carefully served, and the wines were excellent, especially the Madeira. A capital brass band played between the courses. The prince said that the musicians were all Wallachians, and that they had been educated under his directions, with a view to establish a good school of music at Bucarest.

After dinner we passed a few minutes with the princess, and then went into an inner room, which was fitted up with divans for smoking. Immediately we entered, the prince rose from the sofa on which he had been sitting, and made way for us beside him. After we had smoked a single pipe, and that by no means so splendid an affair as usual in other parts of Turkey, though the mouth-pieces were, I noticed, made of the costly black Wallachian amber, the guests rose to go. I was about to depart also, but the prince laid his hand pleasantly on my shoulder : —

“Stay, let us talk a little,” said he.

We remained some time after this together, alternately standing and walking about. He certainly spoke very feelingly and well : he said there had been a disposition to find fault with his government, but he had done all that was in his power. He had built the new theatre, and formed the *chaussée*. He had established scientific schools ; he had tried to reward merit in the distribution of public employments. The country owed him something ; but he would have done much more if he had fallen on quieter times. He said that his part throughout had been one of kindness and conciliation ; but he had not had a fair chance. The consuls would not communicate with him in a friendly way ; or with each other. The Austrian authorities pulled one way, the Turks another, the allies also another. Everybody seemed to be at loggerheads without knowing why. At Bucarest he was accused of Austrian sympathies ; elsewhere it was said he had not done enough for the protecting army. Now he was accused of being a Russian, now a Turk. The case was singular, and not agreeable !

Then he said much more which was private, and therefore sacred ; but this he wished to be known, and therefore I have told it.

When I again rose to go, he pressed me by the hand in that affectionate way which is a second nature with his countrymen, and he began to inquire about my journey, gave me a good deal of advice, which I found very useful, and finally ordered one of his own couriers to see me to the frontier.

CHAPTER XLII.

The author takes an affectionate leave of the wise men of the East, and hints at his own pleasant philosophy. Happy effects of Eastern travel. Difference between the best men and the worst. Greek skopos. Character of the Orientals. The author wisely expresses his inability to say what is to be done with them after the most approved fashion of the greatest political writers.

ALAS! in taking leave of the East I am compelled to say, that the more I have seen of it, the more it has made me melancholy. I am not a melancholy man, either ; I have seen quite enough of the world to have a tolerably wide toleration. I am not one of those, who Franklin told us in his charming essay are always looking at the ugly leg. The ugly leg must be insufferably intrusive, it must positively rise up and kick one's shins, before I or any one else who has reasoned fairly upon life, will examine it with the smallest attention. We know pretty well (I may speak of myself, as I am but a shadow), that a good many very disagreeable circumstances are inevitable in the character of nations, as well as individuals. Long before we leave college we begin to understand that our schoolboy dream of heroic virtue is as unreal for others as ourselves. We see that our judgments of men and things require a good deal of elbow-room ; for it is prudent to grant the charity we shall be obliged to ask. We get a truer view of life, perhaps a sadder—perhaps a gayer, according to our dispositions ; and as heroic virtue may formerly have appeared to us a dull business or otherwise.

But in any case the sentiments of men, who really do know the world, are large and liberal enough in all conscience. They are not easily shocked. We may raise our eyebrows, and forget to ask a man very often to dinner, if we fancy there is something shy about him ; but ten to one if some prig runs a muck at him, we shall set that prig down as an offensive humbug, and give him a yawn, or a rap on the knuckles for his stupid tirade, as we may feel inclined. We certainly shall not pay serious attention to a word of it ; and may very likely think we owe a more cordial shake of the hand to the man attacked for having even involuntarily listened to such nonsense about him.

But you cannot go about shaking the hands of the present generation in the East. It is positively too bad. It is no longer a question between the ugly and the handsome leg. Both legs are ugly ; and both equally black. The very soul and spirit of a gentleman revolts from the contact of an Oriental. No matter how favourably disposed you may have been towards him,—no matter how frankly and kindly you may treat him,—he will end by disgusting you. A lengthened residence in the East would ruin the heart, temper, and judgment of the gentlest and wisest philosopher. Every human being you meet is branded with the same indelible mark, and is made up of lies, tricks, and infamy. Let no humanity-monger attempt to deny this on the strength of a month at Constantinople, and half a dozen pipes with pashas. The East requires years of study before you will allow yourself to admit a truth which positively frightens and ashes you from its terrible generality. You struggle against the ungenerous thought as an enemy, but it leaves you ignominiously prostrate : you fly from it, but it overtakes you ; you stubbornly shut your eyes against conviction, and they are forced open.

There is everywhere, and in all things, the same want of private honesty and public faith. The *best* men are liars and robbers. They rob as a provision for their family, or to acquire a snug independence for themselves. They rob as a *duty*, as a right, or perquisite of office. The sweepings of Italian prisons are not so bad as the worst. There is everywhere that infernal Greek "*Skopos*." No man has the

smallest belief in himself or any one else. Words cease altogether to be symbols of things. Every man knows that his own acts, from childhood, have been cheats, coined by cunning herself, and he believes that the acts and deeds of all men are the same. Talk to his heart for hours, and you will find no response or healthy human feeling in it. He will be plausible, reasonable, moderate, enough ; but he will most utterly dupe and despise you if you trust him. You may work on his pride and vanity up to a certain point, but there is nothing good even about them ; and he will obey their dictates just so long, and no longer, as they absolutely do not interfere with the most petty object of the most passing and momentary interest. Directly you get him up to this point he stops short. The arguments of Wisdom herself would be lost upon him. He will try to deceive you with all his heart and soul, and with all his strength. He will succeed, to his own injury and eventual discomfiture of course ; but here he is blind. He is a trickster, and therefore necessarily a dolt ; the most exasperating dolt of all, a cunning dolt.

Habitual intercourse with him is impossible ; you may try it bravely, stubbornly, but you will give it up at last in despair. You might resolve to ignore the fact that your new acquaintance is a pirate, going out for a dishonest cruise, but if you do not retire he will inevitably get you into the same boat with him, and sail away with your colours impudently flying at his mast-head. You may fancy you have been out for a constitutional walk with him, and you will find to your dismay, that you have been party to a burglary. You may believe that you have stood up for him against an oppressor, and discover, too late, that you have aided him in sorely wronging the innocent and helpless ; if you but open your lips as his friend, you will learn, in due season, that he has made you the seeming advocate of some foul and infamous design.

What is to be done with these unhappy men ? I confess I tremble when I think of the ages of shame and degradation they are bringing on themselves. Hitherto the educated classes have been the worst ; thought exhausts itself about them in vain, and the mind's eye strains itself to discover

some light in the East ; but all is darkness. The responsibilities of bad governments are indeed heavy, if they can bring things at last to such a point as this. Sultans, czars, viziers, and stubble, behold your work, and tremble !

CHAPTER XLIII.

A chatty breakfast interrupted by preparations for the road. The author prudently provides for emergencies, and lays in a tempting stock of provisions, in case he should be obliged to winter on the Russian frontiers. The author describes the beauties of the scenery with grace and pathos.

It is my last morning at Bucarest, and I am quite sorry when a chatty breakfast is disturbed by the arrival of a travelling chariot which I have been fortunate enough to buy, and ten wiry little horses which are to whisk me away towards Craiova and the frontier. Shortly afterwards, a Wallachian postcart, with four other ponies, rattles up. That is for the prince's courier, who will gallop on a post ahead always, to get my horses ready.

I am told there is a weary journey before me ; but I am at all events well provided for most emergencies. I have an immense bearskin cloak over two other fur coats, high sheepskin boots, a sheepskin cap, and sheepskin gloves with the wool turned inwards and no divisions between the fingers. I have a snug close carriage with quite a library inside, a cold roast turkey, a large ham sausage, some bread, salt, sugar, tea, and several bottles of wine. A little colony of English is mustered to say good-bye, for fellow country people grow intimate in out-of-the-way places. Then after a warm shake of the hand from Mr. Colquhoun, a word of excellent parting advice, and a pleasant smile from Joe, my servant climbs heavily up into the rumble through a cloud of cloaks, and away we roll.

At first we go bumping through the streets in a sort of funeral procession, and the ten wiry little horses have much

difficulty in turning the carriage round the sharp angular corners, so that one of my lamps which Joe has garnished up so trimly is broken in no time. However, I take this merely as a playful pat of fortune ; a sort of pleasant practical joke made to rally me about the absurdity of having lamps at all these pleasant moonlight nights.

When we get off the stones, however, and on to the wild trackless road beyond the town, the postillions (there are four of them) begin to yell like so many imps, and I am grateful to my springs, for I see that we are galloping over the frozen ground as fast as racing feet can carry us.

So away by yokes of oxen and patient serfs turning round to look at us with the deep-set sorrowful eyes of the Wallach. The sweet accents of their language, with its luxury of vowels, comes delightfully on the ear through the falling evening air, and mingles with the lowing of the cattle as they wander homeward.

On through the dark midnight, long after the veiled moon has left us ; through the trackless snow, with the wolf's hustling gallop, and the jackal's howl behind, around, with the wild cat's eyes glaring from the bush, and the village dog prowling fearful and solitary. Past the lonely sledge of the humble wayfarer, who stands beside and unbonnets respectfully to the Viennese travelling chariot with its mysterious mails and imperials. On past the Austrian patrols, by the hoarse challenge of the awakened man at the barrier. Away, while the morning breaks greyly, and the snipe and the wild duck get up scared by the screeching of the postillions. On through the roused hamlet and the silent heath, through drift, and marsh, and endless plain—on, on, ever onwards—for, sweet-heart, it is your lover hastening towards you.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The author is astonished at the cleanliness of Craiova. The fame of Lord Brougham has penetrated even to that remote city. The author describes his breakfast with feeling and earnestness. He divines thereby that his host is a married man. The latter confesses his honours with a wry smile. Purity of the governing classes at Craiova. The author unexpectedly displays his aristocratic consideration of money, and reveals, in a pleasing manner, that he is better than other people.

CRAIOVA is a nice, fresh, clean, pretty little town, situated on a gently rising ground, a rare thing in this country. The place had a pleasant air of wealth and comfort about it, and its appearance was quite a relief after the sad spectacle of the Wallachian villages on our way. The director of the post received me with the most kindly hospitality in a room that would have looked well even in the Faubourg St. Germain, with its wealth of annuals and gilded books, its prints and air of elegant good taste.

He drove me also in a dashing Vienna brougham, drawn by two high-stepping Hungarian horses, to visit the Austrian General in command of the six thousand troops that are stationed here.

When we have seen him and had a short talk, we are again whisked away in the smart brougham; and my host, for such he has obligingly constituted himself, drives me round the town to get a general idea of it. I am bound to say that idea was highly satisfactory. It seemed as thriving, bustling a little place as needs be. The director pointed out a new hotel to me, constructed on the same principle as the "Stadt London," at Bucarest. I was grateful for his hospitality, however, nevertheless, and I had reason to be so, for on returning home we found a breakfast which would have done honour to the Café de Paris. There was a *Julienne* soup, such as one only gets from cunning country cooks who have plenty of fresh garden dainties. There was some *hure de sanglier*, some cold tongue in jelly, a beef-steak, of which

the like is not often seen, and some preserved peaches of exquisite delicacy.

"You must be married, Herr Director," said I, surprised by so many good things.

"I am," he replied, smiling, "a bachelor never had such cheer as this."

I stayed long enough at Craiova to learn that here also there were great complaints against the Austrians. "What have we done," cried one Wallachian gentleman, to whom I spoke, "what have we done to be made a political plaything, and cursed with such eternal misrule as this? We are a good people, believe it, but they will not let us be good; they are driving us mad or brutifying us with oppression."

And on counting my money, I found that posting had cost me thirteen-and-a-half ducats for twelve horses to Craiova, and I had to pay nine-and-a-half more on to Orsova. The postillions cost a *zwanziger* each every stage. I need hardly add with such hosts as the Herr Director, wherever I stopped Joe's turkey and ham sausages were quite unnecessary; but then I travelled under peculiar advantages, so that it is still my opinion that any private gentleman posting over the same ground will do well to take his larder with him.

CHAPTER XLV.

In praise of the Wallachian post. The author claims public esteem by making light of the dangers of his journey, but points them out with imaginative vivacity. Politeness of a pair of Austrian moustaches. Opinions of an Austrian postmaster on the war. Straws show which way the wind blows.

DECIDEDLY the Wallachian post is excellent. In spite of my dawdling at Craiova, I was only forty hours in going from Bucarest to Orsova.

The road from Craiova, however, appeared dangerous, for I noticed two mounted guards rode after the carriage at the second stage, and followed us through a great part of the night. They never spoke nor saluted, but I could hear the

muffled gallop of their horses on the snow, and their weird picturesque figures looming in the misty moonlight, and the light of my reading-lamp flashed upon a shining pistol-barrel or sword-hilt when we were detained a moment at the barriers.

Before we came to Orsova, our drag-chain grew suddenly useful, for we had to go down some very steep hills, with deep precipices on each side ; it was dangerous work, and it looked like it, for we went down them full gallop in spite of the drag-chain, and the heavy Viennese chariot was swayed to and fro in a manner that was anything but encouraging.

We had no sooner passed the frontier when a singularly long pair of moustaches, surmounted by a cap with the imperial royal apostolic crown of Hapsburg Lorraine upon it, was thrust into the carriage window.

"Who are you?" said the moustaches ; and this was the first and last time that the question was put to me in Austria.

"Who are you?"

"An English officer."

"Have you nothing liable to duty?"

"Nothing."

"On your honour?"

"Yes."

"Pass on."

After a bad breakfast, and being moreover made to suffer considerably in the exchange of some ducats, I wait on the postmaster, cap in hand.

"Herr postmeister, will you oblige me with horses on to Szegedin, immediately?"

Postmaster: "I have but five horses ; and they—and they—wait awhile."

"I am an English officer, carrying despatches from the seat of war, my lord postmaster. If detained, I must report myself, and state why."

Postmaster: "The war is nothing to us ; it is your war, not ours."

"Oh!"

Postmaster: "But if you were the devil himself, you should not go until the postboy had had a comfortable breakfast."

So I go to the military authority, a pleasant old major, and he at once sends an orderly to force the postmaster's hand.

Orsova is a miserable straggling town, though its situation is pretty. On leaving it, I found the German post was a very different affair to the Wallachian. It is excessively dear, and about as badly organized as can be.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The author expresses a generous delight at his return to Austria, and comments agreeably on the great zeal and liveliness of the Germans. A postmaster prepares for the road with ingenuity and discretion. The author incurs the hospitable censure of a neighbourhood. Coolness of a bumpkin. A wrangle. A fair maid of the village advocates the author's cause with vigour and efficacy.

AND so I am in dear lazy Austria again! The postmaster at the first stage from Orsova kept me an hour and a half before I could prevail on him to harness the five horses, which he thought proper to allot me, after looking at my carriage.

Then he thought he should like to drive himself, and was obliged to have his spectacles mended to do so. Then he took a solemn leave of his wife and family, and a parting cup with some friends. Then the horses were to be fed, then watered. Then a man with a long gun, belonging to one of the frontier regiments, came to inspect my passport, to satisfy the curiosity of some petty local authority, but not being able to read it, he took it away with him, and time sped on! Then the neighbourhood collected to examine me, and there was a good deal of rather dull cross-questioning. Then the postmaster, with spectacles on nose, a long whip under one arm and a pipe under the other, his woollen gloves usurping for the nonce its legitimate place in his mouth, began to expatiate on the merits of the horse he had bought last week. He could not find it in his heart to start till he

had told me the whole history. Then his wife came to call him back to say good-bye again, and also to give him a spenser to put over his legs. At last we got off ; but slowly, and with a due regard for the new purchase. I thought also that the neighbourhood seemed to consider me rather wanting in courtesy, for starting so abruptly. They would have liked to give me their blessing and good wishes in due form, with some black puddings, for my journey.

Yet a stage farther on, and I was obliged to take four oxen and five horses. Their united strength, however, could hardly pull my carriage through the deep snow drifts, and over the endless hills. Two of the oxen, after a short trial, refused to draw at all, and were obliged to be taken off. The driver of the other two then proposed to abandon us in the very worst and wildest part of the road. If he had done so, we must certainly have come to grief ; but your bumpkin is a marvellously cool hand at that kind of thing. He was at last persuaded to remain, on receiving four times the sum he had originally agreed to take ; I consented to give it, and it seems I did so too easily, for before we got a hundred yards he came to a dead stop again. I persuaded him to go on, however, and of course at the end of the stage we came to a wrangle. I was willing to pay him four times the sum for which he had first bargained, but not more. This made him violent. The posthouse was at a lonely village, with nobody but the postmaster's daughter to be seen. She, however, took my part with such vigour and efficacy, that the dishonest lout retired at last discomfited. The postillion also, a good-natured serious little fellow, put in his word on the side of good faith, and I was glad of it.

THE MAID OF DORVEA.

Sweet maid of the village, when first I beheld thee,
So modestly shone the pure light of thine eyes,
That a heart little apt to be fanciful held thee
For some silly bumpkin too lovely a prize.
Well-a-day,
Yet they say,
The diamond hid in the dull earth lies.

It was but a moment that saw us together,
 But once thy soft hand with my rough arm did join,
 Yet your true simple accents will haunt me for ever,
 And sighs for the fate which perchance may be thine.
 Well-a-day,
 Who can say,
 Yet if it be not for better than mine.

Were I a young prince through a fairy land roaming,
 I'd woo thee and ask thee to rove on with me,
 Now I can but hope that some young prince is coming,
 To bear off the beauty I only may see.
 Well-a-day,
 We can say,
 That which hath been again may be.

Farewell, gentle maiden, sometimes too remember,
 The stranger who passed on his mystic career,
 And that thou wert as May, and that he as December,
 Recalled with a smile nigh akin to a tear.
 Well-a-day,
 Yet there may
 Be sunshine sometimes at the end of the year.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The author hints mildly at the difficulty of learning the names of foreign towns. A lord postmaster. *Vorspann*. The lord master points out the true geographical position of a guard-house. A sergeant. A captain. The author again calls attention to the hilarity and easiness of his disposition. He performs a lively dance in the presence of fourteen Austrian soldiers, to impress with a useful and becoming idea of the British nation.

I AM at a far-away village in the Banat of Temesvar—no matter where, I think it was at Sakùl, but it would take years to learn these names correctly. Five tired horses pull my carriage up, smoking and wearily, to the post-house. There is a heavy snow-storm, and it may be about eleven o'clock at night, it may be twelve, or two, or three, I do not know, for I have been asleep. The postmaster is also asleep, and sleeps hard, but we must wake him, for I must

travel on at any rate. So we knock and hail with much perseverance.

At last the door opens with a violent jerk, and an excitable man in drawers and a nightcap, charges suddenly out upon us with surprising fury. He cannot speak, from rage and sleep, but he gesticulates frantically. I know my friend and his countrymen, however, pretty well, and in an instant my cap is in one hand, and my passport in the other.

"I pray you, my Lord Postmaster, give me horses to go on. I am an English courier, with despatches from the seat of war."

"Then you may go to the devil," screams the Lord Postmaster, giving tongue at last.

"I pray you, this is royal service, my lord."

Then I may go to the "*Compagnie*," it is not so far as the devil, and in the same direction, so that I can go on if it pleases me better. The "*Compagnie*" (troop of Austrian soldiers) will give me *vorspann*, if I am a gentleman. It is not worth while to keep post-horses, nobody ever hires them. Every cavalier has a government order for *vorspann*, as a matter of course. Then my irritable acquaintance slams the door in a perfect whirlwind of fury, and disappears, leaving me to moralize on the bad effect of privileges of almost every kind.

Moralizing in the snow, however, is inconvenient, and at last I persuade my tired postillion, of course by a bribe, to walk with me through the storm, towards the place where the "*Compagnie*" is quartered.

There I find a troop of soldiers all huddled together, stifling with heat in a small jug of a room. It is dimly lighted and foggy, as most guard-houses are.

After every man has collectively and individually examined my passport with the more care and minuteness that none of them can read it, I am referred to the sergeant.

The sergeant is asleep in a corner, but I must wake him, and I do so with some tact and difficulty, taking care that his opening eyes should rest first on my bare head and doffed cap. When the sergeant is awake, he looks like a man who,

having met with some matter of excessive astonishment in early life, has never entirely recovered from it. He appears, however, at length to understand the importance of news from the seat of war, and gives me a man who takes me through the snow again to the captain's lodgings. I agree to wake up that functionary also on my own responsibility.

So to the captain we go, and the soldier taps respectfully at his window. A voice, like a discharge of small arms, says something in Wallachian, which is still spoken here ; but I do not catch the words clearly. The soldier answers tremblingly, and looks daggers at me. Then there is another volley of words, which I think it prudent to cut short, by explaining my name and business.

Then my passport must be examined again, but it is looked at this time by a man who can at least read the German *visa* at Orsova, without which I should have been lost, and it is returned to me with great courtesy.

The soldier is ordered to get me *vorspann* directly, but not even the officer can let me off without a long conversation, during which I try to give him food for some days' conversation in as few words as possible.

In conclusion, he says I shall have to pay double the price of *vorspann*, and give me a present to the corporal. I smilingly agree to this, and the window closes. I am once more free to roam through the snow in search of horses.

The corporal is a brisk fellow, and the peasants know him too well to oppose any difficulties to his demand, so the matter is soon arranged ; but the horses are wandering about the fields somewhere, and will first have to be found, then caught. This will take an hour or two, which I may as well pass agreeably ; for the corporal has promised to send for me when all is ready.

There are lights, and the sound of fiddling coming through some half-opened shutters in the high street. I inquire the reason of this, and am informed there is a public ball within. I rejoice at that circumstance, and immediately join the revellers with much inward satisfaction at the prospect of warmth, and wine, and wassail.

I find a merry gipsy-like assembly. The men are dressed in shirt-sleeves, high black sheepskin caps with the wool turned outwards, hessian boots, and embroidered breeches. The women have their hair bound up in gay-coloured handkerchiefs, they have high-coloured complexions, rather bronzed, and sheepskin great coats. They are dancing with much energy and determination, and altogether free from that awkward bashfulness which so often forms part of English country merrymakings. They danced indeed so joyously, that I took an early opportunity of joining them, and in less than a quarter of an hour after my entrance among them, I was clapping my hands, and shaking my forefinger, and turning round with an alacrity that surprised myself. I must have looked a strange outlandish figure, but nobody made any observation about me, and I seemed to take my place among the dancers quite naturally.

I noticed that the fiddlers who played to us were as usual melancholy men, but perhaps they were affected by the presence of the fourteen Austrian soldiers on duty, in the little room, though there were but nineteen other men, fiddlers included !

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The author expatiates on the pleasure of travelling in Austria. A gend'arme. The räuberation. A judge turned bandit. A paternal government. Wise distribution of official patronage. A democrat. Clemency of the emperor. An orphan heiress. A faithful steward. Good feeling of the Rouman peasantry. Number of policemen in livery.

It is a pleasant thing to travel in Austria—that is, for a man of rank, or an officer on public service. Perhaps, for other people, it is not so pleasant.

I, too, got an order for *vorspann* on application to the captain of police, at a little market town. He also gave me a gend'arme to accompany me, and see that I experienced no delay. “For,” said he, “nothing can be done without a

gend'arme here." He was a polite, courteous gentleman, he spoke in perfect good faith and kindness, but I think he had little idea of the melancholy meaning of such words.

The gend'arme is seated beside me in the carriage, and we are rolling along fast enough now ; we can therefore enter into conversation.

" Oh yes," says the gend'arme, " we have a great deal to do here. There are a vast number of robberies, and we have some traveller's business still. The robbers go about in gangs, and the peasants are in league with them. They have recently shot sixteen of us who were sent to capture them. There are sometimes as many as twenty of these bandits together.

" There is a famous robber in this immediate country. He was an honest man before the *raüberation* (an Austrian official name for revolution). Since then, his head has been quite turned, nobody will betray him. He was a judge formerly, some fancied injustice has made a bandit of him.

" We shot two of his gang the other day and brought them in as prisoners, but they were as obstinate as the peasants, nothing could be got out of them.

" I am a Bohemian. No Roumans or people of the Banat are employed here ; if they get places, they are all sent elsewhere.

" Oh, yes ! the country is in a very disturbed state, though not so bad as in Hungary and Croatia. We arrested a large landed proprietor the other day. I was sent to escort him to Vienna, where he was put in prison. By the other day, I mean a few months ago. Nobody has heard of him since, and his house is of course shut up and going to ruin ; so are his lands. We arrested him at night in bed. He had only returned home a few hours. He made no resistance, but only put his hand to his head and groaned. He had been pardoned once by our Lord Emperor, but nothing could keep him from meddling with the democrats, and he came back here, after a two years' absence in Turkey, only to fall into a trap we had laid for him.

" We arrested also a lady last week, that is just four days ago. She was young, rich, high-born, an orphan heiress. She, too, had been mixing in politics. I went there with

fourteen more of us. She appeared surprised to see us, and asked us, laughingly at first, if we were not ashamed to lay hands on a woman. Then she screamed and called her servants, but her steward had betrayed her, so we soon got her into a cart which we had brought, and she is now at Vienna also.

"We have also lately arrested a Frenchman and a Hungarian, who were found *writing* together. Oh, no, we don't joke with them when they play with pens and ink. We catch a great many fellows of this sort by the electric telegraph. There is no outstripping that, and it is a great help to us. The peasants hate us with much cordiality. Sometimes they play us tricks, looking as stolid and serious all the time, that you would not think them able to do such things to save their lives.

"A Wallach came to me one day, and said mysteriously, that he knew where Sandor, the Hungarian democrat, was concealed. He appointed to meet me in the evening, and we had to cross the Theiss in a small boat to get to the place. The Wallach overturned the boat purposely on a dark winter's night. My comrade was drowned, but I escaped, to find that there was no Sandor nor anybody else to be seen on the opposite shore. They play all sorts of tricks, too, about the *vorspann*. When General —— was passing through here the other night, they pretended they had no horses, and brought him oxen."

Then came a little touch, which reminded me of Russian Catherine and Potemkin.

"Yes," said the gend'arme, musingly, in answer to a previous observation of mine. "Yes, the houses are pretty good by the high *roadside*, in the villages they are wretched hovels. The state of morals among the country people is as bad as it can be. The priests here are of no account; look at that one driving his own waggon, he is no better than any other peasant; it is different in Bohemia. They might be rich, but they will not; they are stupid and apathetic about everything.

"There are twenty regiments of gend'armes in Austria, each is composed of 1,000 men. There is about to be another raised for service in Wallachia; we must serve

eight years in it, then we are allowed to go free. Nobody would serve if he could help it. It is a hateful service, and we get no pension.

"You admire my pipe? Yes (with a sigh). I am very proud of it; it came from Bohemia. My sweetheart sent it me last Christmas twelvemonth; she is married to the blacksmith now."

CHAPTER XLIX.

The author expresses his delight in the passport system, and reveals its beauties. Temesvar. The author performs several popular and admired dances before the nobility of the Banat, as a delicate hint to the British Government as to his qualifications for high employment. An Austrian officer states an amusing opinion as to the prospects of the present war.

AFTER all, there is some good in the passport system, and it is as well to acknowledge it, just as we would a trait of virtue in a highway robber. A passport enables a traveller at once to prove his identity, and the amount of consideration to which he is entitled. It enables him, indeed, to show that there is nothing wrong or questionable about himself or his business, an advantage sometimes of great importance to a stranger in an out-of-the-way place.

I had not been in Temesvar, therefore, half an hour, when I received an invitation to a grand ball at the Casino, where half the nobility of the Banat were assembled; and I thus had an opportunity of making acquaintance with a very agreeable and curious society, which I owed entirely to my passport. I also had some conversation with an Austrian officer, who interested me a good deal.

"If we have war with the Russians," said he, gravely, "our position here will be a difficult one: they (the Russians) have been spending millions intriguing with the Servians and the Wallachs. All the higher Greek clergy are Russians at heart. Austria is not free to act, indeed, hemmed in as she is by Russia on the one hand, and Prussia

on the other ; menaced as she is, also, with internal disorders in all parts of her dominions. Then we, positively, have no money. We have, however, men ; so that perhaps you could help us, and we could then help you. You will find in the end that you will want a numerous auxiliary army, for we are on the eve of another thirty years' war.

"Yet Austria wanted peace ; though it is said, indeed, that the ministers in Vienna find it difficult to hold the Emperor, who pants for military glory sadly. A year or two of quiet would have reorganized and tranquillized us. As yet, however, there are still hot heads plotting in many places to do mischief.

"Your fault is, that your army has no chief. Canrobert, Raglan, and Bosquet can never all get on satisfactorily together. What you want with an army is one will,—dictatorial power, in short. Then your press is mischievous in military matters."

CHAPTER L.

Hungary. A village inn. A sleigh. A stranger. His instructive discourse and dangerous opinions. Mildness of a paternal government.

It was a pretty house, with that clean and decent air about it, which reminds one so often of the homeland in Hungary. Indeed, if you shut your eyes for a moment, and then reopened them, it was difficult to fancy that you were not at a country public-house in England. The floor of the parlour was neatly sanded ; the walls were hung with little black family miniatures, which seemed to be so old, there was no remembering them ; beside, there were also sporting prints, chiefly relating to the subject of fox-hunting, which was a very popular amusement in Hungary before the revolution.

I had discussed a very good veal cutlet, and was sipping some capital home-brewed ale, while the orderly was gone to

get up the vorspann, when a country sledge and pair galloped up to the door, and shortly afterwards its solitary occupant entered the room in which I was sitting and ordered dinner.

In England it would have been, of course, my duty to take up a newspaper, even if I held it upside down, on the appearance of a stranger. Foreign manners, however, are luckily different, and as my pipe did not burn very satisfactorily, the stranger courteously offered to refill it.

"This is tobacco grown on my own lands," said he, "and I am anxious to have your opinion about it."

He was a fine, hale, hearty man, with a fair beard and clear blue eye. Honesty and fearlessness seemed written on as frank and open a countenance as ever won upon you at first sight.

We soon got into conversation, and before my horses were harnessed, we were loath to part.

"You are alone," said I.

"Yes," he answered; "but there is room for two. Will you join me as far as the next village, where you will have to change horses? I live there, and we shall go faster than your heavy carriage, which can follow us; beside, sledging is pleasanter than wheels this weather."

When we had driven away from the little inn, and were out of all chance of spying and eavesdropping, my new acquaintance turned to me with a sort of hungry hope in his countenance, and asked abruptly, "Well, what chance is there for us?"

I would have turned the conversation, but he went on, with a deep sigh: "Ah, things are very bad here," he rather groaned than said; "we are being ground to dust—arrests, hangings, shootings, floggings, are still going on here. Every one is running away who can do so. I should have gone out-land also, but for my wife and large family. It is madness for me to speak to you—a stranger—so boldly as I do; but you are an Englishman, so I know that I am safe. We are spied everywhere: we are not safe from the police in our own homes, by our fire-sides, or in bed even. We had lately some emissaries from the liberals among us. The police got scent of this, and pursued them; but we

were all true, and they escaped. The people love Kossuth ; the nobles and landowners do not ; yet they lost nothing by the revolution, and their estates are more valuable than before. The abolition of the *corvée* was really little felt by the landlords.

"Hungary is ill defended, the fortresses are ill kept. The regiments here are composed chiefly of Italians and Poles, who are disaffected to a man. Even the Bohemians could not be relied on by the Emperor in another struggle. No Hungarian is employed in any public department in Hungary, or would dare accept office under the Austrians, under penalty of being generally degraded in the estimation of his countrymen, and shunned by them. The few exceptions are most utterly despised.

"We are in real righteous earnest in our determination to throw off the yoke of Austria. We hope ever that the time of our liberation from our wretched bondage is drawing nearer ; when it comes, we shall be ready. The present state of things cannot endure. God has hardened the hearts of our tyrants, that their ruin may be more complete.

"The state of the law here is melancholy to think about ; no branch of it displays the smallest activity except the police. A suit on the smallest affair often lasts for years. The tribunals will not give decisions till they have been bribed ; and abuses exist, which will exist in all countries where it is forbidden to expose them.

"The chilling influence of Austria is everywhere. Education is falling off. We will not send our children to schools where they only learn impious praises of despotism and the Emperor.

"Our servitude is cruel. We cannot dance, fiddle, be born, or marry, without permission. Our very songs and amusements are regulated, and only allowed at stated times. Three or four of us cannot meet together at dinner but there will be a spy sent to watch. We are afraid of our own shadows. We cannot trust our own wives, for a word spoken in mere carelessness or gossip may send us to a felon's gaol, or consign us at once to an infamous death. But we are getting very stubborn and sulky ; if we get the upper hand again, we shall be terrible. Oh ! if you knew how we

love the very name of free England, and stretch our imploring arms to her."

There was a terrible earnestness about the man—a kind of famished hope, as I have said. I can hardly describe it, but it affected me very strongly. He seemed a man above the middle rank of life, perhaps a landholder in good circumstances; for he was well acquainted with agricultural affairs. He said the war had affected the price of grain and provisions in Hungary a little, but not much. It cost about twenty English pounds a year to keep a horse in food only.

CHAPTER LI.

The author expresses his delight in Mr. Boggleton, her Majesty's extraordinary envoy at the court of Schwartz-Würst-Schinkenshausen. The honourable Isaac Boggleton founds the courtly family of Blunderbore. Popular idea of a Tory. The Boggleton family. Lord Catynynetayle and the Hon. Sholto Boggleton. Their success in life. Amiable character of the Hon. Sholto. He acquires the support of the Whigs, and becomes the pride and delight of the Foreign Office.

VULGAR people could never be brought to understand why Mr. Boggleton represented Great Britain at the court of *Schwartz-Würst-Schinkenshausen*, or what he did there. Persons in high life, however, knew very well that Boggleton was the family name of the Earls of Blunderbore. This answered the first part of the question intelligibly enough; while as for his duties, their name was legion, as will be explained by-and-by.

The first Earl of Blunderbore had received his peerage for the patriotic and energetic assistance he had rendered to a Tory government, which had remained in power precisely one month and three days. It had had the usual respect of Tory governments for ready-made reputations, the usual ungenerous neglect of its own friends: so it bought old Sir Isaac Boggleton, who was perfectly prepared to rat for a peerage, and did so with the utmost cheerfulness. To be sure, they disap-

pointed four of their thickest-headed and most consistent supporters; but, after all, Boggleton was worth his price. He was a brazen-faced old fellow, who stood up for them with such coolness and intrepidity; who so brow-beat common sense, and laughed it to scorn, that their tenure of office had been prolonged more than a fortnight beyond the term which had appeared possible, and there had very nearly occurred a riot in the streets of London in consequence.

It was natural that the Tories should feel a high respect for the Earl of Blunderbore, after such distinguished services. He was almost the only man of ability who had anything to do with them. He was more—he was a convert! It was right that they should make a good deal of him; it was decent; and for a wonder they did so. The old gentleman, therefore, passed the evening of his days very agreeably among other old gentlemen whose business it was to be Tories, who had so much of what they ought not to have had, that it would have been highly imprudent in them to be anything else. Among snug bear-leaders who had lent money to their cubs when the old lord would send no more drafts to Naples or Vienna, and who had ripened into unreformed bishops in consequence; among collateral heirs who had succeeded to entailed estates in spite of creditors and orphan daughters; among persons whose origin was so base and whose wealth was so great that they were obliged to turn Tories in self-defence; among elderly ladies who had had Tory placemen for husbands, and enjoyed convenient pensions payable every quarter-day in consequence; among enthusiastic young ladies, whose heads were turned by Sir Walter Scott's novels; and in short, among that comfortable class of people of whom the Tory party is exclusively made up: persons of whom one could never think without being reminded of an answer given by the Prince de Condé to some one who reproached him with being an aristocrat—"It is my trade," said the light-hearted Frenchman; "you also would be an aristocrat if you were Prince of Condé." When therefore the bran new Earl of Blunderbore married, and it was said that he begat two sons, the eyes of the world generally were supposed to be turned upon those two sons. They were regarded by mankind as among the ornaments of the earth;

they were supposed to be born legislators and statesmen ; to belong to the only class which possesses the governing bump, or any other bump worth having. They did not disappoint the expectations which the human race had formed of them. The elder son, Lord Catynynetayle, managed the regiment which he obtained, before meaner men get their captaincies, in such a manner that everybody who had not a handle to his name was very speedily managed out of it. The members of the regiment also managed themselves in such a manner as to figure very frequently in the daily papers under the reports of proceedings in the Insolvent Debtors Court ; which of course showed a fine feeling of respect for the laws of their country, and delighted everybody. Let an awed and thankful public only fancy the condescension of gentlemen with handles to their names, deigning to answer the questions of a vulgar insolvent commissioner, without ordering him to be put to death. There was a lesson for the court of Schwartz-Würst-Schinkenshausen, and the absolute governments ! Here was progress ! And the Tories pointed to it triumphantly as the only instance of progress which had taken place among them since the turbulent barons of the Henries had marched against their creditors sword in hand. In order that this lesson might be fully impressed on the court of Schwartz-Würst-Schinkenshausen, and in order that this court or any other court (this was a Tory phrase for indicating foreign nations) might for the future understand that the English were an enlightened and progressive people, Mr. Sholto Boggleton was appointed as one of the representatives of Great Britain and its dependencies. A Tory government was indeed deprived of the pleasure of nominating him, because at that period such a curiosity as a Tory government had not been seen in Britain for some time. Mr. Boggleton was appointed by a government which went by the name of liberal, and therefore took every occasion to show its respect for the institution of aristocracy, and many other institutions equally fusty and wonderful.

There were at that time some thousands of bright men in England who would have filled the post given to the Hon. Sholto Boggleton in such a manner as to have enshrined the name of their country for years in the grateful remem-

brance of the people among whom they dwelt ; who would have made themselves of unknown utility to their own land ; who would have softened international jealousies, explained away mischievous errors and misunderstandings ; who would have made peace fruitful of mutual good offices, and wars impossible ; who would have shown what a real blessing diplomacy might be made between states ; what kindly feelings and pleasant intercourse it might create ; how it might dispel the fogs of ignorance, and guide the nations of the earth nearer to each other. Such men, however, were mostly scholars, book-writers, speechifiers, and other low people. They were not the second sons of Earls Blunderbore, and they had not the diplomatic bump accordingly.

The Hon. Sholto Boggleton had the diplomatic bump, and a very remarkable bump it was. He was the most pig-headed man in his profession, and therefore the pride and delight of the Foreign Office. He was aggravating and ill-tempered beyond what could be supposed possible. It was dangerous to ask him how he was, lest he should suppose you had heard he was failing, and bear you a grudge to the end of his days. He was a man who hoarded up grudges, and kept them warm,—he would not have parted with one on any account. In general, he despised all the world which did not belong to the family of the Earls of Blunderbore, whom it was now to be understood descended from somebody who ought to have been king of Scotland, but was not. All other earls were leather and prunella to the Earls of Blunderbore. Still they might be endured at “one’s table.” But if a commoner, whose name was ringing from one end of Europe to the other, as one of the foremost men of his age and country, had dared to leave a card on Mr. Boggleton, under the absurd impression that he had a right to his (Mr. Boggleton’s) services and good will, it is extremely probable his (Mr. Boggleton’s) porter would have declined to take such card in at the door. All I can say is, that woe betide that porter if he were to venture to disturb Mr. Boggleton while making extracts from the newspapers to send home in such a case ! It is probable, in this event, that one of Mr. Boggleton’s back teeth would have been found next day at an immense distance, he, Mr. Boggleton, having

exploded with surprise and rage. The man wrangled with everybody. He was what Lord Bacon calls a "poser." He was ignorant to a degree that was quite laughable ; yet he would ask questions which would puzzle the wisest. When they were not answered, he wrote home by special messenger to say things were going wrong, and he added a private note for Mr. Huffey, of the Foreign Office. He wrangled with the court of Schwartz-Würst-Schinkenshausen because he was not asked to dinner often enough, till every person connected with that court, from the lord high taker-off of the boots downwards, grew fidgety at the very name of an Englishman, and wished the whole race at Jericho. They thought us, with reason, a wearisome people, for they judged us by Mr. Boggleton. He spied upon the royal family, so that the very house-servants were not free from his posers ; and he watched for the lacqueys in the street to ask questions. This was one of his ideas of diplomacy. But the strong point of Mr. Boggleton was his suspicion : suspicion was his forte. It was another of his ideas of diplomacy to suspect everybody. When he asked people how they did, he looked as if he wanted one of their teeth. If they answered, "Very well, I thank you, Mr. Boggleton," he was down upon them with an "Oh ! because yesterday you said you were not so well."

This signified that the person addressed was not a Boggleton, that he was therefore likely to deceive the British lion as to the state of his health, and that he *had* deceived him. The British lion immediately wrote home these facts by special messenger accordingly. The man's life must have been as great a bore to himself as it was to other people. The awful creak of his shoes put everybody to flight who could get out of his way, except the wits, who stopped to roast him ; and never was there a man who writhed under a roasting like Mr. Boggleton. All the good stories which had been current for fifteen years at Schwartz-Würst-Schinkenshausen had something to do with him.

Ladies' albums swarmed with caricatures of him. Ribald *attachés* mimicked and made burlesque songs about him. Even his own staff were ashamed to dine with him, or be seen with him off duty. They were mere ciphers, but they

were not so intensely stupid as their chief, and they knew it.

Yet the Hon. Mr. Boggleton was a mighty man in his way. He wrote "*The British Minister*" on his cards, in such large letters, that people almost thought there *must* be something in them: that they signified, or ought to signify, a man eminent in some way, courtly if not wise, a wit if not a statesman. Knowing of what nonsense diplomacy has been hitherto made up, they would not be entitled to expect more, nor would they, if sensible people. If they expected this, however, they would be monstrously disappointed.

"*The British Minister*" had the appearance of a butcher, and the manners of a footman. At court he was full of absurd, almost impudent cringing (which was another of his ideas of diplomacy), elsewhere he was the official snob personified. Those who know the British diplomatic service well, have seen and heard of whole generations of Boggletons and Blunderbores. If it were otherwise, we should not now be squabbling in the Black Sea or the Baltic, and on evil terms with nearly half the world, on all occasions. It is not surprising. We have intrusted the interests of a hundred millions of people, and the empire on which the sun never sets, almost entirely to Boggletons and Blunderbores. The result was natural, and is of course extremely edifying.

CHAPTER LII.

The author reflects that British statesmanship, properly considered, is a handicraft. He explains how he has arrived at this conclusion. He suggests the employment of a few cheap thinkers. The last finishing graces of office.

I ASKED myself pensively, as I went upon my way, whether modern diplomacy and statesmanship, as understood in Britain, is not really a handicraft. To the earnest inquirer, who goes fairly into the subject, it would appear to consist almost entirely in easy manual labour, better paid, though

seldom, save in cases of fabricating wars and tumults, so productive as muscular exertion of other kinds.

To be a successful public man among the Britons, it is necessary to cultivate betimes the art of writing—"On her Majesty's service," and, "I have the honour to be, with the highest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant," to the Right Honourable the Earl Grey, Minto, St. Germans, Russell, Wood, or such other condescending scions of those noble families who may deign, from time to time, to rule over us. Sometimes it may be necessary to insert the word "sir," instead of "my lord;" but this will hardly interfere with our previous proposition, because the statesman who has once acquired the art of writing an imposing official hand without flourishes might have an official remembrancer, or other cheap thoughtful man, to remind him of this trivial difference, whenever it should be rendered temporarily necessary by unavoidable alterations or changes in the arrangements of these noble governing families. In the Foreign Office, it will also be necessary to learn the right official formation of every letter in the following despatch, of which originals executed on the very best pattern may be obtained at all the family embassies and legations. This despatch is indeed of such constant usage, so honoured, both in the transmission and reception, so curt yet so courteous, that no apology is offered for giving it entire.

"My Lord (Sir), I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's (your, your Excellency's) despatch, and to convey to you the approval of her Majesty's Government as to the course you have pursued relative to the question of diplomatic etiquette raised by you with the Court of Schwartz-Würst-Schinkenshausen.

"Her Majesty's Government, however, do not think it necessary to enter on the other less important subjects to which this very grave question has given rise.

"I have, &c."

In a carefully executed treatise like the present, in which it is necessary to lay down rules which may be considered a

standard authority on most points, it is impossible to pass over several of the other more important duties which it will be ever necessary for the conscientious, true British statesman to master thoroughly, as long as Britannia rules the waves, and the noble families of Grey, Elliott, and Russell, rule Britannia. We do not say that they are necessary as a title to office. The enlightened patronage which presides over the destinies of our country has too pure and lofty a scorn of qualifications to allow the bliss of ignorance to bar promotion in public life. They act piously on that Christian principle which saith, "To him who hath much shall be given, and to him who hath not, that little which he hath shall be taken away." But there are considerations by which a patriotic cousinocracy will be influenced, although they are never uncourteously or obtrusively forced upon them.

We feel a proud conviction that every Grey, Elliott, and Russell, will not disappoint those well-founded expectations that Britain has long entertained. That they will ever do their duty firmly, in presenting themselves with the exactest punctuality to receive their salaries and write the official receipt, according to the form made and provided in such cases.

It is unnecessary, also, to do more than remind every noble family official, that it may be laid down as an absolute rule, that he will be required to possess due cunning in the difficult craft of folding neatly, and docketing despatches in a straight line. The words of the docket will be found in the first lines of the despatch. He should also know how to open a despatch, and put it together again with its inclosures.

He should give long and careful study to the art of making an ordinary and a *flying* seal a beautiful and sublime official mystery;—signing appointments, unbonneting to deputations, eating dinners, and drinking healths, with the proper mode of holding the knife, fork, and glass, in order to make a fitting impression on the common and popular;—sketching caricatures, and twiddling the thumbs with proper indifference at a cabinet council;—taking a cigar gracefully out of the mouth, to reply with necessary gravity to any absurd special person asking for employment;—the buttoning of official

uniforms according to the last tailoring regulation ;—acquiring the true art of raising the fore-finger of the right hand to menace a feeble minister in a manner duly imposing, and to learn the real fiddlededee spreading out of the palms to express becoming awe and reverence of a strong one.

All these are among the duties of a conscientious British statesman ; and though a deferential nation does not presume to insinuate that any member of the governing families should be perfect in them all, perhaps she will not be asking too much of their long-tried affection for her offices, that they may sometimes be not altogether unwilling to display a few of them ; not as a right which she is so arrogant as to claim, but merely for her delectation, and to keep her perpetual admiration of the families at the right pitch of enthusiasm.

We have named but a few of the arduous manual duties of British envoys at foreign courts, and their more august masters at home, and we trust an unreflecting public will not suppose that they are merely confined even to the severe labour we have already described. Graceful and energetic fiddling, especially over the downfall of the liberal minister who appointed you, may please his personal enemies at the court to which you are accredited ; it will delight his political opponents in your own country ; it will make you a party among his courtly adversaries ; and therefore, by students of the higher arts of diplomacy, as one which will enable them to figure advantageously at European congresses and the like, the valuable art of diplomatic fiddling should never be forgotten.

To curl the hair in lovelocks languishingly, to receive a petition without flinging it in the face of the idiotic applicant, to consign it to endless consideration in the strong box of oblivion with sufficient celerity, to copy extracts from newspapers, to transmit them home with ideas culled from the last leading article thereto referring, to copy the paid abuse of some hireling pamphleteer about the press in private letters to official friends ; these, and many more, are also to be considered as belonging, though not so necessarily as those formerly mentioned, to the onerous toils of British statesmanship at home and abroad. But it must be owned

that they are only the last finishing graces of the accomplished—the glories of red tape incarnate and made perfect ; and to all who really possess the right family connection, they may be indeed elegant and useful, but they are not necessary.

CHAPTER LIII.

The journey ends. Sensation at Bodenback. The art of pumping. Saxon Switzerland. The author describes the scenery on the road in a lively and agreeable manner, and arrives at Dover in the character of a troubadour.

My journey is drawing to a close. At Szegedin I reached the railroad, and the toils and difficulties of my journey, the strange and racy interest of it, was over.

At Bodenback I perceived that my bearskin cloak, my cap and boots, began to attract attention, and I was pounced upon and pumped, with various degrees of ability, as a new arrival from the seat of war. Here, also, I first noticed a marked change of climate, though the snow still lay on the ground like a fairy mantle, and the fir trees and lovely heights of Saxon Switzerland glittered with a thousand pearls, placed there by the royal hand of the lavish frost—a guerdon of the winter king. The long sparkling drops of pure, pure ice hung down from cliff and precipice in variegated beauty, glowing with a thousand colours, as the sunset shone on them, till they looked like the wondrous magical tracery of some enchanted palace.

So away, away past storied Prague, where dwelt brave Wallenstein, whom Schiller sang ; by artist Dresden, and Leipsic the bookish, and by dull Magdeburg ; away from bluff bachelor Brunswick, and the quaint courtly city of Hanover, by Minden's bloody plain, to the dark towers and steeples of Cologne, more numerous than the days of the year. The shrine of the fabulous three kings is here, the grave of the fairest of the Medici ; but I linger not, and the eleven thousand virgins call in vain from their cold graves.

I once might have dropped a tear at their story—the young, the beautiful, the pious—but now it would freeze upon my cheek.

On speeds the train, looking in the grey wintry air like the car of Erebus, bearing off the souls of the damned. Towns and villages flit by us fast. On the right lies pleasant Aachen and the tomb of Charlemagne ; dyspepsia gives it many pilgrims. In passing, one may wonder ruefully that Europe was ever one great empire, or ceased to be so. Next we come to Verviers, of many looms ; it is the frontier town of Belgium, and our luggage is examined amid stormy remonstrances and Belgian phlegm.

Again the engine groans and hisses ; we are in the Low Countries, thinking of Louis XIV. and Marlborough, remembering stories of fine old Dutch admirals, and the patriots who bearded Spain ; also of Egmont and Horn, and the bloody Duke of Alva. There was once a time, too, we remember, when the young and high-hearted of our own land, the Cavaliers and Jacobites, sought Fortune, and found her among the marshes and canals, and in the picturesque old cities of these glorious lowlands : glorious, because they have been the field of some of the greatest events of European history, and because they were the cradle of so much that is beautiful in art and useful in commerce. The memories of daring deeds are busy within me as the train hurries on parallel with the border fortress of Maestricht. But now we come upon the clanging forges, and many lights of Liege ; so fancy shifts the scene also. This is the town which was beleaguered by Charles, the bold Duke of Burgundy, and corrupted by the crafty Louis XI. There fought William de la Marck, the wild boar of Ardennes, to whose other crimes Scott has added the murder of the Prince Bishop, of which he was guiltless. Quentin Durward here, with bluff Crevecœur and the fair St. Croix, flit like shadows before us.

And then we are at sweet Louvain, rich, also, of its renown in the middle ages. It is now but a shadow ; yet the town-hall is the marvel of all Belgium, and so is its famous beer.

On, on, through Brussels, the mimic and factious Ghent.

With Malines comes the vision of revel, and bright dames in delicate array ; we see the dance, we hear the strain, we breathe the scented air : but all fade away as we reach gloomy Ostend, with its population of debtors and outlaws, its sanctuary for pigs.*

It is eleven o'clock, and the Dover mail starts in an hour. Seventeen more, tossed on the stormy waters, bring the white cliffs of England in sight ; and mistily they rise against the winter sky.

Now I write from the "Ship," at Dover, where they take the stranger in. The sea-coal fire burns cheerfully in its ample grate, and the winds shout their loud and wild huzzah without, like Titans rejoicing ; and I have written a book, as you know. The advertisements, in letters an inch long, stare at me from every paper ; and, behold, I am arraigned for trial at the bar of public opinion—the judgment dreading, yet hoping. But why tarry the wheels of my chariot ? They must not tarry long ; straining eyes are watching for me—

" And the wine-cup shall run over and the fatted calf be slain,
And the welkin ring with laugh and song when love meets love again."

YODERL.

And now, sweet queen of gentle reign,
Across the blustering wave
Thy lover's speeding home again,
A monarch and a slave.
Hoist high the flag, call out the guard,
And I'll salute thee then,
The queen her faithful liege regard,
The king greet his again.

Thou giv'st me nought of golden store,
No knighthood and no gem,
And I can offer thee no more
Than love's fair diadem.
Yet what a royalty is ours,
From vulgar sway apart,
There's oft not in a kaiser's powers
The sweet rule o'er a heart.

* There is an old law at Ostend which forbids pigs to be killed within the precincts of the town.

CHAPTER LIV.

The author expresses a patriotic joy at having been allowed by obliging circumstances to return to his country. He comments on the freedom and glory of our institutions, and expresses his heartfelt satisfaction at the state of affairs generally. He alludes to his well-bred interest in the fashionable announcements of the morning papers. He undertakes the defence of the Foreign Office from the interested attacks of venal and designing persons. He expresses a generous delight in official amusements. He discreetly praises the Foreign Office clerks, and commends their useful attention to the honourable and lucrative pursuits of commerce, by which this country has gradually grown so rich and great. He describes them as taking rank among the great merchant princes of the land. The author cites a prudent rule established by our wise men, and defends himself from the imputation of deserting his unfortunate subject by explaining that many of our battles have been recently fought upon foolscap, very hot-pressed indeed.

HAVING now returned to my loftily-situated home in this free and enlightened country, I am bound to express my grave and solemn sense of obligation to the obliging circumstances which have conducted me hither. I feel grateful even to the Varna packet, also to the Bulgarian post-boys. I feel grateful to that true British sailor Admiral Boxer, who did not cause me to be arrested in the Black Sea and conveyed to the nearest station-house. I am grateful to the Austrian army of occupation, which did not swallow me up, or draw and quarter me in the Principalities. I feel deeply obliged, and *ever shall*, to the Hungarian post-boys, also to the authorities and the policemen I met so frequently after paying my fare at Szegedin. I desire to express my delight in the landlords of the various hotels who kindly took me in on the road. I wish to thank the captain of the channel packet, with proper energy and good feeling, for his admirable arrangements on board his ship. I would convey my appreciation of the delicate conduct of the railway porters at the Dover station ; also of those at London Bridge. I was much gratified by the true politeness of the individual in the pigeon-hole, who was so good as to receive my fare. I shall always feel a pardonable British pride in the swift and pru-

dent cabman, who displayed such admirable energy at the door of my lodgings. I am, indeed, generally sensible of a feeling of intense satisfaction when I reflect upon any of the admirable institutions of the glorious and happy nation to which I have the honour to belong. I desire emphatically to express my ardent satisfaction at the state of affairs generally. My very soul is wrapt in a kind of agreeable ecstasy, so to speak ; and I would laugh aloud in the joy of my heart, if I had not recently ascertained that it would be a breach of the laws of polite society so to do.

In the process of endeavouring to analyse the reasons of the delight I am experiencing at the present pleasurable state of our affairs, my attention is at once directed by a sort of happy and amiable instinct to that immortal monument of national wisdom, our wise, efficient, and thoroughly British Foreign Office.

All persons who devote a becoming and well-bred attention to that deeply interesting portion of our newspapers, which records the notices of polite entertainments among the aristocracy, cannot, I virtuously trust, have failed to observe with a glow of polite enthusiasm, that the gentlemen of the Foreign Office have handsomely condescended to take advantage of the present happy crisis in our affairs, as a fit and favourable opportunity to gratify the British with a display of their brilliant abilities as clowns and pantaloons, in very spirited and well-acted pantomimes.

Nothing can appear to a well-disciplined mind so reasonable as the gaiety of our official aristocracy. Whether we consider the vivacity of the Foreign Office as a generous ebullition of elderly youth and high spirits ; whether we ascribe it to the pleasurable feelings which must naturally suggest themselves, when they reflect on the amazing height of their connections ; whether we consider the reasonable lightness of their hearts, or the weight of their richly embroidered purses, our respectful admiration of them will be in no way diminished. We cannot be otherwise than deferentially delighted that they should nobly have agreed to display their charming vivacity in a manner so generally amusing. They have, indeed, afforded an illustration of our favourite theory, that the right men should be put in the

right places, which we cannot contemplate without being filled with a serene and overflowing happiness.

We feel, indeed, as all properly-constituted persons must, such a calm, sweet sense of personal gratitude towards them, that we cannot consider, without utter abhorrence, those vile and abject individuals who decline to share our ennobling raptures.

If the proceedings of these prides of their country (and friends) should rouse the bile of those dull, ignorant, and prejudiced people who do not readily understand a joke, who suppose, with troublesome wrong-headedness, that the ornaments of our Foreign Office (and nation) are paid for other duties than to create a healthy hilarity in the public mind, and to indulge the world with the performance of pantomimes ; if any should be so wicked and vexatious, as to assert that the Foreign Office is hardly at this moment in a state to make a public jubilee among its members quite graceful ; if any should insolently object that it would have been more decent to evidence those charitable feelings they have put forward as a pretext for their interesting little gambols, in some less public and ostentatious manner ; we trust that such low and soured persons, having been previously overwhelmed with general contempt and indignation throughout the country, will be sternly exhorted to reflect, that in a great mercantile nation like ours, where wealth is ever attended with such decorous adulation, it happens with sufficient frequency to have passed into a general rule, that those who have heavy pockets have necessarily light hearts. The cheerful class of the community, now under consideration, have heavy pockets, very heavy pockets. They belong to the established respectabilities, the great merchant princes of the country, and theirs is a very good business. Mr. Davis, the tailor, takes off his hat to them, as among his safest customers, and Mr. Hoby opens the folding-doors of his shop with due veneration when they pass in and out.

Their hours of business, indeed, are chiefly spent in earnest and exclusive attention to the lucrative and important duties of bankers and monopolists, and the result, as may be supposed, is most enlivening to their spirits.

It must not be vulgarly assumed that the ridiculously in-

adequate salaries set down in deceptive official returns are the only profits derived by these noblemen and gentlemen from their highly convenient appointments; or that the paltry sum doled out to them by absurd and tardy quarterly payments, is the only reward they receive for their prudent habits of business and for their judicious and arduous attention to their own interests. They have indeed a proper, true British official contempt for the ordinary pursuits of trade and all thereto belonging, and look benignly only on those vast and satisfactory operations in which they condescend personally to take part. Theirs is far too good a business to enable the most scurrilous public to fix upon them the vile stigma of petty trading. So good is it, indeed, that their most cautious relatives will agree that it is quite right they should enjoy as much leisure as they have a mind to indulge, seeing that they can so well afford to do so.

The whole amount of that magnificent item which we are so proud to see figuring every year in the Budget, as a provision for our excellent diplomacy and consular service, passes through the delicate hands of this well-endowed and noble corporation; and it usually remains there with a lingering fondness for the elegant purses of "the family" which is such a praiseworthy aristocratic characteristic of all public money. The most awful, dignified, and high-born ambassador, the most insignificant and forgotten vice-consul, are equally obliged to submit to the wise and sound commercial principles established by these shrewd and gifted officials. Every individual who has the happiness of being employed by the Foreign Office must pay a handsome per-centage on his salary, in order that it may be sanctified and blessed by remaining in the hands of the close and noble corporation above described.

Every man-jack who fructifies in the most distant countries under the benign dominion of the Foreign Office, is wisely compelled by an established custom it would be richly deserved ruin to oppose, to commission some magnate of the home establishment as his agent, and to commit the fat quarterly fruit of his earnings to the keeping of that good and kind official, so long as he may be graciously pleased to retain it for his own purposes. It would be the height of

blackguard impertinence to require a noble Foreign Office magnate to give security, so that if he died, or otherwise departed official life, his involuntary customer has constantly the proud prospect open to him of some day being able to benefit a great man's heirs to the best of his humble ability. It would not only be very rude to press even for accounts, but it would be very impolitic. Noblemen and gentlemen of wealth and substance are naturally prejudiced against all persons in difficulties ; and to draw a salary with inconvenient regularity, would be certain to incur their contempt and abhorrence. They would justly consider that the affairs of "the fellow" who did so must be in a precarious state, and they would be very properly prepared to think many things to his disadvantage. They who benevolently hold the keys of promotion will take considerate care to give no early notice of snug vacancies either to such a suspicious personage or his troublesome and pertinacious kindred. They will make and take every opportunity of giving currency to ingenious slanders about him. They will smile in concert at his claims with judicious and caustic raillery.

On the contrary, they are filled with overflowing sympathy and generous kindness for the excellent officer who allows his salary to accumulate in the hands of his mollified agent ; and assuredly that agent will allow no opportunity to go by for increasing his own income by furthering his client's interests.

Some affecting little stories of this touching devotion to the main chance in agents have reached our ears, and prove that agents are not ungrateful to those who truly respect their banking business. If there is one thing in the world that they admire and esteem more than another, it is self-denial in a client, for the benefit of a highly-connected agent. I venture to cite a few instances of high-souled virtue in agents, and I ardently hope the public will peruse them with the same exquisite sensations I experienced on being first made acquainted with them.

A certain diplomatist, with great powers of reasoning and deduction, allowed his salary to remain in the hands of his agent till it reached the tempting and beautiful sum of £8,000. Suddenly the diplomatist swept down with a bill of exchange for the whole. His agent was evidently impressed

by conduct so vigorous and unexpected. He had not heard from his client's bankers for many years. His intercourse with the diplomatist had been entirely confined to three-cornered notes from his sister (a lady in the highest society), and invitations to Greenwich dinners from the diplomatist's brother, a shrewd Caledonian thane, who was by no means accustomed to waste his money. Yet, now all at once an imperative banker turned up with an impetuosity that was quite disagreeable, while the Caledonian thane and the diplomatist's sister (in the best society) were not even in London. It was observed by the under-butler of our agent, that on the morning after he had received the communication of the diplomatist's bankers, he unaccountably neglected the cutlets (*en papillote*) which had been provided him for breakfast.

He rallied, however, a few hours afterwards, and partook of lunch with much appetite, though somewhat later than usual, having been closeted for some time with one of the ministers. A week or two afterwards it appeared to all men, and especially to the bankers of the diplomatist, that his calculations had been founded on the most unerring principles, and the paltry draft for £8,000 was delicately returned to him under the same envelope with the *Gazette* which recorded his promotion as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at a delightful post, which was then vacant. It need scarcely be added also, that he ever afterwards obtained the earliest Foreign Office intelligence for the benefit of himself and his connections.

Once upon a time there was also a certain paid *attaché*. He prudently left his salary likewise in the hands of his agent for a year and a half, then suddenly he drew for it. The sum was not large,—between three and four hundred pounds; but it is a remarkable and very creditable coincidence, that he was promoted immediately afterwards, and ever after lived in such harmony with the Foreign Office, that he continued to pursue a plan which has been attended with success in so many instances, and thus prospered exceedingly.

There was another far-sighted man, who used to say that he considered it always better to borrow money at fifteen

per cent., rather than presume to trouble the Foreign Office by asking for his accounts. He was an obscure vice-consul then ; but his judgment and perspicacity met its due reward, and in consequence of these proper and gentlemanly sentiments he flourished bravely afterwards.

Therefore, among the institutions of my country, which I contemplate with most respect and veneration, is our excellent Foreign Office. I look upon it as one of the oldest established shops in London. I rejoice at the celerity and exactitude it displays in performance of the most trumpery job, as well as the greatest ; and I desire to publish the expression of my pride and joy in the institution before-mentioned in these pages.

It is not without the most poignant regret that I have learned from too competent authority that the highly-connected gentleman in the Foreign Office, who for a long time carried on the largest agency and banking job-shop, retired recently from the trade, with all the respect which is due to a large realized fortune. It is melancholy to relate that he is since dead ; because Death, though extensively employed by the Foreign Office, is not precisely a British diplomatist in a subordinate situation, and therefore required his due of the great agent with an exactitude wholly apart from the established usage of the office.

It is some consolation for so severe a loss, however, when we reflect that the estimable system of which the great job-shop man was so distinguished an ornament, still flourishes in all its pristine glory and vigour, and that the commercial pursuits in which he so shone continue to exercise the fine energies of his surviving colleagues. The Foreign Office, as I have said, is the golden home of one of those splendid banking establishments which constitute the real solid glory of Great Britain. It is the temple of a kind and delicate inquisition into the private affairs of its subordinates.* It

* The only valid objection to this which can be offered by the most benighted mind, is surely that the inquiry does not take place previous to the appointment instead of afterwards. I can scarcely contain my astonishment that the Foreign Office has not added to its beautiful rules one requiring every candidate for employment on foreign service to engage upon oath to respect the British constitution, and to leave a

is the job-shop of several of the most prudent, accomplished, and thriving traders in this kingdom. The graceful zeal with which they give their minds to their mercantile pursuits is more than a sufficient guarantee for the far less important public interests confided to them ; for all our wise men are agreed that any public servant, who gives satisfactory evidence of capacity and exact attention in one line of business, should be immediately transferred to another, according to our immemorial custom.

The intelligent reader must not suppose that I have been wandering away from the battle-fields, while calling upon him to contemplate the purity and beauty of those drawing-room darlings and despots of the Travellers' Club who condescend to follow Fortune at the Foreign Office. Many of the most tremendous of our warlike thunderbolts have been forged in this sacred edifice, and exact copies taken of them by the jewelled fingers of our fashionable friends during their blithe intervals of leisure which have not been occupied in pantomimes ; while what Briton will not proudly own that the fiercest of our battles have been fought on foolscap paper, very hot-pressed indeed !

handsome sum always in the hands of his agent. A more highly connected and proper arrangement than this could hardly be conceived, and I ardently trust it may not be considered wholly unworthy the attention of my revered friends.

CHAPTER LV.

The Foreign Office List. The author finds a difficulty in expressing his admiration of this learned and profound work, but prophesies that its author will ultimately take his place among the greatest benefactors of mankind. Fate appears in a dream to Lord John Russell, and in a vision to Lord Clarendon, experience having taught her to doubt ministerial promises, and solemnly enjoins them to promote Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish. Beautiful legend related by the Boy Jones. The author rapturously compares Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish to the greatest French cooks, also to Dr. Johnson, but places him in a far higher rank. Touching disinterestedness and patriotism of Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish.

AMONG the most excellent and recent institutions on which I now have to congratulate my country, is undoubtedly the periodical publication of an elegant and correct Foreign Office List. Owing to the great poverty of the English language, to which I again desire to call the attention of grammarians and lexicographers, it is difficult to find words to express our proper and genial admiration of this profound and learned work.

Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish, its gifted and highly connected author, may fairly lay claim to the lasting reputation of a great genius. He will henceforth take rank with Hervey, Galileo, Columbus, and other such wonderful men, in whom reflection and energy have been equally combined, so that they have made discoveries of vast importance and utility to the dearest interests of mankind; who have pushed the flight of their adventurous and brilliant thoughts into the most mysterious regions of worlds before unknown.

Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish is, without a doubt, a much superior person to the late Cardinal Richelieu. The priestly statesman merely invented the modern system of diplomacy; it remained for Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish to reveal its concealed beauties and interesting natural history. The cardinal is, no doubt, uneasy in his grave,—if ghosts feel uneasiness,—at beholding, after the lapse of so many years, a modern English gentleman start up and seize his honours with such a discreet yet vigorous hand. We are bound,

however, with all our tenderness for the defunct reputation of the cardinal, to confess that Mr. F. W. H. Cavendish *has* done so. This pride of his country, and the Foreign Office, informs an attentive world, that although he only entered public life "September 24, 1846," his career was marked by a success and rapidity which is not always the lot of such transcendent genius. Everything, however, prospered with Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish. Fate appears justly to have made the interests of a great man for once her peculiar consideration, and she watched over them with perpetual and fostering tenderness. This country should feel much obliged to Fate for her most proper conduct on the present interesting occasion.

Promotion, usually so tardy, appeared to have the same amiable partiality for Mr. Cavendish as Fate herself. Probably not more than seven days (to copy Mr. Cavendish's romantic auto-biography in his startling and original book) after his appointment at Vienna he was promoted to the home establishment at the Foreign Office, and the gates of that temple of Fortune were thrown wide open to receive him. About seventeen months subsequently, the Foreign Office becoming fully aware of the splendour of his genius, and the immense value of his services to the country—having also a prophetic presentiment that he was shortly to become so great and famous—again hastened to gratify a wise impatience, and promoted him.

Lord John Russell also, with a public spirit and sense of propriety which will ever entitle him to the most sincere respect, now prepared to obey the injunctions of Fate (who continued to show herself the same ardent and attached friend to Mr. Cavendish as heretofore, and revealed her wishes to Lord John in a dream while he was filling, in much dignity, the honourable office of warming-pan for Lord Clarendon), and Mr. Cavendish at once took place among the governing notabilities of this country, as *précis* writer to his lordship, who religiously promised to promote his fortunes.

Fate, however, having frequently condescended to employ herself in the affairs of the British Government, in consequence of their determined and handsome refusal to admit her rival Reason at all into official circles, knew very well

how little official promises, made by one minister, are binding upon his successor. She therefore appeared also to the Earl of Clarendon, floating sublime on a graceful wreath of smoke, and her voice was heard chanting a solemn warning to his lordship, on the subject of Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish's advancement in life.

The boy Jones, who was as usual in an official chimney, and to whom the public is entirely indebted for this explanatory and beautiful legend, assures us that she concluded her address to her Majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs in these remarkable words :—

But of my displeasure beware, you know,
If my darling you overlook,
For he'll write the strange deeds of the great F. O.
In a still more wonderful book.

The rhythm used by Fate on this occasion was unusual, and not strictly in accordance with the rules of the poetic art. Perhaps, however, she remembered the rooted objection of the Foreign Office to literary people, and therefore desired to express her contempt of poetry, even while obliged, in her spiritual character, to employ it during her intercourse with mortals. It was especially remarked by the boy Jones, that Fate chanted the last verse of her warnings in so stern and emphatic a manner, that Lord Clarendon (believing himself, probably, thereby threatened with the immediate anger of Mr. Cavendish's highest connections in case of his contumacy) turned pale, and was observed to burn a letter which he had just written to one of the most consistent supporters of Government. A gratified world, however, now speedily learned, through the columns of the daily papers, that the injunctions of Fate had been obeyed, and that Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish still enjoys the advantages derived from Lord Clarendon's prudent deference to her wishes.

Some regret naturally arises in all highly connected minds, while following the remarkable fortunes of Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish, at his having unaccountably omitted to state when his great idea of compiling "The Foreign Office List" first dawned upon him. It was scarcely fair to balk our reasonable national curiosity about a fact so important to the progress of mankind. The history of all great ideas is

singularly interesting. We delight to trace the small beginnings, the gradual progress of a vast mind, like that of Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish, towards some glorious and mighty end. We like to be present at those dark hours of self-doubting and cruel melancholy which now and then throw their poisonous shadow over the privacy of the most remarkable men. We feel a respectful sympathy with their by-gone struggles and the painful throes of their youthful genius, while in the pangs of labour; and we like mentally to hasten up and support them with our congratulations in the overwhelming moment of a success which is to make them famous to all time. We would not consent to lose Franklin's own touching account of his sensations when he first drew down the lightning, for all Don Quixote's burnt books. Our painful sense of loss at Mr. Cavendish's want of confidence in us as a sympathizing public, therefore, may be better imagined than described.

We must not allow our regret, however, at Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish's want of appreciation of the feelings of the nation towards him, in any respect to diminish our gratitude for his arduous labours, or that wonderful ingenuity and success which has enabled him to excel the feat which is only fabled of the best French cooks, and not only to create *something* out of nothing, but *something great* and savoury!

We look upon Mr. Cavendish's beautiful work as a far more singular production than Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; for whereas Johnson could roam at will over the fertile fields of British literature, to seek materials for his second-rate work, the first-rate (not to say sublime) compilation of Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish has been made up altogether in the small but select circle of the Foreign Office.

In now taking leave of Mr. Cavendish, with great esteem and reverence, it only remains for the British public to thank him, through these pages, for his great disinterestedness. He bids us observe, that "The fee on issuing a passport is seven shillings and sixpence." While he calls our pleased attention, however, to the jocular little fact, that his comparatively insignificant colleagues charge seven shillings and sixpence for so simple a document as a passport, of which the prime cost is about half a farthing, Mr. Cavendish modestly leaves it to

his capital title-page to instruct us that we may purchase the durable happiness of possessing his own magnificent volume for two shillings. Mr. Cavendish also insinuates, with much point and delicacy, his great zeal for the public service, by informing us that he has voluntarily undertaken the serious duties of a deputy-lieutenant, in addition to his other business; though the British public will not have to learn, at this advanced period of its education, that no emoluments of a pecuniary nature are attached to that responsible office.

I have only now to observe, that the extraordinary diplomatic details which appear in the foregoing and following pages, are derived almost entirely from Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish's luminous and valuable work. I am therefore, at least, bound to acknowledge my deep obligations to his genius and research with that becoming modesty and frankness which I acquired from his pages, and to add, that I must have read those pages indeed in vain, if they had not instructed me in the rare but admirable virtues above-mentioned.

CHAPTER LVI.

The author advocates the cause of British diplomacy with much warmth and right feeling. He expresses his regret at being betrayed into tautology while so doing, and again deplores the poverty of the English language. He expresses his awe-stricken veneration for the glory and antecedents of his excellency Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, G.C.B., &c. &c., her Britannic Majesty's extraordinary ambassador at the Sublime Porte. He expatiates with much enthusiasm on the public services of that excellency. He reveals the nature of his excellency's arduous and important duties. He alludes (with affectionate feeling) to his excellency's great courtesy, gentleness, benevolence, and attention to business, and expresses a poignant regret that he has not the bliss of a personal acquaintance with so luminous and great a viscount. The author hints at his excellency's wise reforms. Exhorts the Turkish, British, and French nations to express their delight in his excellency by some public demonstration, and finally proposes that several statues shall be erected to his excellency's honour on appropriate sites.

If we now carry our enraptured glance from the dignity and amiability which characterize our noble Foreign Office; if we carry the gratified eye of observation on to its depen-

dencies, and bid the eye in question rest for a moment on the wonders of our diplomacy, what a sudden and insupportable blaze of splendour bursts at once on our enraptured sight !* Its ranks are almost entirely filled with noblemen whose ancestors are reported by Mr. Debrett to have arrived in Great Britain with no less distinguished a man than William the Conqueror, and immediately to have commenced asserting their consequence at the expense of the Britons of those times. There is certainly no apparent reason to regard this great fact with indecorous doubt. We may subscribe to it at once with the firmest conviction of its importance and veracity. Our diplomatists almost universally display the same loftiness of demeanour and mildness of language which were used by the companions of our first gracious Norman monarch. They consume the same amount of consequence ; they require the same amount of public money for their aristocratic pleasures and necessities.

It is a subject not without difficulty to speak of our diplomacy after our minds have just been thoroughly exhausted by contemplating the beauties of the Foreign Office. Unhappily the English language is not rich enough to enable us to do so without that species of tautology we have ever shown ourselves so anxious to avoid. Our national tongue, however, does not possess a sufficient number of mellifluous and laudatory words to describe the perfections of our diplomacy, without using many which have been already applied with great force and truth to the parent establishment in Downing-street. Both are, indeed, manufactories of glory on the most magnificent and costly scale.

At Constantinople, for instance, where the present splendid European conflagration first broke out, is that truly great man and valuable citizen, his Excellency the Right Hon. Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, G.C.B., our former, present, and future, highly extraordinary ambassador at the Sublime Porte, &c. &c. &c.†

It is not generally known whether the noble viscount's

* Vide F. O. List, p. 12.—It is well worthy the attention of fashionable novelists in search of names aristocratic.

† Vide F. O. List, p. 50, for a very naïve and pleasant summary of the advantages of family government.

ancestors came over to Britain with William the Conqueror or otherwise. It is certain, however, that he has displayed the real Norman nature so perfectly, that it is not improbable that William himself may have been the old original K  ning, Canning, king, from whom our present benevolent and sunny-tempered diplomatist is descended. It is proper to mention this idea, because the Sultan of Turkey has not unfrequently been compared (during his excellency's mission) to that chastened and vanquished Harold of the legend, who is understood to have taken refuge in a monastery, and to have withdrawn himself altogether from fashionable society after his defeat.

It is, I trust, unnecessary to recall to the most hardened and cynical reader that his Excellency Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, G.C.B., &c. &c. &c., has been recently called by the general enthusiasm of the country to a place in the house of hereditary legislation, in order that a mind so gentle and so vast may rule over us for ever through his remotest progeny. Our sovereign and the parliament have united to express the glowing admiration for this remarkably wise man, by conferring upon him the highest honours it was possible to bestow. We have added to the magnificence of his power as chief of the Turkish nation, by imploring him to become the sole representative of our unworthy selves in Turkey also. We (that is, the well educated and brought up portion of our countrymen) confess with shame and uneasiness, how inadequate is our universal homage and respect to convey even a small idea of our sense of Lord Stratford's public services. We own, with generous delicacy, that such a genius is but poorly paid by the few paltry thousands a year which he deigns to accept in mark of our fealty, or, in short, as a sort of tribute from us, whose affections he has so enthralled. We give up in despair the task of finding such words as would announce that national joy in Lord Stratford, of which we so warmly and reverently partake.

In whatever light we consider his excellency, he will appear to us always as the same extraordinary ambassador, and our souls will not cease to marvel at his dazzling perfections, though we have not the delight of his acquaintance.

This far-sighted genius and intelligent man and statesman,

though, then, only Mr. Canning (or King), foresaw, as early as 1827, the prudent and consistent part which he would, probably, one day call upon Great Britain to play in the affairs of Turkey.* The battle of Navarino, properly considered, is only part of the same lofty and generous policy which recently culminated in that of Sinope. In both of those engagements did this sagacious and prophetic man assist the Russians in destroying the Turkish fleet. The only difference is, that the Russians appear to have required the aid of British arms at Navarino, while British pens alone sufficed to produce Sinope. Therefore is our pride and advantage in possessing the services of this progressive and celebrated man the greater.

Then, again, I believe we are all now agreed that the temperate and amiable spirit in which he conducted that gentle and happy controversy with his rival the Emperor of Russia, at last led to the retirement of Prince Menschikoff from the diplomatic to return to the military profession, and further entitled his lordship the viscount to our undying honour, by affording us an opportunity of displaying those warlike sentiments which we had previously repressed with so much labour and difficulty, during forty shameful years of inglorious peace.

While we are thus already well-nigh overwhelmed with obligations towards our august and spirited viscount, what must be our feelings when we hear daily such delightful instances of his benevolence, virtue, and goodness towards our humble fellow-countrymen, who have gone to labour in the magnificent career of conquest and fame he has opened for us in the fabled East ! What shall we not think of that able and practical man who, during nearly half a century of absolute power, has magically converted Turkey into a modern garden of Eden, a fashionable paradise, a moral flower-show, to which that of Chiswick, horticulturally speaking, is but a feeble and unworthy comparison !

Let us shake off, for the credit of our name as Britons and countrymen, however unworthy, of his excellency, that unaccountable and wicked apathy which has hitherto prevented

* Vide F. O. List, p. 51.

our offering a national testimonial to our great viscount, and which has left him nothing but the homage he receives from the Sultan, and the beautiful and solemn figures of his "extraordinaries," as tangible monuments of his might and main.

Let us hope, at least, that the allied armies and navies will unite with the Turks and the Greeks, in subscribing for a few colossal statues of the wonderful man whose efforts have been so constant and praiseworthy in so spotless a cause. Let the patients of the hospital at Scutari testify to their gratitude and his excellency's glory to the utmost extent of their means ; and, lastly, let me venture to express an aspiration that the two French ambassadors and one *chargé d'affaires*, who have had the misfortune to differ with him, and incurred the unavoidable penalty, should be required by our polite allies to attend the ceremony of inaugurating his statues and to express their contrition. On this occasion, proper feeling will also necessarily require that the penitent culprits should be joined by Lord Raglan, Admiral Dundas, Admiral Boxer (with a bulldog), General Rose, General Williams, Mr. Murray, our minister in Persia, Mr. Smith,* and the Greek minister, who have all, at various times, incurred the censure of our luminous viscount. Navarino, Gallipoli, Varna, Sinope, Scutari, Balaklava, would all be appropriate sites for statues to his excellency, or perhaps it would be in better taste, and more useful for the guidance of posterity, if we should erect a statue, and a colossal statue, to him in each of these places ; that our children and our children's children may trace the wise and conciliatory career of our great diplomatist from the commencement to the end, and that they may understand, at length, the glorious events which have invariably resulted from his negotiations, and been fostered by the "lavish wisdom" of his counsels.

* See the *Times* and *Galignani*, April, 1853.

CHAPTER LVII.

The author continues the same ennobling subject, and expresses his veneration for General the Earl of Westmoreland, G.C.B., her Majesty's extraordinary envoy and powerful minister at Vienna. He points out that Lord Westmoreland has embraced the tenets of the stoics, and evinces an ardent admiration for this school of philosophy. He commends Lord Westmoreland's aristocratic contempt of *common* feelings, and praises his lordship's wonderful and Brutus-like firmness under trial. The author endeavours to explain his lordship's pure and beautiful project for chastening the improper spirit of the British nation, and lauds his passionate aspirations after fame as a composer of music. He relates how his lordship hazarded his place owing to his stoical indifference to his benefactor, and glances at his enlightened opinions on religious subjects. The author expresses his respectful concurrence with the sentiments of the Emperor of Austria, and recommends the Government to retain Lord Westmoreland's chastening services on any terms at Vienna, in order that he may at length complete our national reformation.

NEXT in rank among our diplomatists connected with the present glorious war, stands that sagacious and dignified nobleman, General the Earl of Westmoreland, G.C.B., &c. &c. &c.* The official conduct of this truly great and gifted man has been throughout so excellent, that it must ever command our most awe-stricken veneration and grateful regard.

In order to secure the public appreciation of this thoroughly British statesman and successful negotiator, in order to attract towards him the general affection and esteem of Britain, it will be only necessary to direct the attention of the most radical reader to a few of the prominent events of his splendid and useful career. In January, 1851, this wise man and great diplomatist was appointed by Lord Palmerston as her Majesty's representative at the court of Vienna. Lord Palmerston also appointed his son, the Hon. Julian Henry Fane,† as a paid *attaché*, on the 14th December, in the same year. This was indeed almost his lordship's last

* Vide F. O. List, p. 53, for a jaunty and humorous narrative beginning "When Lord Burghersh entered the army." The style is not very clear, but the moral is beautiful.

† Vide F. O. List, p. 37.

act in office, for on the 27th of December, that minister who had preserved the peace of Europe during so many trials, was rashly removed from office. Any other man but Lord Westmoreland might have thought that he was under the most serious obligations to Lord Palmerston, but Lord Westmoreland promptly hastened to show the world how much he was superior to mere vulgar prejudices, and stoically resolved to appear at a public ball given by Prince Schwartzenburg to celebrate the downfall of his generous friend.*

He even went farther, and when Prince Schwartzenburg, who had been the bitter enemy of Lord Palmerston, died suddenly, shortly after these events, Lord Westmoreland immediately showed his highbred scorn of common feeling, by suffering his name to appear as the composer of a mass on the occasion.†

There were not wanting some ingenious persons who pretended to find the conduct of Lord Westmoreland less heroic than the rest of the world. They allowed that he had indeed sought notoriety as a stoic and a musician, by putting his name to the mass in question; they altogether denied him the abler glory of having actually composed it.

But such vain reasoners must have forgotten that not even a British diplomatist could have lived to the age of Lord Westmoreland, without being aware that it has been judged necessary to the interests of public morality in England, that each of us should enjoy the reputation of any act performed by his representative.

Some lachrymose and silly people, who must have desired to deprive Lord Westmoreland of the deathless glory he was fast acquiring, indeed urged that he might have remained neuter. They considered that he might have braved that illiberal ridicule which dogs the steps of too enthusiastic aspirants to fame, and have at once denied, with all the indignation of lingering gratitude, any share in an act which was not without its danger. It is not always safe to show a liberal contempt of a national religion; and it is not always prudent to appear too high-minded to be influenced by the opinions of gentlemen.

It requires all our respectful feelings for Lord Westmore-

* Vide *Fremden Blatt*.

† Vide *Lloyd*, Vienna paper.

land, however, to understand the real greatness of soul which enabled him to turn a deaf ear to these timorous suggestions. In vain his detractors whispered that it would have been better any reputation, as a composer, which his lordship might have acquired among strangers, should at once have been laughed away, rather than that he should have ventured on so bold a step as this. In vain they urged such arguments as might not have been without a pernicious influence on lesser men, and besought him to barter the honours of a fictitious notoriety, however splendid, in exchange for the security of his post ; or shrink even with loathing from the barren vulgarity of fame, and satisfy those feelings towards his benefactor which they vainly supposed were not yet dead within him. His fortitude remained immovable. His greatness of soul increased with time. He continued to perform the onerous duties entrusted to him with a serenity and unimpressible grandeur, worthy of the greatest fortunes.

While the nation his lordship was idly supposed to represent, were seized with surprise and indignation at the expulsion of the Scotch missionaries from Hungary, the forced sale of their little property, and the astounding news that they had been sent through all the bitterness of a Hungarian winter to their distant homes with sickly wives and children in arms, we heard with feelings of joy and pride that the British representative had once more shown his superiority to circumstances, and that when the missionaries had ignorantly requested an interview to state their grievances, Lord Westmoreland had firmly declined to interrupt his music lesson, and received them not.

It is on record, that no less than sixteen cases of violation of the rights of British subjects occurred in Austria, during a period of ten months, without disturbing in any way the harmonious avocations of his lordship, probably even without his knowledge ; for desiring earnestly at this time to read the world a fine philosophical lesson on the vanity of state affairs, he abandoned his post altogether to an unpaid *attaché*.*

The correspondent of the *Daily News* was expelled from

* Vide F. O. List, p. 49, for an agreeable and carefully written article, headed " *Russell* (of course) *Odo William Leopold*."

Austria in twenty-four hours. The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* (it matters little that both were harmless, inoffensive gentlemen) was thrown illegally into gaol; British couriers, carrying despatches, were stopped on the highway. One gentleman got into trouble for carrying a sketch-book and a pencil; another was arrested merely because he bore a suspicious name; a third was struck down by the sword for listening to a military band in the streets of Florence.

Had a less dignified and stoical minister than Lord Westmoreland been then at Vienna, he would at once have convinced the Austrian government that if they persevered in such a course of conduct towards British subjects, the matter would infallibly come before Parliament, and lead to a serious quarrel. In a word, any British diplomatist more troublesome and ignorant, more rashly servile to common opinions, than Lord Westmoreland, might have believed it possible in so just a cause to be firm, yet temperate and conciliatory; and that to claim respect was not to offer insult. In a word, it is clear, that had merely sensible remonstrance been used in the first case, there would never have been a second. But the noble earl had far other and loftier views for our benefit. He benignantly desired to read us a lesson on patience and forbearance, and to conclude with a beautiful practical exhortation to forgiveness of injuries. It should be a matter of national pain and shame to us that we are so refractory in digesting the splendid and useful truths which were thus impressed upon us.

It was in consequence of this, probably, that Lord Westmoreland began to evince his greatness still more clearly. With a constancy and purity of mind, to which remote history will only be able to do full justice, he determined to wean us gradually from the sin of national pride. By a pliable and constant submission to every whim of the Austrian government, he at last succeeded in creating the Austrian difficulty, and transferred a considerable portion of that national vanity which had rendered us guilty in his sight to the Austrian nation. He judiciously fostered for our further purification that chronic state of delay with which Austria has seen fit to frustrate our councils and confound our armies. He has

rendered every negotiation at Vienna difficult, and its issue disastrous. He has fulfilled the high duties of his mission by commencing a system of complete subservience which cannot be continued, and will cause ill-will when withdrawn. It is to be hoped, therefore, in due time, that we shall be sufficiently chastened.

We are, however, unhappily a stiff-necked generation, and there were, not long ago, a few ribald and reprobate people who refused to understand the loftiness of Lord Westmoreland's patriotism or the greatness of his mind. They unrighteously professed a positive scorn of that venerable and distinguished nobleman. They banded together and summoned infamous meetings, where vile speeches were uttered, calling for the dismissal of such an inestimable blessing to this country. They said, "If that reluctant and contemptuous pity it was sometimes possible to feel for the greatest worthlessness should seek for a moment to calm their hot indignation against such a living disgrace to British chivalry; should mercy interpose to mitigate their common anger on the plea that Lord Westmoreland's follies (for so, or with similar terms, they described the patriotic acts of this pride of his country) were merely the inevitable consequences of human frailty; should it be urged in extenuation of his offences that his lordship has already arrived at that advanced period of human existence when his life can be no longer serviceable to any, and is but labour and sorrow to himself; should compassion ask indulgence for the imbecility (!) of a very old man:" these fierce enemies to the aristocracy asserted that such a plea could not be maintained any better than the others which had been already put forth vainly in his behalf. They insisted that there are men still older than Lord Westmoreland, whose minds show no signs of dotage, and with a classical knowledge, which plainly shows the danger of educating the people, they inaptly reminded us that Cicero has declared, "*Ista senilis stultitia quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est non omnium.*" "We cannot all consent," they cried with horrid insolence, "to wear powder because Lord Westmoreland is grey, nor will we assume that age is always silly, merely because an elderly musician is unwise.

"Were this otherwise," they pursued with fearful anger,

"how craven would the cry for mercy sound when sent by selfish fear so glibly from the official jargon-plastered lips of that savage trifier who would show none ; and with what marked ill-grace should we listen to it, from him who had such scant comfort for our pious countrymen, ruined and torn from their homes ; for the pale sabred boy at Florence ; and for the modest men of letters, who were cast into noisome gaols, and banished from the scene of the useful labours by which they won their well-earned bread ? What pity shall we show to him who had no balm for the deep wounds which British honour thus received ?"

"And so our judgment, which was suspended while listening to the futile excuses of those who have sought to palliate such atrocity, grows clear and distinct upon our minds at last, and we tremble at its stern and terrible justice. We shudder to think that any man should ever have become an object at once, so justly abhorred and so despised. He appears to us (they cried), in the midst of his horrible antics, as one who has done something too bad for human punishment, so that we shrink from him as from some obscene and fearful thing over which Divine wrath is solemnly gathering, and pale and awe-stricken bid him bide a little while in peace."

It is scarcely necessary to call public attention to the feelings of disgust, which every well-connected person must experience on reading such scandalous stuff as this ; and I have no fear that, should Lord Westmoreland ever condescend to appear again in this country (as he usually does for the musical festivities of the London season),* every fashionable Briton will rally round him with Debrett's peerage in hand, and show his right-minded love of lords, by cheering vociferously.

I desire, however, to be among the first to express my enthusiastic admiration of aristocratic diplomacy, as represented in his lordship's person, and indignantly to exclaim against the unworthy censures of envy and ribaldry. I most entirely and respectfully agree with the opinions of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, who has hitherto been the only person who has *properly* appreciated the wisdom and goodness of the noble earl, and I anxiously trust, that any

* Vide F. O. List, p. 41.

and every government which may be allowed by the aristocracy to guide the destinies of this country, will retain for us the chastening services of General the Earl of Westmoreland, that his lordship may ultimately be able to work our complete national reformation, and purify us entirely from the sin of pride.

No man, perhaps, has ever freed himself so completely from the absurd trammels of conventionality ; and therefore as his dignified contemporary, Lord Stratford, will probably entirely monopolize the labours of all the most eminent sculptors for many years to come, perhaps the British people would do well to employ their leisure hours and public holidays in erecting a few *pyramids* to Lord Westmoreland. One might be raised to him opposite the house of Viscount Palmerston, in Piccadilly, parallel with the statue of Lord Westmoreland's relation by marriage, the late Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. This might be inscribed with a few neat lines in contempt of gratitude. Perhaps the following verse of the late Mr. Burns, poet and exciseman, might not also be inappropriate :—

“ A prince can mak’ a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a’ that,
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Gude faith he canna’ fa’ that,
And a’ that, and a’ that ;
The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

Another pyramid might be becomingly erected on the spot where Mr. Mather was cut down at Florence. This should be ornamented with a few lively stanzas, written in letters of gold, on the importance and advantages of British diplomacy. A third pyramid should be delicately raised at the sole expense, or by the unassisted labour, of the Scotch missionaries ; a fourth by the hands of the travelling public ; and a fifth by Lord John Russell, in full diplomatic uniform.

To these objects I trust all well-bred and highly-connected individuals will at once contribute, with that judicious alacrity, that grateful and respectful liberality, which is due to so great an honour of his age and country, as the important personage of whom we now take leave with so dutiful and low a bow.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The author refers to the present happy and advantageous state of our relations with Prussia. He praises the successful negotiations and diplomatic genius of Lord Bloomfield, but does not raise him to the same height as the great diplomatists of Constantinople and Vienna. The author exults in the gentleness and fitness of our envoy at Berlin, endeavours to arouse British gratitude in his favour, and trusts that in decency he may be raised, with all convenient speed, to the dignity of a stick in waiting.

OF John Arthur Douglas Bloomfield, Lord Bloomfield, K.C.B. her Majesty's extraordinary envoy at the friendly and zealous court of Prussia, it is to be deeply regretted that we know little.* This diplomatic luminary has not shone out upon a benighted world in the same fulness and splendour as his more brilliant contemporaries at Constantinople and Vienna. He is a planet of lesser magnitude, but nevertheless of great beauty, brightness, and utility.

It is probably to John Arthur Douglas that we are indebted for the present zealous co-operation and good feeling of the Court of Prussia. It is to him that is no doubt chiefly due that affectionate warmth of friendship and sympathy with our policy, at which we are now called upon to rejoice, on the part of our great historical and natural ally, the foremost Protestant state of the continent.

It is,—it must be,—to his sound practical views, to his enlightened and beautiful exposition of our policy in German (in which language he acquired the most wonderful and astounding proficiency at the Court of the Regent, to say nothing of the Coldstream Guards), that we derive, as a matter of course, the numerous advantages we enjoy in every way from the Court of Prussia and her dependencies.

Now as Mr. Cavendish informs us with touching confidence that John Arthur Douglas was appointed a page of

* Vide F. O. List, p. 32, for a short but learned article, headed "*Bloomfield (John Arthur Douglas Bloomfield), Lord, K.C.B.*"

honour to the Prince Regent, and that he was subsequently a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards; John Arthur Douglas was of course precisely the statesman who should have been chosen to advocate the interests of Great Britain during this awful crisis, at the most learned and difficult court in the world. Recent events, of course, unite without exception to prove his lordship's admirable fitness for his office. All his negotiations have prospered. We continue to receive daily the most satisfactory assurances of the cordial amity of Prussia.

It has been stated, on the most polite and highly connected authority, that no despatch ever left the mission of Lord Bloomfield, the calligraphy of which was not unexceptionable. The *i*'s are all dotted, and the *t*'s all crossed, with mathematical precision. Not a comma, or that peculiarly difficult stop, a semicolon, is wanting. His lordship's foolscap fits (the official envelopes) with becoming nicety; and either his lordship or his despatches may decorously be submitted to her Majesty the Queen at any time, without being re-copied.

But even the important and rare sciences of calligraphy and punctuation are not the only arts in which our extraordinary envoy at the Court of Berlin is understood to excel. His manners are said to possess so graceful and feminine a fascination, that recent travellers inform us with bated breath, that John Arthur Douglas Bloomfield, Lord Bloomfield, K.C.B., is better known at the cordial Court of Prussia by the playful and loving soubriquet of "Fanny."

While we cannot restrain, therefore, our well-merited and discreet praise of Lord Bloomfield, I must say, for my part, that I think an ungrateful country has hitherto been lamentably in error respecting him. John Arthur Douglas Bloomfield, Lord Bloomfield, was clearly born for far higher fortunes than to waste his sweetness at a mere foreign court. He should return, to become the chief ornament and delight of his own.

At the Court of our gracious Sovereign, John Arthur Douglas might be valuably employed in restoring that ancient courtesy and grace of manner which added a lustre whilom to the Pavilion and the other palaces of our tailor-

prince ; and his lordship might perhaps spare a portion of that aristocratic purity for the uses of our vulgar city, which he must inevitably have acquired in the Coldstream Guards.

I trust, therefore, the country at large will feel properly ashamed that it should have remained for an obscure individual like myself to arouse our admiration of his lordship, and to claim for him those public honours which are so justly his due. It is to be hoped, for the sake of decency and our national character, therefore, that we shall come forward as one man, even at this the eleventh hour, and that the press and the people will unite to petition the family government, "*That his lordship shall immediately be recalled from Berlin, as a post unworthy his well-bred genius, or the splendours of his early life ; and that John Arthur Douglas Bloomfield, Lord Bloomfield, shall be immediately raised (with the thanks of Parliament) to the dignity of a Stick in Waiting at the Court of St. James's !*"

CHAPTER LIX.

The Hon. Bligh, her Majesty's extraordinary envoy at Hanover. The King of Hanover bestows a cutting reproof on the Russian nation by means of an order of knighthood or decoration. Graceful mystery and decorum of the Hon. Bligh. He wears the toga of British diplomacy. A remarkable traveller sets out for Hanover to see the Hon. Bligh. He fails, but discovers an *attaché*, who proves to be an ardent student of Zimmerman's celebrated work on "Solitude." The unpaid *attaché* is required, in virtue of his office, to remain at Hanover, and consoles his loneliness by fishing. Disinterestedness of the Hon. Bligh. The author reproves the British nation for having taken unfair advantage of the Hon. Bligh's patriotism.

HIGH on the list of British diplomatic worthies stands the name of the Hon. John Duncan Bligh.* He is her Majesty's extraordinary envoy at the important little court of Hanover, which has recently paid us such a marked and graceful com-

* Vide F. O. List, p. 32, for a lively and spirited article, beginning jauntily, "*Was attached to the embassy,*" &c.

pliment by a sharp reproof, conveyed in the shape of an order of knighthood or decoration which the King of Hanover has just conferred on one of the most prominent of our enemies.

If anybody had asked the British people, previous to the publication of the Foreign Office List, who and what is the Hon. John Duncan Bligh, it is highly probable that the British people would have been reluctantly compelled to declare themselves unacquainted with so splendid a mystery.

The Hon. Bligh is so warm and consistent a supporter of secrecy, that he has even discreetly shrouded his own qualifications for office in the same solemn and awful obscurity as the other matters relating to him. He has worn the diplomatic toga of darkness with curious and elegant felicity.

It may be gathered, however, from the masterly summary of our ingenious and learned author, Mr. Francis W. H. Cavendish, to whom the occult secrets of diplomacy appear to have been miraculously unveiled, that the Hon. Bligh is one of those fortunate persons who are proverbially supposed to have been born with a golden spoon in their mouths, as there is no other means of accounting for their peculiar success in life.

In "May, 1828," Mr. Bligh's friends being in power, he was made a paid *attaché*; in "Sept. 1829," he was made a secretary of legation; in "Nov. 1830," he was made secretary of embassy; he skipped the paltry grade of minister resident altogether; and in 1835, the Hon. Bligh blossomed forth in full glory as an envoy extraordinary,—and a very extraordinary envoy he was, no doubt.

Being interested in the career of a man apparently so well considered in official quarters, I searched diligently for further information respecting him, but could find none. No person in England appeared to be aware of the smallest circumstance connected with the Hon. Bligh. Hansard and the British Museum were alike silent about him. The fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post* never mentioned him. The ubiquitous race of queen's messengers could give no account of him. They never go to Hanover; scarcely any one ever went to Hanover but Lord Brougham and the late Sir George Wombwell, who must have made rather singular travelling companions.

Persisting, however, in our inquiries, in spite of these difficulties, we were at last referred by a fortune-teller, or cunning-man (who appeared the most proper person to consult on the occasion), to the mysterious pages of the "British Peerage." After searching through them diligently, and with a pair of spectacles, which deserve special mention for their services on this occasion, we discovered that the Hon. Bligh was the obscure brother of one obscure peer, and is the uncle of another. The Hon. Bligh, however, remained such a mystery, that we still endeavoured laboriously to collect facts respecting him, and finally were fortunate enough to meet with an individual who had been to Hanover. Alas ! it was only to experience another disappointment. Not even a traveller so remarkable was enabled from the stores of his experience to dispel the thick and serviceable obscurity which enveloped the Hon. Bligh. He stated, however, that becoming excited on the subject of the Hon. Bligh, in the same manner as myself, he had taken a voyage of discovery with the express object of becoming acquainted with so curious an individuality. On his arrival at Hanover, however, he learned that Mr. Bligh was not there. He then consulted the Foreign Office List, and finding that Mr. Bligh was also accredited to the courts of Brunswick and Oldenburg, he was fortunate enough to ascertain, by means of an excellent guide-book, the precise situation of those courts, and proceeded to the courts of Brunswick and Oldenburg accordingly. Still, however, the Hon. Bligh appeared to vanish before him. The traveller assured us that he now began to believe in the Hon. Bligh. The invisible diplomatist gradually acquired a strange and far-away fascination for him, as though he were a second veiled prophet, or a mighty magician, who had, by study of the black art, been able to withdraw himself from the gross sight of mortal men at pleasure. He drew fancy portraits of the Hon. Bligh, seated in great dignity and an uncomfortable uniform, on the sublime summit of £3,400 a year, paid quarterly. When he slept, the Hon. Bligh became a sort of nightmare to him ; when he woke, the Hon. Bligh was a fixed idea in his mind, which would not be pacified without further intelligence.

At last, however, when even the unflinching perseverance of our friend gave way, and he despaired of ever beholding the Hon. Bligh elsewhere than in his dreams, he boldly inquired for the representative of the British nation at Hanover, seeing that he was anxious to go back to the haunts of business and drown his disappointment in society and the world. He was aware also that our diplomacy is everywhere so excellent a thing, that he would certainly be subject to some annoyance on the Prussian frontier unless his passport was perfectly in order, and as the British representative at Hanover was the only person authorised to put the cabalistic words required upon it, my friend necessarily made up his mind to waive the formality of an introduction, and wait upon the honoured individual (whoever he might be) entrusted to perform the unknown duties of the Hon. Bligh.

A courteous *laquais de place* at once conducted the enterprising traveller to a small room over an eating-house. Here he saw a pale, shelved *attaché*, who was just going fishing somewhere in the town. The *attaché* looked surprised to see a traveller who had taken means of diverting himself so extraordinary as a visit to Hanover. The *attaché* evidently had lost the habit of intercourse with his species, but after a time he showed an evident disposition to shake off the cobwebs which had grown over him, and he talked. His conversation was not mirthful ; he told his singular visitor, in a hollow voice, "That the late King Ernest, of blessed memory, had complained that all the British legation accredited to his court were accustomed to go away together, and that they never came back again till quarter-day, a circumstance which deprived the regal entertainments of several gay uniforms. Since then," he added, "the unpaid *attaché* had always been required, in virtue of his office, to remain and represent the British nation at the Court of Hanover. He, the present unpaid *attaché*, had grown grey in representing the British nation under these splenetic circumstances. He had passed his time chiefly in fishing."

Having delivered himself of these strange words, which he did in an absent manner, as though much unaccustomed to public speaking, he now allowed the traveller to depart, and

proceeded to fish in an adjoining street, carrying with him a small volume which appeared to be his constant companion. The letters on the binding informed our traveller that it was a pocket abridgement of "Zimmerman on Solitude."

The wanderer happening shortly afterwards to speak of his unusual voyage in the presence of a third person, who was much given to the harassing and inconvenient study of figures, this person undertook to cast up the Hon. Bligh's accounts, and if he calculated rightly, the Hon. Bligh must have never received more than the paltry sum of £61,200 (besides, of course, the mere expenses of his staff and extraordinaries) for his painful and laborious duties at the Court of Hanover. In perfect dismay at a reward so inadequate, and taking the liberty to reprove the British nation warmly for having called upon the Hon. Bligh (by a feeling which I cannot help characterising as a Quixotic sense of patriotism) to make a sacrifice of this magnitude to our interests,—I conclude in the utmost indignation and amazement.

CHAPTER LX.

Lesser stars. The great unknown. Mr. A. C. Magenis, her Britannic Majesty's extraordinary envoy at Stockholm. More lights of diplomacy. The Hon. W. G. Grey, of course. Her majesty's extraordinary envoy in Persia. Diplomatic relations with Washington. The author comments on the excellent prospects of the war, and proposes a delightful entertainment for the aristocracy, to conclude in the same manner as the present work, by the popular air of Rule Britannia.

NOTHING can exceed, in short, the solemn yet pleasing state of our feelings when we reflect on the beautiful and efficient state of our diplomacy in all the war countries. At Stockholm, for instance, is a most truly great man and extraordinary envoy,—Mr. A. C. Magenis is his name.* He is the same gentleman and diplomatist who wrote those wise and charm-

* Vide F. O. List, p. 44.

ing despatches, dated from the British embassy at Vienna during the Hungarian Revolution and the Austrian troubles at the close of the first half of the present century. The great knowledge of mankind, the enlightened and liberal views, the clear-sighted statesmanship displayed in these remarkable despatches, place them probably among the most splendid records of British wisdom. Their accuracy of detail is as wonderful as the point and beauty of their language ; and any person who refers to the blue books of those times cannot fail to be surprised and delighted when he contrasts the fine clear reasoning, mingled with the acutest observation, which forms such a marked characteristic of Mr. A. C. Magenis's official correspondence, with the odd, bilious, disjointed obscurities to be found in the writings of a certain Mr. Blackwell, who was employed by the Foreign Office in the Austrian States about the same time, though his name happily is not to be perceived on running the eye of consultation down Mr. Cavendish's felicitously-conceived alphabetical list of Foreign Office officials.

Then, Mr. Magenis has a secretary of legation. His name is Grey, of course. The Hon. William George, of that ilk. Mr. Cavendish provides for our permanent happiness and peace of mind with respect to the relations of Great Britain with the court of Sweden, by assuring us that the Hon. William George Grey was *chargé d'affaires* at Stockholm during the most important part of last year. We are deeply grateful, as a nation, to Mr. Cavendish for this important and reassuring information. It is impossible duly to inspire the reader with the true enthusiasm of joy which he should experience, on learning that duties of the utmost gravity and delicacy, on the able performance of which the future fate of this country may materially depend, have been entrusted to this statesmanlike and highly connected young gentleman.

The Hon. William George Grey is advantageously known, through the Vienna newspapers, to have been the most able and thoroughly musical man of Lord Westmoreland's staff. At an age when the first graceful vivacity of youth is usually supposed to have subsided, the Hon. William George is reported, in the *Fremden Blatt* of the day, to have

appeared before the inhabitants of the agreeable city of Vienna, surrounded by spirits so congenial as the truly excellent orchestra of one of the playhouses.

Independently, however, of so splendid a qualification for a high diplomatic post at an important court, during a war which is likely to task the utmost energies and governing capacities of his family, the British should not be insensible to the improving spectacle of another of this distinguished family located in a place of profit and power. The first duty of Great Britain is to provide for the handsome maintenance of the Greys, and it is wholly beneath us, as a great and free people, to suffer our interests to form the smallest part of our consideration, while reflecting on how we can best perform intentions so honourable and inspiring. Joyful as Britons must be, therefore, to see an honourable Grey and an accomplished musician at the court of Stockholm, perhaps it would not be ill-timed to suggest that it would be only delicate and fair to submit, from time to time, a list of vacancies and proposed appointments to Mr. Grey, and allow him to choose for himself whenever he should desire change of air, or weary of the tameness of Swedish life. What would Mr. Grey say to the pleasanter courts of Vienna or Paris, for instance? or suppose we respectfully solicit his musical interference to untangle affairs at merry Madrid.

Again, in Persia, a country from which we have just received such gratifying assurances of friendship and alliance, is the Hon. C. A. Murray. Nothing can be more satisfactory to the British people than to see the Hon. Murray as their extraordinary envoy in Persia, a country situated almost on the frontiers of our great Indian empire, and immediately adjoining our peaceful and zealous friends, the Affghans. The trifling difficulty which, we learn by the papers, our Hon. Murray has been so polite as to suffer in our cause, at the outset of his expedition, should only doubly excite our tenderness and admiration towards him. It is with a positive sensation of pleasurable intoxication that every Briton should learn that Colonel Rawlinson, the soldier diplomatist of Herat and Candahar, who knows more about Persia and Cabool than any other individual

whatsoever, and who has given the most notable proofs of the highest capacity, was never even thought of for this post. It is proper for us all to feel delighted at this circumstance, because, had Colonel Rawlinson's extraordinary special qualifications occasioned his being sent to Persia during these troublous times, what would have become of the "extraordinary mission" of the Hon. Murray, who gave such remarkable proofs of genius whilom as master of her Majesty's household and extra groom in waiting to the Queen?*

The same happy inspiration, however, which appears to have suggested the appointment of the Hon. Murray has not deserted the Foreign Office on other occasions, almost equally important.

Mr. Cavendish's learned work informs us that when hostilities first appeared imminent in the East, Mr. Griffith, a gentleman who held the position of secretary of legation at Athens, and who had lived among the most restless and able portion of the Greeks, till his services had grown singularly valuable, was promptly transferred to employ those qualifications more advantageously at Washington, in the United States. He was not suffered to remain there, however, for immediately we required valuable information about Russia and the Greeks, at the seat of war, Mr. Griffith was anxiously hurried off to New Granada, to use his previous acquirements in Albania, Athens, and Washington, for the benefit of Great Britain, and Mr. Lumley, who had been at St. Petersburg since 1849, was warily put out of the way at Washington. Another gentleman, also, whose remarkable abilities are understood to have attracted the notice of his superiors, and who is believed to have employed the period of his official residence at Petersburg to the rarest advantage, was securely concealed in the obscurity, which is such a graceful ornament to Mr. Bligh's mission at Hanover. Odo William Leopold Russell† was transferred from Paris to Constantinople, on account of his great attainments in *German*, and

* See the romantic and charming article headed "Murray, Hon. Charles Augustus, C.B.," in Mr. Cavendish's erudite and agreeable little work.

† Vide F. O. List, p. 49, a neat article headed "Russell, Odo William Leopold."

immediately placed over the heads of three oriental scholars who had been educated for that post at the public expense, one of whom had been waiting for promotion since 1841,* and the other two since 1845, and who were all three remarkable for their great attainments in *Turkish*.

It is to the excellency and discretion of these and similar arrangements, that we owe the striking efficiency and useful character of British diplomacy.

This is also partly why we have always had such correct and valuable information about the war countries, and why the affairs of the war generally have prospered exceedingly. The Foreign Office has *acted*, and the British nation has danced, to the fiddling of diplomacy ; and we are all, I trust, prepared to acknowledge that a more difficult and singular dance was never executed before an admiring world by any people whatsoever ; and as for Foreign Office gentlemen, their harliquinades have been, perhaps, the most spirited and beautiful gyrations and evolutions ever chronicled on the national records of any country.

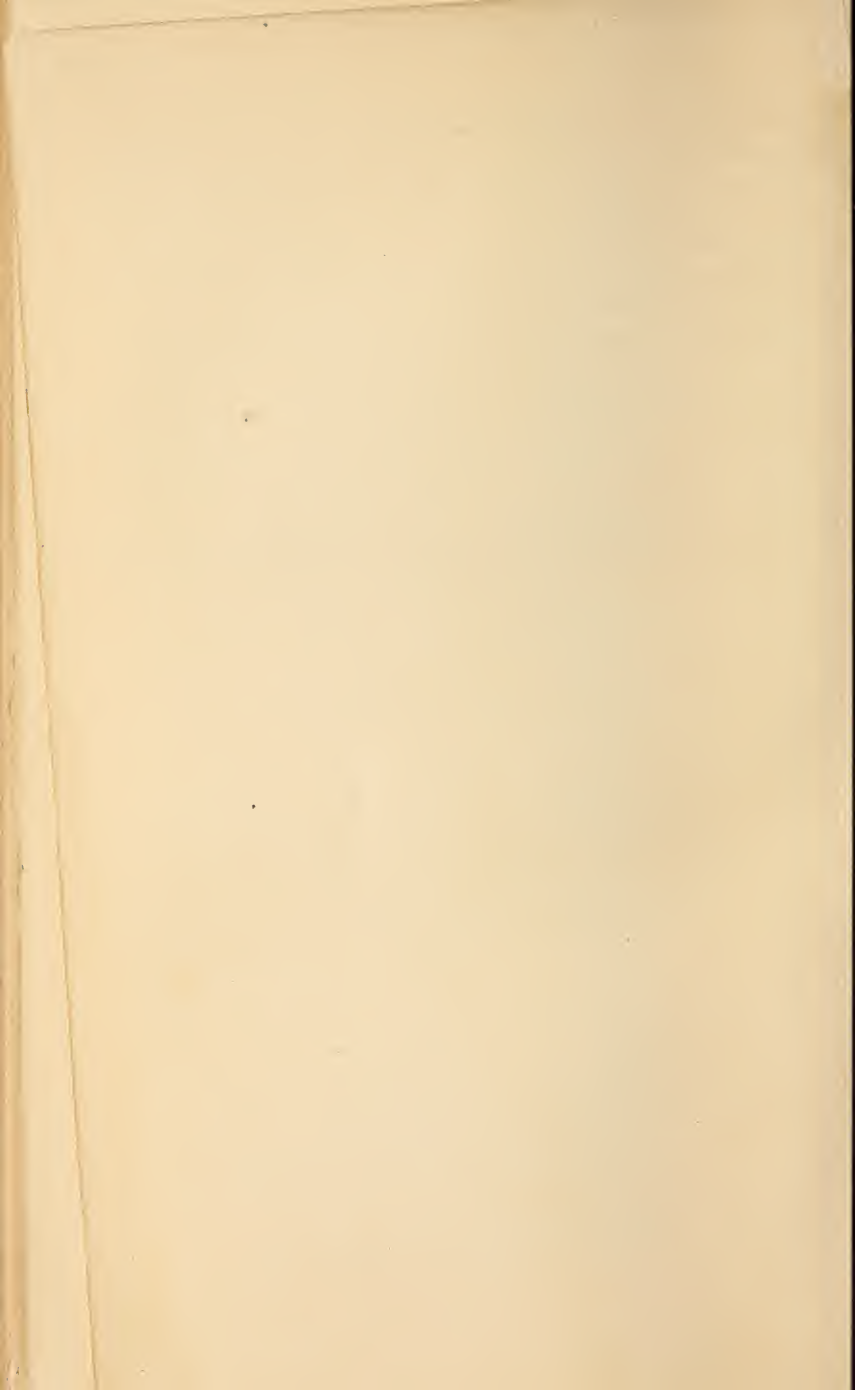
While our embassies abroad are occupied in giving new rules to polite society, or acquiring the elegant and delightful art of the musician ; while our Foreign Office officials are devoting their energies to the study of the deepest intricacies of trade, and their lettered leisure to acting the most lively and popular pantomimes ; it is but natural that our negotiations should prosper everywhere, and that we should continue daily to receive the most enlivening and satisfactory assurances of aid and affection from all parts of the world ; and it is but natural that we should constantly have presented to us in agreeable variety the most tempting chances of honourable peace or successful warfare. In a word, our foreign service comprises by far the most valuable and thoroughly efficient men in this, or perhaps any other kingdom. They take example by *Mæcenas*, of gentlemanly memory, and “ wield the destinies of the world with rings on their fingers.” They have not listened vainly to the legend of the Elderly Gentlewoman of Banbury Cross ; and they ride a race for honours with bells on their toes. Of course,

* Vide F. O. List, pp. 32, 42, and 50.

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therefore, the destinies of the world are wielded vigorously and well ; and the race is won amidst the acclamations of a multitude enchanted by the harmony of their progress. Each highly connected official may proudly exclaim with Cicero, "O, fortunatam natam me Consule Romam!"

Let us pause for one moment, however, to contemplate what would be the glorious and excited state of the nation if the whole strength of the Foreign Office Company should ever condescend to assemble together on our shores, and to delight us with a series of those entertainments, in the getting up of which they so eminently excel. Let us suppose that they should accept an engagement for some charitable purpose at Drury Lane Theatre, at the close of the present season. What joyous plaudits would a highly connected British public not bestow on their labours ! Their charitable object would be more successfully and completely obtained even than on the previous occasion, when that brilliant company which enchanted the aristocracy was shorn of half its strength. Obsequious thousands would flow into the treasury, and all the good society of London would clap its hands in ecstasy, to see the whole staff of the Foreign Office surpassing themselves in a pantomime, while diplomacy efficiently occupied the orchestra, and our consuls, standing in full uniform at the door, benignly condescended to receive the admission money. The piece selected for the occasion might perhaps be appropriately called "Harlequin Patronage, or Merry England in 1855." The whole to conclude with the popular air of Rule Britannia, sung by the entire strength of the company.



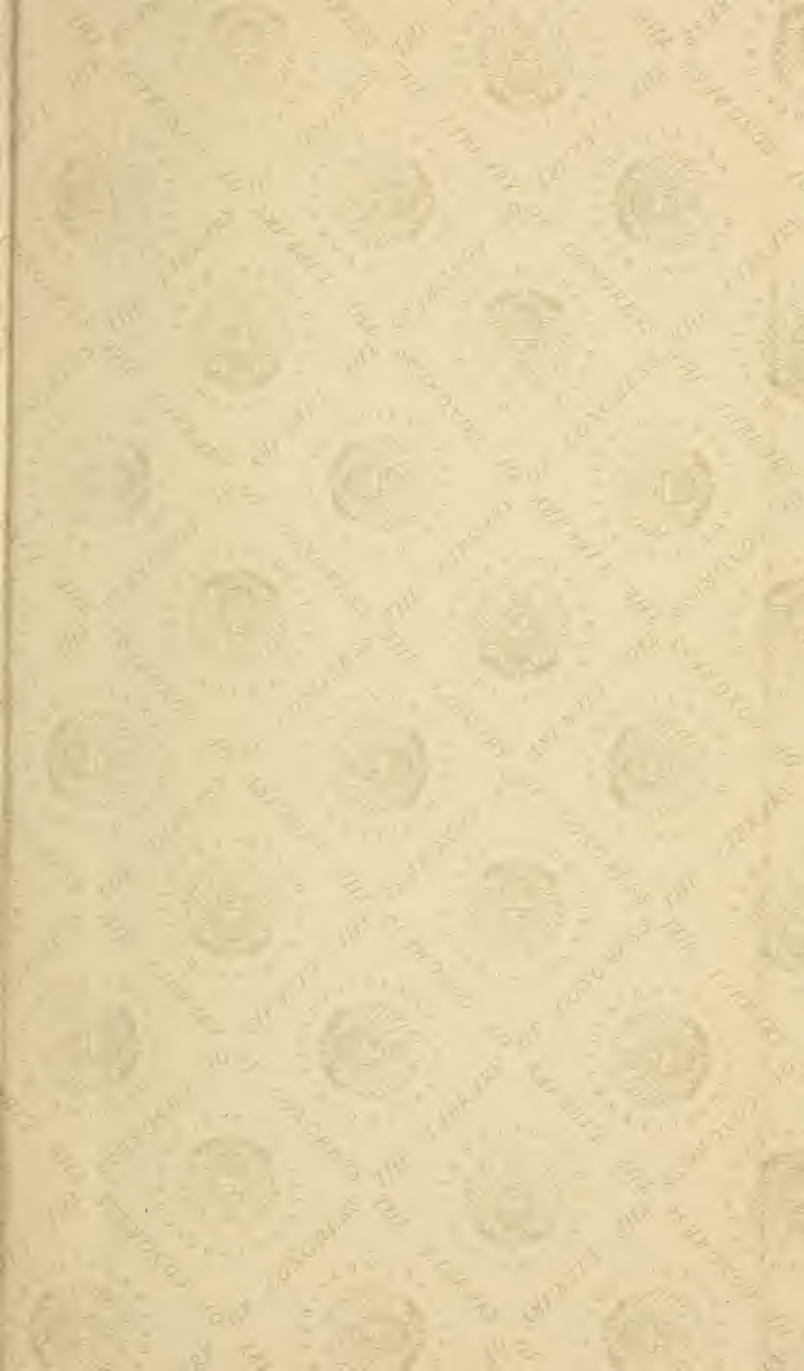


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